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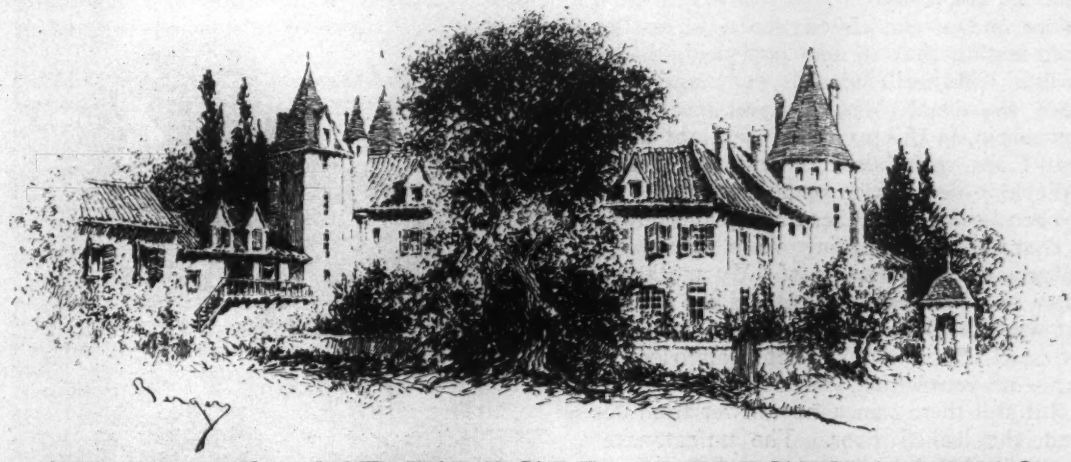

GREAT FRENCH MYSTERIES

The Strange Case of Marie Lafarge

BY

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

Young, gifted, beautiful — Marie Lafarge was declared a depraved and heartless poisoner who inch by inch destroyed the life of the husband she did not love. Was she another martyr to circumstantial evidence? Was she the victim of manufactured evidence, of a plot of inhuman and devilish cunning?

All France took sides on the question. The greatest legal talent of the day appeared as opposing counsel. Volumes of arguments for and against the young wife were written. But the world has been far from sure that justice was done to Marie Lafarge.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, who presents for McClure readers the facts in this celebrated case, has for years been studying the great legal mysteries of England, France, and the United States. The remarkable story which she tells below is only a forerunner of others equally stirring which are to come in early issues of McClure's.

In every instance, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes gives all the known facts of each of the famous cases. The stories, therefore, present great human problems, each one of them awaiting from some keen-witted reader a final and really convincing answer.

WE are peeping into one of those long, straight corridors which are to be found in almost all old French country houses. Down one side is a row of high, narrow windows looking into a gloomy and thickly wooded park; on the other are the entrances to the bedrooms of Les Glandiers.

Charles Lafarge and his Parisian bride arrived here only an hour ago, and a number of Charles' relatives and friends are waiting downstairs to greet and welcome the new mistress of Les Glandiers. They are growing rather impatient, for young Madame Lafarge went upstairs to change her traveling dress within a few minutes

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of her arrival, and she has not yet reappeared, though she must know that, in this part of France at any rate, folk remain faithful to old customs and dine at six o'clock. Fortunately, the bridegroom's mother and sister are there to entertain the visitors.

A good-looking young man — he is only eight-and-twenty — is pacing up and down the corridor with long, impatient steps. Every now and again he stops before one of the closed doors, turns the handle, and, finding that it does not yield, shakes it violently. "Marie!" he calls out angrily. "Marie! Open the door! What do you mean by locking yourself in, in this way? Do you not understand that I am your husband, and that I have the right to order you to open the door?"

Then he takes another turn up and down. In a changed and pleading voice he whispers: "Marie, do open the door! My mother and sister, to say nothing of the others, can not make out what is going on. I implore you to open the door! Surely you can not mean to lock me out — me, your loving, your devoted Charles?"

But still there comes no answer from behind the locked door. The unfortunate young husband, however, soon hears the murmur of two voices — he knows them to be those of his lovely young wife and of the lady's maid who is her foster-sister and who accompanied them from Paris on the honeymoon.

Again he paces up and down the corridor. But this time he is greeted at one end of it by a determined-looking elderly lady whom he dearly loves and respects, for she is his mother, Madame Lafarge *mère*.

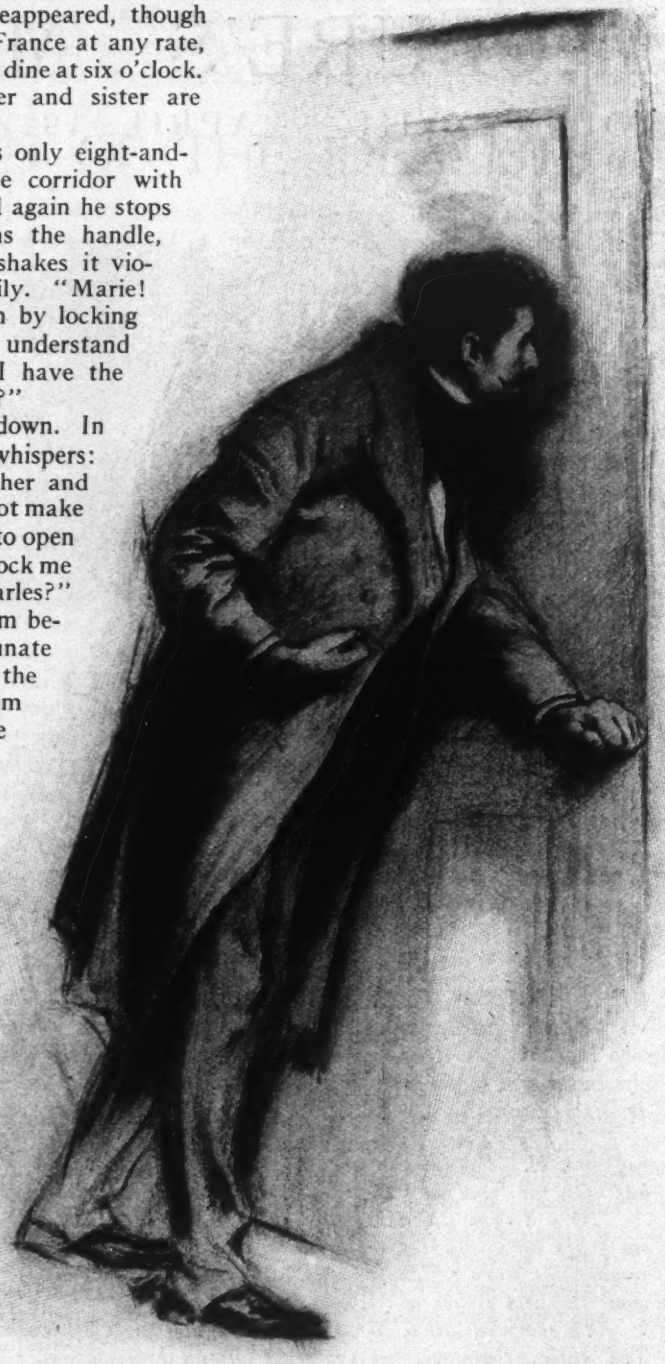
"Well?" she says briefly. "Well, Charles, what does all this mean?"

"I'm sure I don't know, mother," he falters out. "I suppose poor Marie is tired — tired and excited."

"That's all very well; but Marie must make an effort. Every one downstairs, not only our relations but all the neighbors who have come to greet Marie, are more amazed than I can tell you." She looks angrily, though at the same time tenderly, at her son, and, turning on her heel, slowly goes downstairs.

Again Charles approaches the locked door and rattles the handle. "Marie!" he whispers urgently. "Do you realize how great a shame and affront you are putting on me? For heaven's sake, come out and behave like a reasonable woman!"

And then, to his relief, he sees an envelop



"'MARIE! OPEN THE DOOR! I AM YOUR HUSBAND'"

being pushed under the door. Eagerly he stoops and takes it up. And then, as his eyes glance down the first few lines of the first letter his wife has ever written to him,— for Marie is a French girl, and during their brief engagement had no occasion to write to her lover,— Charles Lafarge utters a hoarse cry, and moves instinctively away into one of the shallow embrasures of the corridor windows.

Charles: [So began the extraordinary letter which was destined to produce a most unhappy effect at the trial of Marie Lafarge.]

I do not blame you! I do not wish to say anything against you. All I beg you to do is to allow me to leave you. Our marriage has been a terrible mistake. I take all the blame of it on myself. Nay, more — I here and now make you a shameful confession.

Pity me, Charles — I love another man! And this man, my lover, has followed us during the whole of our wedding journey. Oh, Charles, forgive me — but I have seen him, I have had secret meetings with my love. I used to creep out when you were asleep. I am ashamed, deeply ashamed of my wickedness! But, Charles, you can not wish me, knowing this, to stay with you. I do not ask to have back my fortune. I only ask you to let me go away. I will sign any documents you like, and I swear I will never trouble you again. Oh, Charles, on my knees, I implore you to be merciful and to grant my prayer! Forget the miserable Marie who has treated you so ill!

Lafarge's first impulse, on reading the strange and rather crazy epistle, is to batter down the bedroom door and kill the woman who is behind it!

He is full of rage, and beside himself with jealousy; for already — they have been married only four days — he adores the beautiful young creature who has just made him this extraordinary and shameful confession.

But he has been well brought up by a prudent and sensible mother, so he resists his murderous impulse. Instead, he goes quietly downstairs, takes his mother aside, and shows her his wife's fateful letter.

Now, Madame Lafarge, though she is already violently prejudiced against her Parisian daughter-in-law, is full of that mingled shrewd sense and feeling of self-respect that is one of the foundations of the French character. To her son's great surprise, a smile comes over her face.

"Not a word of this is true!" she exclaims, shaking her head. "Your wife has invented this absurd story, Charles, in order to frighten you, and in order that you may leave her alone. No doubt she *does* want to go away, back to her family, back to gay Paris. But as to her having a lover,— as to his having followed you through the honeymoon,— if all you tell me of your honeymoon is true, that is simply untrue— *untrue*, my son. You let me deal with her! Let me go upstairs with our two old friends, your uncle and your godfather, and we shall soon see whether we can't bring her to reason."

And Charles Lafarge, with a hopeless gesture, consents.

He would give everything that has hitherto been his to be able to believe his mother's theory of Marie's extraordinary letter.

The old lady and the two respectable middle-aged gentlemen whom she has called to her help in this crisis go upstairs. And then there begins, through the locked door, the kind of negotiation and discussion which take place when a violent family quarrel is going on.

At last the door is opened by the lady's maid, and old Madame Lafarge and her two companions edge their way into a large, gloomy bed-chamber, which is not, to tell the truth, at all the sort of room one would expect to see given to a bride.

Perhaps the two gentlemen feel this. In any case, they gaze very kindly at the beautiful young woman who stands, with tears streaming down her cheeks, before them.

"Marie?" says her mother-in-law gently, much in the tone that one would use in approaching a timid young animal that one wished to tame. "Marie? Is it possible that you wrote this cruel, this mad, this foolish letter to my poor son Charles?"

Marie, with a quick, convulsive breath, nods her head.

"Well, my dear child, you did a very unkind thing to one who adores you. But for me, Charles was going out into the park to throw himself into the lake! He loves you, Marie. Do you not know that he loves you?"

Again Marie nods her head, and tears come into her eyes, for she is warm-hearted and impulsive.

"I know," says Madame Lafarge impressively, "I *know* that what you have written in this mad letter is not true. Confess, my child, that you made all this up in order to kill Charles' love for you! Because you want him to allow you to go back to Paris! I see that you do not like Les Glandiers; the place is not like what you expected; and — yes, why should I not say it?— you do not like the thought of having to live with me and with your sister-in-law. But, Marie, you need not be afraid of me! I am devoted to Charles, and, rather than sacrifice my son's happiness, I would willingly go and live elsewhere. All I ask you to do is to try and live with me."

The old lady's voice breaks, and Marie begins to feel bitterly ashamed of herself. Madame Lafarge again begins speaking, gently, persuasively:

"I want to tell you that we are far better off than we appear to be, living in this quiet way in this old house. Only stay and behave

like a reasonable woman, and you shall have as much money as you wish to make the house pretty and comfortable. To my old eyes, Les Glandiers is perfect as it is, but Charles tells me you are very disappointed — that you have already told him that you think it ugly and badly furnished."

Poor Marie again feels overwhelmed with shame. Madame Lafarge is talking in a kind, sensible, dignified way.

The girl-wife hides her face in her hands.

"Confess," says Madame Lafarge persuasively, "confess that you invented all that there is in this letter, and that you have never had a lover, either before your marriage or since."

And Marie bends her head.

Charles' godfather, who does not take the whole business as tragically as either Charles' mother or uncle, bursts out laughing. "Oh, naughty girl!" he exclaims, and an answering smile quivers over Marie's lovely face,— "do you mean that you simply made up this story in order to go home and be neither maid, wife, nor widow?"

And again Marie bends her head.

"Come, come," says the mother. "We won't say anything more about it! Come downstairs now, Marie. I will manage Charles — I will see that he does not worry you."

And then they all go downstairs, Marie having become transformed from a savagely determined, hysterical young woman into a kindly, well-conducted bride.

And now, so the reader may well ask, who and what were this bride and bridegroom into whose intimate life the public became thrust with dramatic suddenness?

II

The cherished younger daughter of Colonel Cappelle, of the Old Guard, one of the great Napoleon's favorite officers, the woman who lives in the criminal annals of France as Marie Lafarge, might, but for her father's premature death, have survived in history among those beautiful and delightful Frenchwomen who have played so great a rôle in the social life of their time.

But, most unfortunately for Marie Cappelle, her father died when she was a child, and her mother married again. She was then adopted by her aunt, Madame Garat, whose husband held the great position of director of the Bank of France.

Her aunt was very kind to her and proud of her, but, even so, Marie had a lonely girlhood, and I must dwell on that fact because her one intimate girl friend was destined to play a terrible and fatal part in her short after life.

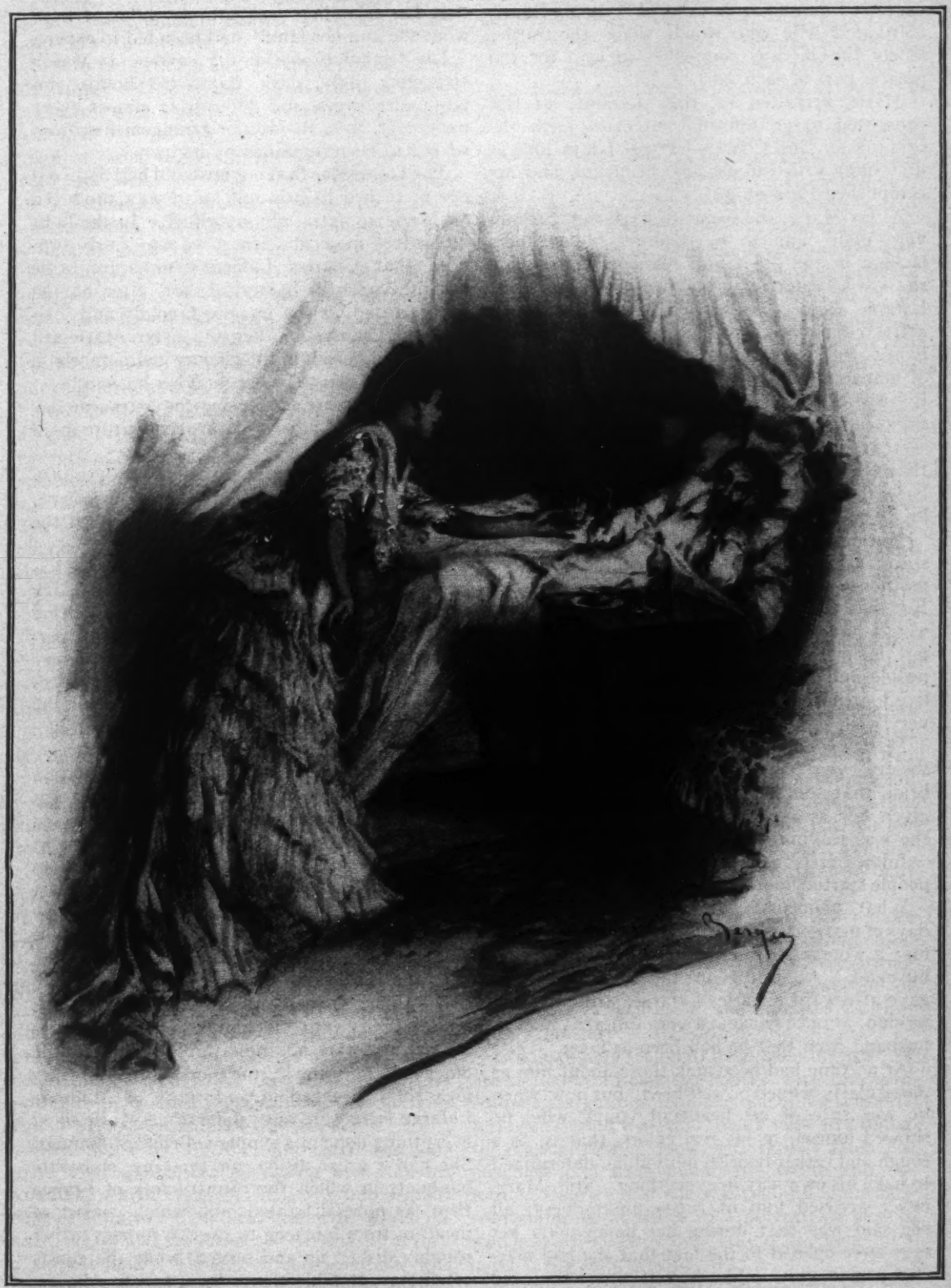
This friend, Mademoiselle de Nicolai, belonged to the great French nobility; Marie's aunt encouraged in every way her niece's friendship with her, and in those halcyon days of early girlhood the two Maries were inseparable, and loved each other as sisters love. Strange to say (when we remember the way French girls are brought up), Marie Cappelle and her friend were allowed to go to church alone together, and, human nature being much the same in France as it is elsewhere, the two girls managed to start a kind of childish flirtation with a young man whom they first met in church, and who was of half-Spanish birth.

According to Marie Cappelle's later account, this man, Flavé by name, was never in love with her at all, but he fell desperately in love with her friend; and Marie Cappelle acted, as so many girls in such a case have acted in the past and will act in the future, the thankless and dangerous part of go-between. Young Flavé's letters to Mademoiselle de Nicolai were sent under cover to her. Nothing, however, came of the imprudent flirtation. Young Flavé never even compassed an introduction to the lady of his dreams. Indeed, within a very few months of that meeting in the church, Mademoiselle de Nicolai, being then nineteen, married the Marquis de Liautaud, a Frenchman of high rank and great wealth. As to poor young Flavé, if the friends ever thought of him at all, he must have remained in their minds as the hero of an episode of which they were both rather ashamed. Neither girl had ever seen him alone — so the Marquise de Liautaud always solemnly swore till the day of her death.

Be that as it may, Marie Cappelle, more lonely than ever, now that her one intimate friend was married, went on living quietly with her aunt, Madame Garat, in Paris. Several young men fell in love with her, as she was not only exceptionally attractive, but had a dowry of a hundred thousand francs (twenty thousand dollars); but she was, as we know, romantic, and unwilling to make a *mariage de convenance*.

She had reached the age of twenty-three when her uncle one day sent for Marie to come into his study; there he told her that he had heard of a young country gentleman who had come to Paris to seek a wife, and who seemed as if he might make an ideal husband. He added that the name of this would-be benedict was Charles Lafarge.

Lafarge was twenty-eight, member of an honorable provincial family, and an iron-master in a fair way of business. Also, he owned a delightful country house — a castle, in fact, named Les Glandiers — in that beautiful district



"'I WANT TO DRINK!' MARIE RUSHED FORWARD WITH SOME WATER. A DREADFUL SMILE CAME OVER HIS FACE AS HE PUSHED AWAY THE GLASS HIS WIFE HELD OUT TO HIM"

of France called the Corrèze. The young man expressed himself as desirous of finding a clever, cultivated wife who would share the rather lonely life he was compelled to lead for the greater part of each year.

Marie, attracted by this account, at last consented to an informal interview with the iron-master, and Charles Lafarge fell in love at first sight with the élegant, beautiful, and accomplished Parisian girl.

As for Marie, she seems to have thought him very plain, and to have found his manners lacking in the grace and refinement to which she was accustomed in the men about her. But Lafarge showed so clearly how greatly he was attracted by her, and her family were so delighted with the excellent accounts they received of him from all sorts of people,— for in France it is the curious habit to request and to receive various "characters" from a would-be husband, — that Marie was soon won over to the view that Charles Lafarge concealed a heart of gold beneath his rather rough exterior, and that his love would soon bring forth hers.

Marie was informed that she would have to spend a portion of her married life with her mother-in-law and her husband's married sister. But that fact did not annoy or frighten her as it would have done an American or an English girl, for in France it is quite usual for the older people and the younger people in a family to live together, and, on the whole, the plan works very well.

Marie's wedding was a particularly brilliant society event, and it was characteristic of the bride that she spent the check her uncle had given her as a present in gifts to the friends she was leaving behind her.

Immediately after the ceremony the young people started homeward on a short honeymoon.

What happened during those first fateful days of married life? — days which may make or mar a woman's subsequent relationship to her husband. According to the account Marie gave afterward, Charles Lafarge, without being unkind, at once became a very different man as husband from that he had been as lover.

At no time had he struck those about him as particularly refined or well-bred; but now, when he was sure of his beautiful young wife, he showed himself in his real colors, that is, as a rough and rather boorish individual, determined to have his own way in everything. Still, Marie never accused him of active unkindness; all she said was that during her honeymoon her eyes were opened to the fact that she had married a man very unlike herself, one who cared nothing for books, for music, for society, or for anything except business.

The high-strung, romantic girl also found that Les Glandiers was entirely different from what she and her family had been led to expect.

Les Glandiers was not a castle. It was a straggling, ugly, dark, damp old house, embowered in trees, and differing in almost every particular, as to its interior arrangements, from what had been described by its owner.

The knowledge that her husband had deceived her in such a foolish and mean way produced on Marie an extraordinary effect. In the light of modern medical science, we may fairly suppose that Charles Lafarge's unhappy bride became violently hysterical; for, after having been greeted, as she imagined, coldly and jealously by Charles' mother and sister, Marie ran and locked herself in the gloomy bedroom which she was told was to be hers and her husband's.

And then there took place the extraordinary episode which I have tried to reconstitute in all its curious details.

It is impossible now to tell with certainty what really happened after that strange scene, for each of those who afterward testified at the trial told a different tale.

But there can be no doubt that Marie Lafarge, thanks to her mother-in-law's diplomacy and good sense, did have a real reconciliation with her young husband, and that she persuaded him quite easily to believe that, in very truth, she had never had a lover in the guarded, happy girl-life she had led in Paris until she met the young provincial iron-master who had become her husband.

And she did not carry out her reconciliation in a half-hearted fashion. She made friends with her husband's workmen; she entertained his old neighbors and friends; and she seems also to have tried to make herself pleasant to her mother-in-law; but this was her hardest task, for old Madame Lafarge soon became intensely jealous of her only son's love for his wife, and she interfered as much as she dared with the two young people.

By Charles' wish, his mother gave up the housekeeping into the hands of her daughter-in-law, and this not unnaturally irritated the older lady very much, the more so that Marie's ideas of housekeeping and those of Madame Lafarge *mère* were very different. Marie liked everything done in a simple yet elegant manner. She had a great dislike for the long, elaborate banquets in which the country folk of France then, as now, delighted, and which consist of meals of from fourteen to twenty courses rather roughly dished up and served, while the guests often stay at table three, four, and five hours! The refined Parisienne insisted that the tablecloth in her dining-room should always be

spotlessly clean, and that the menu, comparatively short, should consist of food daintily and prettily served.

As to the delicate and all-important question of Marie's relation to her husband, most people will agree that a man does not remain adoringly attached to his wife, and eager to fulfil her slightest wish, if she, on her side, goes on being cold and disagreeable to him. Such behavior on a husband's part may happen in romances and in novels, but it does not happen in real life.

Charles Lafarge was evidently a hot-tempered man, and he had little control over his tongue; and yet, as the weeks and the months rolled by, he became more and more devoted to his wife. Whenever Charles went away on business for two or three days, he wrote Marie adoring letters, and, as we have seen, though he was as fondly attached to his mother as are all good Frenchmen, he gave his wife power over everything in the house which his mother considered ought still to lie in her province.

From the point of view of their neighbors and friends, the Charles Lafarges were a model couple, and, thanks to Marie's efforts, Les Glandiers soon became a very pleasant and agreeable country house.

III

At last there came a day when the husband and wife agreed that Lafarge should go to Paris in order to raise money to develop a new patent in connection with his business. But he did not inform Marie or his mother of the fact that his finances had already become terribly involved, and that, apart from the patent, it was essential to him to procure some money.

Now, it might be thought that Marie would have been eager to take this opportunity to go to the capital. But she did nothing of the kind; in fact, she acted with great good sense. "You will be doing a good deal of tiring and worrying business," she said, "and I had much better stay here and look after the house and the different things that we are having done to improve the place. Go you up alone to Paris, dear Charles, and I will do everything in my power to help you by giving you introductions to old business friends of my family."

But, much to Marie's annoyance and surprise, Lafarge insisted on taking with him his foreman, a man named Denis, who had a great deal of influence over him and with whom he had already had secret money dealings of a very dishonest kind — though, of course, Marie was quite unaware of this. That this man played a great part in the drama no one can doubt, and, according to a leading German lawyer who wrote a book on the Lafarge case, it was Denis, not Marie, who ought ultimately to have stood in the dock. But to us he remains an enigma, for it is impossible to see what *motive* such a man could have had to commit so awful a crime.

Just before Lafarge and his foreman started for Paris, Marie fell ill, and her husband nursed her in the most devoted manner. One day, when she was getting better, she suddenly told Charles that she had been so touched by his love and care of her that she had made her will, leaving him the sole use of her fortune during his lifetime, though the money was to go to her own nephews and nieces if they had no children. Lafarge, naturally very moved by this proof of his wife's love, also made his will, leaving Marie everything he possessed.

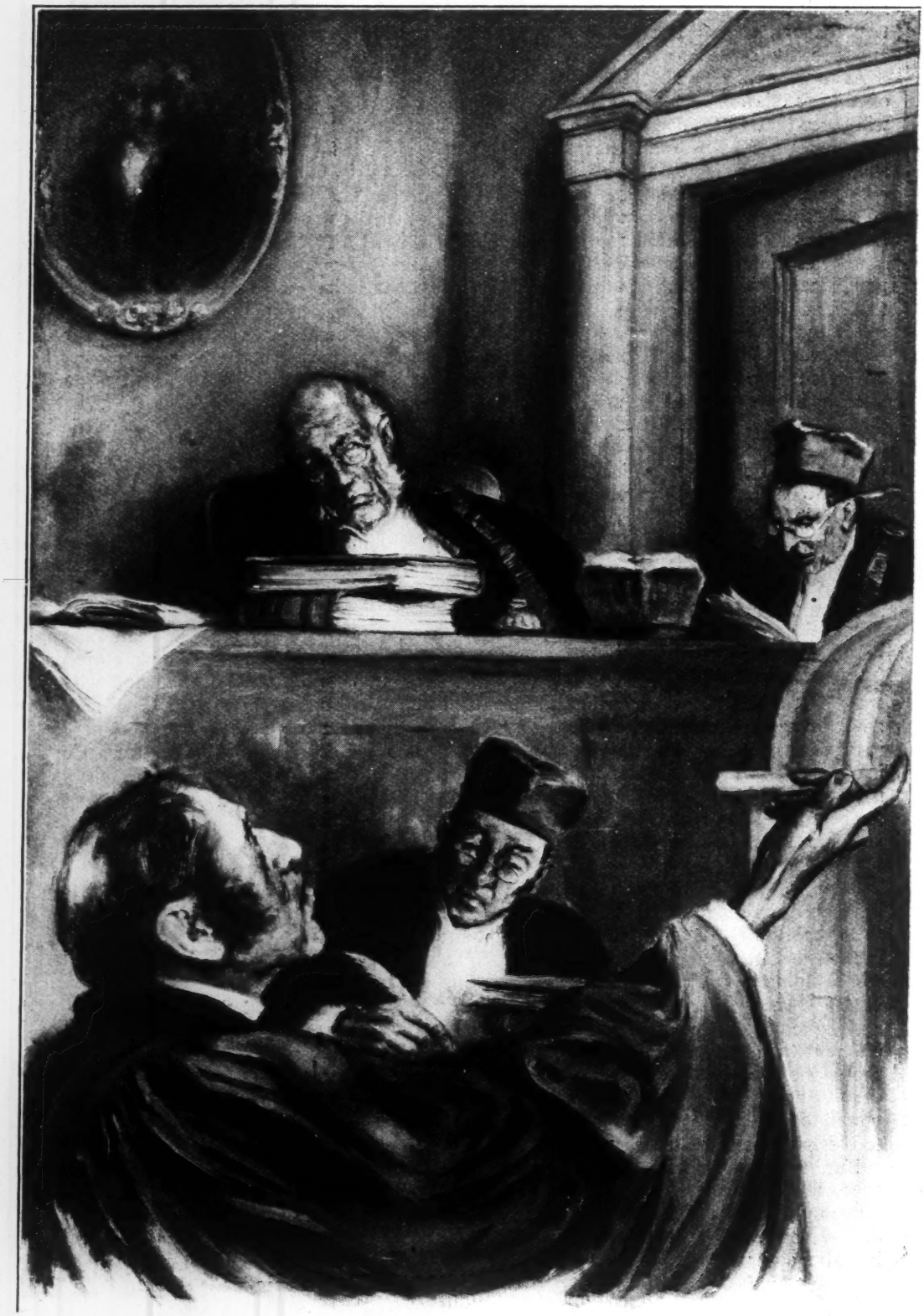
Now, it is a curious fact that Marie Lafarge at once sent off Charles' will to a local lawyer, although she left *her* will in the house. This was a strange thing for her to do, but she afterward pointed out that she had had a good reason for doing it, as her mother-in-law and sister-in-law were always searching among her papers and showing the most indiscreet curiosity as to the contents of any letters she received.

At last Charles Lafarge went off to Paris; and at once the most tender correspondence began between the husband and wife. Marie had an unusual literary gift, and she drew, in moving language, a description of her loneliness and her longing for his return. Charles, on his side, also wrote very loving letters to her, telling her — or so she believed — every detail of the difficult business which had brought him to Paris. As an actual fact he did not tell her very much, and he and Denis engaged in many shady money transactions which came to light only long afterward.

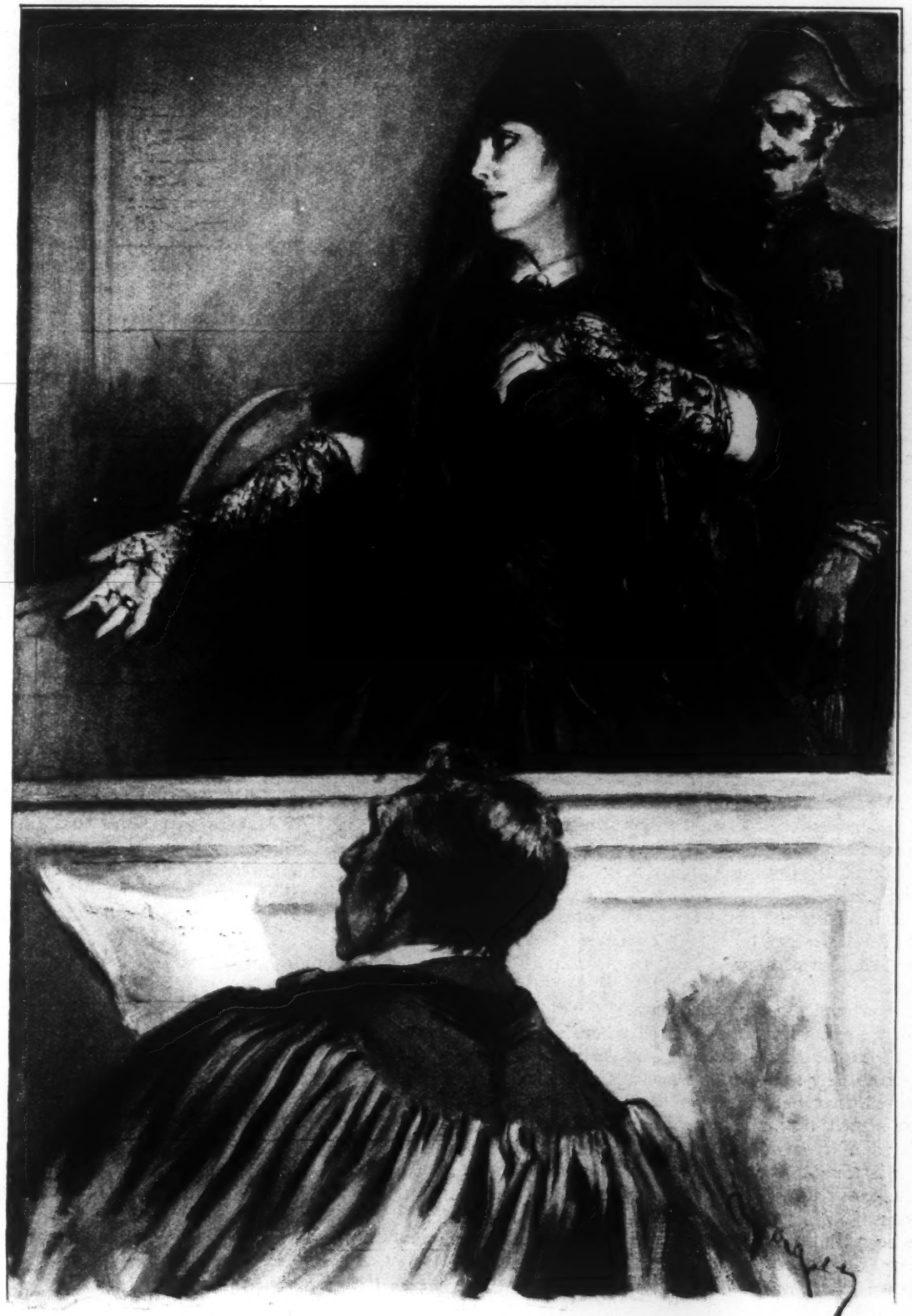
The iron-master had been away rather more than a month when a curious incident took place, and one which later made a very strong and sinister impression on the imagination of the public, as well as on the unhappy Marie's judges and jury.

Les Glandiers seems to have been infested, as are so many old country houses, with rats, and Marie Lafarge commissioned one of her servants to purchase some arsenic with a view to ridding the place of them. Now, very shortly after this purchase had been made, she wrote and informed Charles that she was sending him a box containing, in addition to a portrait of herself which had been done by a lady of the neighborhood, a few home-made cakes.

Madame Lafarge *mère* was noted for her cooking, and particularly for a certain kind of small cream cake.



"MARIE LAFARGE WAS SOLEMNLY CONDEMNED TO DEATH. BUT THE DREAD SENTENCE
FIRM VOICE UTTERED THE WORDS:



SO FAR LEFT THE PRISONER UNDISMAYED THAT SHE ROSE IN THE DOCK AND IN A 'GENTLEMEN, I AM INNOCENT!'''

Marie further proposed that Charles should eat one of these cakes at twelve o'clock on a certain night, she at the same time eating a similar cake. She also added, in the same letter, that he had better not tell any one of this sentimental refection.

Lafarge received the letter, and in due course the box. But he did not open it himself; instead, he told one of the hotel servants to do so. The servant opened the box, and both he and Lafarge, who was standing by him as he pried the lid open, noticed that there was only one large cake in the box. Lafarge then and there broke off a small piece of the cake, and, observing, "My wife sent me this," ate it.

That night he was taken violently ill. This was proved by the hotel books, for the day after he stayed in bed and had what may be called invalid food sent up to him.

The rest of the cake was thrown into a drawer, and some time later — in fact, after Lafarge had left Paris — one of the hotel servants ate a piece of it, and was also taken ill in exactly the same way as Lafarge himself had been.

Meanwhile, Marie Lafarge — but for this we have only the testimony of the mother-in-law who hated her, and it was testimony given after the poor woman fully believed that her daughter-in-law had poisoned her son — began to show the most surprising uneasiness as to her husband's health. She said that she was haunted by a presentiment that she would soon be a widow, and she seemed thoroughly unhappy and miserable.

As to Charles Lafarge, he was soon quite well again, and started for home, still accompanied by his foreman Denis. On the way the two men visited a lawyer, who lent Lafarge the large sum of five thousand dollars in notes and gold. But this fact both men concealed from young Madame Lafarge and from Charles' mother.

We now come to the real drama.

Lafarge was very far from well when he arrived at Les Glandiers; indeed, while expressing the greatest joy at seeing his wife again, he was so unwell that he had to go to bed at once. Marie herself brought him his supper, which consisted of a cold truffled fowl, and she and he ate it together by his bedside. No sooner had he eaten than Charles was taken terribly ill, with symptoms that were believed later to have been those of poisoning, though at the time no one suspected such a thing. These symptoms were a terrible heat in his throat, horrible gnawing pains, and an awful sense of icy coldness.

He also complained very much of the noise the rats still made in the house, and his wife — for the second time — purchased arsenic, this time through the medium of the foreman Denis.

Long, weary days wore themselves away. Lafarge lay ill, eating very little, living almost entirely on liquid food, everything which he ate being more or less prepared, and always handed to him, by the devoted Marie, whom he could hardly bear out of his sight.

The story now becomes complicated by the presence in the house of a new inmate, a middle-aged lady who was an intimate friend of Madame Lafarge *mère*.

This lady, Madame Brun, seems to have been used as a kind of spy by Lafarge's mother and sister; she watched the unsuspecting Marie very closely, and she noticed — or declared afterward that she noticed — that whenever young Madame Lafarge was about to hand her husband anything to drink she always put into the cup a spoonful of white powder.

Lafarge daily grew worse and worse, and at last his wife became so much alarmed that she implored the local doctor who was attending him to call another physician in consultation. It was proved afterward that Marie Lafarge was really far more eager than was Charles' mother that this should be done, and, further, that she wished the best doctor in the neighborhood to be called. Old Madame Lafarge did not wish this to be done, as she had had a quarrel with him some years before.

It can not be stated too clearly that up to that time no one, least of all the doctor attending Lafarge, suspected poison. The doctor, indeed, made light of Marie's fears, and told her that Charles Lafarge had been subject to these attacks from childhood; and this fact should be remembered in connection with the evidence afterward tendered by Marie's deadly enemies.

If the people around Charles Lafarge had any reason to suppose his wife was poisoning him, they were, of course, lacking in the commonest humanity in not at once doing something to stop the poisoner; but, though they all afterward said that they had suspected her, we may take it that they did not do so until a very short time before his death.

As to what first made the mother acquire so awful a suspicion, we shall never know. It may have been a word said by Madame Brun; it may have been an insinuation made by the *real* murderer — if Marie was innocent; or it may have been some remark made by the doctor. Be that as it may, old Madame Lafarge suddenly became convinced that her son was being poisoned by his apparently loving and passionately devoted wife.

As to the arsenic which had been bought, at Marie's orders, by the foreman Denis, it was made into a paste — which, however, had no effect on the rats.

And thus, for the third time, young Madame Lafarge procured poison from a country town near by. On this occasion she herself wrote a friendly little letter to the chemist, telling him the purpose for which she required it. But it should be added that he was a personal acquaintance; this, perhaps, was why he sent her a very large quantity of arsenic.

Charles Lafarge grew so much worse that at last, by his wife's wish and against that of his mother and sister, a new doctor was called in. But old Madame Lafarge chose a very young man, instead of the well-known and authoritative physician whom Marie desired should be sent for. And to this entire stranger Charles' mother at once confided her horrible suspicion that Marie was slowly but surely poisoning her unhappy son!

The young doctor seems to have at once believed this dreadful suggestion to be true, and that without even trying to prove it in any way. And he decided on what most people will agree was a very cruel course: he decided, that is, that it was his duty to tell the now dying man that he was being done to death, and by the wife in whom he implicitly trusted.

Now, how did the unfortunate Lafarge receive this frightful confidence? The doctor afterward asserted that Lafarge took the news calmly, and told him, as confirmatory evidence, of the illness he had had in Paris after eating the cake that Marie had sent him! But there is ample evidence that Lafarge, even after the doctor had revealed to him his mother's awful suspicion, behaved exactly as he had done before — he

"WHEN HER RELEASE CAME, SHE HAD BECOME TO THE MEN AND WOMEN OF HER OWN GENERATION ONLY A SHADOWY GHOST"

still spoke to his wife in terms of adoring affection, he still would not allow her out of his sight, and he never took any food, excepting from her hand.

Against this weight of evidence there is one contradictory statement made by Lafarge's sister, but we shall see how slight and fanciful that statement is, compared to the testimony of all the other people who were in the house during those long, mournful days.

The sands of the unhappy man's life were running out very fast, and at last there came the dread moment when the dying man's wife, his mother, and his sister, together with various other relations, came and knelt around his bed.

Suddenly Lafarge muttered to his sobbing mother: "You hurt me — please go away!" She was supported out of the room, the others present also left, and there remained with the dying man only his wife and his sister.

What then happened was thus described by his sister. Lafarge hoarsely exclaiming, "I want to drink!" Marie rushed forward with some water. But Lafarge opened his eyes, and — still only according to his sister's evidence — a dreadful smile came over his face as he pushed the glass his wife's hand held out to him from his lips.

It is a rather strange fact that Marie left the room before her husband's death. She was not there when he actually passed away.

The moment Charles Lafarge was dead, in fact before the breath could have been well out of his poor, tortured body, there took place at Les Glandiers an extraordinary and dramatic scene, and one which must have been carefully planned beforehand.

The young widow was enticed by a trick out of the bedroom where she was lying crying on her bed, persuaded to go into another room, and there the key was turned on her.

Then old Madame Lafarge and her daughter rushed into Marie's room, forced the locks of her boxes and of her cupboards, and began to search in feverish haste for some kind of proof that Marie had indeed poisoned Charles.

Although they found nothing at all, she was kept a prisoner for hours and hours, in fact until her mother-in-law and the doctor had informed the nearest magistrate of their suspicions. This legal pundit came to Les Glandiers, and evidently took her guilt for granted before any proof of it had been laid before him, and the wretched, bewildered young woman found herself accused and practically condemned before she had been able to gather her wits together, and before she had been allowed to communicate with her family in Paris.

Meanwhile the two doctors were holding a rough post-mortem examination of the corpse, and as a result they had to admit that they had not been able to discover any trace of poison in Lafarge's body.

The result of this examination seems to have shaken even old Madame Lafarge's belief in her daughter-in-law's guilt. She came and humbly begged Marie's pardon for having suspected her, and Marie, in the very curious autobiography she wrote while in prison awaiting trial, declares that she did forgive old Madame Lafarge, and she even promised to remain on at Les Glandiers and act a daughter's part by her.

More — Marie, now quite reassured, sat down and wrote to her family. She informed them of Charles' death, and she also asked them to send her a good lawyer from Paris, as she had reason to fear, by certain things which had been said when Lafarge was dying, that his money matters were in a very serious state.

From this letter it is clear that Marie gave very little thought to the terrible accusation that had been leveled at her. She was only four-and-twenty, accustomed to receive homage and love from all those about her, and old Madame Lafarge's suspicions probably seemed to her — *if she was innocent* — an effect of the old lady's jealous grief.

But the authorities had not been really satisfied with the post-mortem, and they ordered a further and much more thorough investigation than had taken place.

One evening, as Marie was sitting alone in her drawing-room, a gentleman of the neighborhood, who was evidently attracted by her beauty and loneliness, came in and with some agitation told her that if she were wise she would flee the country. "I have a carriage and a good pair of horses close by," he said. "I have also a passport which I have procured as for my wife, and which will do very well for you. I implore you most earnestly to leave France without waiting for the result of the inquiry they are about to hold. Remember that a great lawyer once declared, 'If I were accused of stealing the towers of Notre Dame, I should hurry off without waiting to be arrested!'"

This suggestion seems to have been rejected with indignation by Marie Lafarge. She told him that she was not in the least afraid, and that, being absolutely innocent, she had no reason to fear that she would ever be troubled again.

Meanwhile, the police had been making all sorts of inquiries about the dead man, his past relations with his wife, and so on; and, without waiting for more evidence, the magistrate came again to Les Glandiers, and, to Marie's surprise and indignation, subjected her to a close

and pitiless examination. Every one who had been in the house — Madame Brun, who gave fateful testimony against her, the foreman Denis, who seems to have hated her, her maid foster-sister, who with tears and anger eagerly asserted her innocence, her mother-in-law, who was now once more quite convinced that Marie had poisoned Charles — all were examined and cross-examined.

Marie's own examination lasted three hours, and at the end of it the judge made up his mind that she had indeed poisoned her husband, though no motive, save that of personal dislike, could be suggested.

The warrant for her arrest was signed, but she was allowed to take her maid to prison, and to drive there in her own carriage.

IV

There are people living who vividly remember Marie Lafarge's arrival at Brives. The whole population turned out to hoot the beautiful young woman who was already, in local estimation, condemned as a cruel and treacherous poisoner.

Meanwhile, Marie's family — all those well-known, well-placed, important people in Paris who loved and admired her — received the news of her arrest with shocked incredulity. It was inconceivable to them that the delightful, beautiful girl of whom they had been so proud, and at whose marriage they had been present only a year before, was actually lying in prison under a horrible and shameful accusation.

They acted with promptitude, courage, and good feeling. Without losing any time, they engaged a famous Paris barrister to prepare her defense; but, unfortunately, they went to a lawyer who was really too busy to give up his work in the capital to defend a prisoner, however interesting, in a far-off corner of provincial France.

It was then that Marie Lafarge suddenly bethought herself that she had met, during the early days of her married life, a very remarkable young advocate, a man of only two-and-twenty, named Lachaud. She wrote him the following pathetic little letter:

Sir:

When I was still happy, careless, gay, I heard you defend a poor woman accused of theft, and your words brought tears to my eyes. Now that I am wretched, care-worn, and sad, I call on you to help me. I am suffering from the burden of an awful and a false accusation. Make me smile again, and fill with light the eyes that have wept so many bitter tears during the last few days.

Lachaud, ardent, romantic, generous-hearted, at once responded to this appeal. He came to Brives without a moment's delay, and henceforth this man, who was destined to become the greatest advocate of his time, remained firmly convinced of Marie Lafarge's innocence.

Nay, more; there is very little doubt that soon a great tenderness filled Lachaud's soul for the fascinating Marie. The world has never been given his letters to her, but many of her letters to him have been published; they are most pathetic, and prove how close was the tie between them. There can be little doubt that, had Lachaud secured her acquittal, he would have married Marie Lafarge. As it was, he worked for her as no advocate ever worked before for a client. And no advocate ever had a harder task.

For now, like a bolt from the blue, a new accusation fell on the already burdened shoulders of the unhappy Marie.

She had not been in prison more than a few days, and Lachaud had come into the case only a few hours, when the public prosecutor received a letter signed "Marquis de Liautaud." In it the writer begged that a special search might be instituted at Les Glandiers, as he had reason to believe that a valuable set of diamonds belonging to his wife — who, as Mademoiselle de Nicolai, had been Marie's greatest friend — had been stolen by young Madame Lafarge during a sojourn she had made with him and with his wife shortly after their marriage.

This accusation seemed so ridiculous, so absurd, so far-fetched, to Lachaud and to Marie's friends, that they did not at first tell her it had been made. But a search was instituted at Les Glandiers, and the diamonds in question were found in Marie's dressing-case!

Feeling something very like despair and horror,—perhaps, if all the truth be known, with their belief in her innocence shaken,— they went and told the prisoner what had happened. To their amazement and relief, Marie did not seem in the least astonished or even ashamed.

"Oh, that's all right!" she exclaimed, something like a smile for the first time illuminating her worn, beautiful face. "The Marquise de Liautaud knows all about it, and she will certainly see me righted. It is very wrong of her husband to have written to the public prosecutor without telling her what he was about to do."

"But surely," cried Lachaud, "you can tell *me* the truth without waiting for your friend's explanation?"

"No," she said firmly, "I can not tell even you, my kind, generous defender; for the business of the diamonds is a secret between her and between me. All I can do is to give you a letter to my friend begging her to tell you the truth."

Nothing could move her from this attitude, and at last Lachaud reluctantly started off for Paris — a much longer journey then than it would be now — and sought out the young married lady who had been Marie Lafarge's almost sister in the days when they were girls together.

The Marquise de Liautaud was not at all anxious to meet her one-time friend's defender. But Lachaud was a determined man, and he made his way into her presence and forced her to read Marie's pathetic appeal to her to tell the truth as to the diamond mystery.

We can imagine, as shortly after all France imagined, the dramatic scene. The young provincial lawyer, still quite unknown, but full of the intellectual power and great practical ability which was to make him the greatest advocate of his time, at last stands face to face with the Marquise.

It is a duel between these two. Lachaud is determined to make Marie de Liautaud say to him that which will clear his beautiful client, with whom he is already deeply in love, from a shameful accusation — an accusation even more shameful, in a sense, than that under which she lay when first arrested.

"I implore you, Madame la Marquise, to tell the truth, even if it cost you a little humiliation!"

"I do not quite know what you want me to say," she answers at last, handing him back Marie Lafarge's letter. "I do not understand what poor Marie means by the 'mystery,' Monsieur. For there is no mystery. My diamonds disappeared, and, though I did not suspect my friend, my husband and his family were always convinced that Marie had taken them. As for me, I thought they had been stolen by a servant."

Even now we can not tell whether the Marquise de Liautaud told the truth, the half truth, or a positive lie in that momentous interview with Lachaud. But she certainly came out victorious in the struggle of wills — and, beside himself with disappointment, fear, and anger, Lachaud rushed back with his bad news to Brives. Then, and even then most reluctantly, Marie Lafarge consented to tell him *her* version of the diamond mystery.

It was a simple story, and on the face of it supported by certain letters she was able to produce. These letters which Marie Lafarge showed Lachaud were Félix Flavé's old love letters, written when Marie was acting the foolish, perilous part of go-between in a love affair which ought never to have begun.

According to Marie, *the affair had not ended with those few silly sentimental letters.* Flavé — now, it seems, settled in Algiers — had tried to blackmail the Marquise de Liautaud, and it was in order to buy off the lover of her girlhood that the Marquise had confided her diamonds to her friend, with the understanding that Marie was to sell them as soon as she could manage it, and transmit the proceeds to the blackmailer!

In our day the truth as to Flavé and his relations to the Marquise de Liautaud would have been dragged into the full light, and that even if the trial of Marie Lafarge had had to be postponed for a very long time. But, in spite of Lachaud's frantic efforts to compel Flavé's presence at the trial, Flavé was allowed to remain in Algiers, and no attempt was made to force him to give evidence.

As for the Marquise, she declared on oath that Flavé's love — if love it could be called — had been bestowed on Marie Cappelle and not on herself!

This comparatively unimportant question of the Marquise's diamonds played a terrible part in the murder trial of Marie Lafarge. Although it was, of course, clear that Marie might be a thief without being a murderess, many people took the view that if she was capable of lying about the one matter, then she was capable of having contrived and carried out the darker crime.

Thus was the poisoning mystery complicated by this second mystery being grafted on to the first.

All France, and especially all French society, began to take passionate "sides." There were "Lafargists" and "anti-Lafargists," the more so that the Marquise de Liautaud was also a beautiful and delightful young woman with many attached friends and innumerable relations in the great nobility. These naturally all took her part, and declared her incapable of having indulged in a vulgar flirtation. They pointed triumphantly to the fact that Marie Lafarge could not show a single letter in which the Marquise, in the days when she was Marie Nicolai, mentioned Flavé by name, or even alluded to him.

To the indignation and distress of Madame Lafarge's friends and supporters, the accusation of theft was taken first, and formed a separate trial. Once more was fought a duel, but this time with the buttons off the foils, and between two women. The Marquise was fighting for her reputation — Marie for her life.

Lachaud, after taking counsel with various great pundits of the law, decided to allow judgment, in this first trial, to go by default.

So Marie Lafarge, though she was compelled to be present at the trial for theft, refused to go into the box, though the Marquise de Liautaud, supported by her husband, her father, and her brothers, of course did so.

Dressed in widow's weeds, Marie Lafarge, pale as death and with tears welling up in her large blue eyes, stood in the dock while her one-time dearest friend swore that, to the best of her reluctant belief, Marie had not only stolen her jewels, but had also built up an elaborate and shameful story to account for having them in her possession.

The first round was lost by Marie Lafarge, for she was declared guilty of the theft and condemned to two years' imprisonment.

Lachaud gave notice of appeal, and there were no fewer than three trials held in connection with the diamond mystery before the murder trial came on.

Meanwhile public opinion was being roused, not in France alone, but all over the continent of Europe. In Brives itself and in the neighborhood of Les Glandiers the tide had turned with dramatic suddenness in Marie's favor. She received in her prison over six thousand letters of sympathy, and to each of these letters she sent an eloquent and moving answer!

Though in far from good health, she was always ready to submit to the endless examinations and cross-examinations which form an integral part of the French criminal law, and she behaved as the innocent, in the popular imagination, should always behave; that is, she was indignant, scornful, pleading, and defiant by turns, and never for one moment did she give up hope.

V

At last, nearly a year after the death of Charles Lafarge, the actual trial opened at Tulle and people journeyed there from all over Europe — much as they did many years later to Rennes, to be present at the trial of Captain Dreyfus.

Marie Lafarge was defended by three barristers, and of the three the one who proved himself their master, by reason of his matchless eloquence and clear powers of close reasoning, was the young and still unknown Lachaud, fighting for the life of the woman he loved.

The trial lasted seventeen long days, and the moment it opened it became terribly clear, not only to Marie Lafarge's three devoted defenders, but also to that great army of men and women who watched the proceedings with breathless interest, that the prosecution were absolutely convinced of the prisoner's guilt. In fact, it may be doubted whether there has ever been, in a civilized country, so determined an effort to prove a prisoner guilty, in the face of favorable evidence, than that which judged and condemned Marie Lafarge.

The whole point — though it is a point which had been curiously put aside and forgotten in the excitement caused by the affair of the diamonds — was, of course, whether Charles Lafarge had really been poisoned at all!

It will be remembered that the two doctors who had attended the dead man held a rough post-mortem examination, which, to their surprise, yielded no result. And now, for the second time, the remains of the unfortunate man were handed over to two more doctors, famous Paris scientists of world-wide reputation. The more noted of the two, Dupuytren, declared in the most solemn way that he had not been able to find *any* trace of arsenic in the body.

This time poor Marie thought herself saved. An extraordinary scene took place in the courthouse. The public cheered; Lachaud went mad with joy; Marie fainted from excitement and relief.

But stay — her ordeal was not yet over. The judge coldly ordered that the man who perfected what is still called Marsh's test for the discovery of arsenic should be subpoenaed to make a final examination. His name was Orfila.

Accordingly, Orfila was summoned. Instead, however, of bringing with him two other scientific chemists, as he had been asked to do, he simply brought a young pupil of his own, and it is said that before he made the experiment he observed to a friend: "I am quite sure that I shall find arsenic in Lafarge's body!"

Be that as it may, the Lafarge trial lives in the romantic story of criminal jurisprudence as having been the first in which Marsh's test was applied. The first two tests produced entirely negative results; but on the third test slight traces of arsenic appeared on the testing-plate!

One night elapsed between the making of this test and the making known of the result; and when Madame Lafarge was brought into court, those about her saw that her beautiful dark hair had become thickly streaked with gray.

Orfila got up and declared in a funereal voice that he had found arsenic in the remains of the dead man, and he reminded the court that under certain circumstances the over-administration of the poison, while surely killing the victim, leaves but few traces of the drug in the body.

In vain the defense passionately declared that, even if it were proved conclusively that Lafarge had been poisoned, that did not prove his wife the poisoner. They pointed out how terribly embarrassed Lafarge's affairs had become before his death. Was it not possible that he had poisoned himself? They also asked what had become of the five thousand dollars which he had received from the lawyer at Dijon, and

which had been missed on the day of his death. Was it not possible that whoever had stolen that sum — for it disappeared during his illness — had poisoned Lafarge?

It is clear now that the defense were convinced that the foreman Denis, who, after giving cruel witness against his late mistress, disappeared from Tulle, had poisoned Lafarge.

The last scene of the trial was terribly impressive. Marie Lafarge was solemnly condemned, not only to death, but also to that barbarous old punishment, still part of French law, known as the "exposition" — in other words, the pillory.

But the dread sentence so far left the prisoner undismayed that she rose in the dock and in a firm voice uttered the words: "Gentlemen, I am innocent!"

Protests poured in to the government from all over France. It was whispered that, were an attempt made to guillotine Marie Lafarge, a rescue would be organized, in which thousands of men and women belonging to every class of the community would take part.

This, perhaps, was the real reason why poor Marie was spared both the pillory and the guillotine; for, after some time, her sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

Marie's own friends and her thousands of unknown sympathizers remained very faithful to her throughout her captivity.

Her pathetic charm won over the governor of her prison and her jailers. She was allowed the great privilege of writing, and she wrote a curious book called "The Hours of a Prisoner" — a touching, strange little work which was not published until after her death.

After twelve long years of patient waiting, during which she was in very bad health, she was released, doubtless owing to Lachaud, her one-time advocate and lover, who had by then become famous and a man whom no French government could afford to despise.

But, when there came the order of release, Marie was in no state to profit by it. The world in which she found herself knew her no more. She had become to the men and women of her own generation a shadowy ghost around whom had raged one of the great battles of their youth.

Her relatives took her to a little watering-place, and there she died some five months after leaving prison.

It was said that during her imprisonment Denis — that sinister, mysterious human being who, according to two great German jurisconsults who wrote a huge book on the case, was Lafarge's undoubted murderer — was seen haunting the neighborhood of her prison.

As for Félix Flavé, who with a word could have cleared up the diamond mystery, he died in a mad-house the same year that Marie died; but not before a very curious fact had come to the knowledge of Lachaud.

It seems that just about the time when, according to Marie Lafarge, the Marquise de Liautaud was being blackmailed by Flavé, a French official *of the same name*, also living in Algiers, received a mysterious box from Paris to whose sender he had no clue. On inquiry, however, he learned that the box had been sent to Algiers by some one named Liautaud, and that it was intended for a namesake of his!

On this information, Lachaud tried to reopen the case, but, as might have been expected, he failed to convince the Court of Appeal that Marie's possible innocence of the lesser crime exonerated her from the greater, of which she had been tried and found guilty. But the story, *if true*, goes far to prove that Marie Lafarge was indeed martyr rather than murderess.

And now comes perhaps the most amazing fact to be stated in connection with this extraordinary story. The case of Marie Lafarge continues to excite interest in European legal circles, and an opinion has grown up among the jurisconsults that Marie Lafarge was not only not guilty, but that Charles Lafarge was not poisoned — in fact, that he died a natural death!

This is the view now held by all those who make a special study of criminal jurisprudence, and quite recently the writer of this paper was assured that this was his view by the judge who is, among English lawyers, the leading authority on the criminal use of arsenic. This high officer of the British Crown declares that there is scarcely any human body in which *traces* of arsenic might not be found with the help of Marsh's test!

The preceding article is the first of a series of true stories in which Mrs. Belloc Lowndes will describe some of the most famous criminal cases in French history

AS GOVERNOR HARMON HAS TRIED TO CONCILIATE BOTH THE PROHIBITION AND THE LIQUOR INTERESTS, BOTH WETS AND DRYS ARE NOW OPPOSED TO HIM

JUDSON HARMON: PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "WOODROW WILSON: POLITICAL LEADER," ETC.

ONE of the remarkable features of the presidential situation is the appearance of Judson Harmon as a "progressive" candidate. In the mind of the average citizen, Mr. Harmon stands for things radically different from the policies of Roosevelt and La Follette. He is generally looked upon as a "conservative," as a lifelong representative of the "interests," as a man whose election to the Presidency would mean the uninterrupted control of government by the propertied classes. Now, however, other claims are being made for Governor Harmon. His campaign managers are picturing him as a "progressive," in the ordinary sense in which that word is used. Numerous newspaper stories are appearing, in all sections of the country, in which the "progressive" achievements of the last Ohio legislature are described as the result of Mr. Harmon's activities in the Governor's office.

The Harmon campaign managers have published and given wide circulation to a green-covered pamphlet which portrays "The Progress in Ohio during Governor Judson Harmon's Administration." The record is one that would satisfy the most exacting radical. Among the measures that have gone upon the statute-book, and for which the Governor's managers virtually assign to him the credit, are the following:

A PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION,
LARGE INCREASE IN CORPORATION TAXES
ONE PER CENT TAX LIMIT
NON-PARTIZAN JUDICIARY
DIRECT ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS
NON-PARTIZAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION
INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM FOR CITIES
WORKINGMEN'S COMPENSATION
SHORTER DAY FOR EMPLOYED WOMEN
CORRUPT PRACTICES ACT
A SHORTER BALLOT

Harmon's Attitude on Public Utilities

The Governor's campaign book in particular highly praises the Public Utilities Bill passed at the last session. It describes it as "a measure considered a better Utilities Bill for the public than those of Wisconsin, New York, and New Jersey." What the campaign book neglects to say is that this Utilities Commission became a law without Governor Harmon's signature.

The movement for the regulation of public utility corporations had made little progress in Ohio. Here the corporation lobby had always succeeded in blocking all attempts made for efficient regulation. A railroad commission had existed for several years; but it had had no adequate powers, it was weak in its personnel, and it had always been an integral part of partizan politics. In Governor Harmon's first term one of the active issues was the creation of a Public Service Commission on the New York and Wisconsin plan. Governor Harmon, however, from the first manifested no interest in the idea. The Republicans introduced such a measure and made serious efforts to pass it. Though probably not without defects, this Woods Utilities Bill was an excellent measure and emphatically marked a great improvement upon anything that Ohio had ever had. Popular sentiment supported it; the independent newspapers and other organs of public opinion demanded its passage. There was no single measure before the legislature in which interest was more keen or which was more widely discussed. The one man who seemed to be unaffected by all this discussion was Governor Harmon, and under these circumstances this first Utilities measure failed. When Governor Harmon was appealed to by the newspapers for an explanation of his inactivity, he issued this formal public statement:

"I never saw a copy of the Woods Bill until just a little while ago, when I got it with the report that the measure had been killed. I have not read the bill and I do not know anything about it. It would be ridiculous for me to say anything about the bill, as I know nothing about it."

Harmon's Messages Silent on Utilities Measure

In spite of this somewhat discouraging attitude, the movement for adequate regulation of public utilities still went on. Both parties, in the platform of 1910, conspicuously committed themselves to this idea. Mr. Harmon, however, still refused to make it an issue, and had nothing to say about it in his campaign speeches or in his messages. Early in the session of 1911, however, a Democratic member named Winters introduced a Utilities Bill, declaring in the Senate that Governor Harmon had given it his approval. Whether this last statement was warranted or not is not known, but the fact is generally admitted that the Winters Bill was an extremely inadequate measure and not at all unpopular with the corporations. The Republican leader of the House, Lawrence K. Langdon, took this bill, ripped out its objectionable features, and added fifty or sixty amendments that made it an admirable measure. Renewed attempts to enlist the cordial support of Governor Harmon failed. In a speech which he made in pending legislation before the Democratic caucus, Governor Harmon specifically said that he did not "know much about the Utilities Bill."

Harmon Does Not Sign the Utilities Bill

It is no secret in Ohio that the lobby had been especially active against this Utilities Bill. But it ultimately passed both houses and went to the Governor for signature. Mr. Harmon refused to sign it, and it became a law under the ten days' limitation provided by the Ohio constitution.

An examination of the new Ohio Utilities law confirms the praises passed upon it by the Harmon campaign book. It comprises practically everything that would make it obnoxious to utility corporations. The new Commission has absolute jurisdiction over railroads and telegraph, telephone, electric light, gas, natural gas, pipe-line, water, heating, cooling, messenger, express, signaling, underground railroad, suburban railroad, sleeping-car, equipment, car, freight, and freight-line companies. It fixes rates, without court review, and regulates equipment. In determining rates, the law provides that the Commission shall consider only "physical valuation" and ignore watered stock. It prohibits the issue of stock for any purpose except corporate requirements, and specifically forbids the capitalization of franchises. The Commission regulates systems of accounting and has complete inquisitorial power. No more complete system of corporation supervision could well be devised.

Harmon Not the Man Who Increased the Taxes of Corporations

The Governor's campaign book also assigns Mr. Harmon credit for the increased assessment and taxation of corporations. It does so in the following words:

The high appraisals were all made by the State Tax Commission, a board created as the direct result of Governor Harmon's recommendation and persistent effort. For many years Ohioans had been striving for a revision of tax laws so as to get the hidden millions of corporate property on the tax duplicate; but no other Governor had the courage to go after this property.

As a matter of fact, the record clearly shows that the State Taxation Commission was not "a board created as the direct result of Governor Harmon's recommendation and persistent effort." On the contrary, it was created as the result of a law passed by a Republican legislature, which Harmon refused to sign.

The proposition to make the railroads and the public utility companies actually pay their taxes obviously involved a great political issue, almost as great as the proposition to supervise and regulate them in the public interest. This was the one thing that the corporations had escaped for many decades, and their great political influence had always enabled them to shift the burden from themselves upon the small property-owners. La Follette had made the taxation of corporations a leading issue in Wisconsin, as Roosevelt had in New York. The actual record, however, does not disclose that Harmon had shown any marked enthusiasm on this subject in Ohio. In his inaugural address he devoted only ten lines to the subject of taxation, and these contained no definite recommendations. In a special message he did indeed recommend the creation of a State Tax Commission to value the property of corporations, but these recommendations were extremely indefinite and unsatisfactory. The Governor advised that this Tax Commission, in addition to making assessments, should have supervision of the creation of corporations, increases in their stocks and bonds, and other responsibilities that might have so scattered its energies as largely to have defeated the chief purpose of its organization.

Public Opinion Insisting on Tax Reform

All this time, however, public opinion was insistently demanding the creation of this Tax Commission, with powers sufficiently sweeping to enable it to get definitely at the point at issue — the actual value of corporate property. In the session of 1910 the Republican majority took the thing definitely in hand. Lawrence K. Langdon, the same Langdon who finally succeeded in getting through the present Utilities law, led this movement. Langdon wrote a Tax Commission Bill that represented nearly all the changes which the reformers had been working for. It gave a State Tax Commission of three members full power in valuing corporate property. It provided — and this was its essential feature — that, in making such valuations, the Commission "shall be guided by the value of the property as determined by the value of the entire capital stock of the companies, and such other evidence and rules as will enable said Commission to arrive at the true value in money of the entire properties within the State of Ohio." Though pressed from numerous quarters to cut out this obnoxious feature, Mr. Langdon refused to do so, for this method of valuation was the one thing upon which the success of the new system turned. Its principles had been sustained by the Supreme Court of Ohio and the Supreme Court of the United States.

Harmon Does Not Sign the Tax Commission Bill

The Republican legislature enacted this Tax Commission law and passed it up to Harmon. The Governor refused to sign it. The only explanation he has ever offered is that the new law did not take the appointment of "city boards of review" out of the hands of State officers. Last year, however, Governor Harmon actually signed another tax measure — a codification of the Commission Bill passed at the preceding legislature — which contained this identical provision.

After the passage of a law which made these enormous increases in corporation assessments, Governor Harmon centered all his energies upon a measure arbitrarily reducing the tax rate. A ten-mill tax limitation now became the most conspicuous issue of his administration. He proposed to stop wastefulness in public expenditures, and to enforce economy by rigidly prohibiting any county or municipality from levying more than one per cent in taxes. As a result of his insistent campaign this is now the law in Ohio. The farmers and holders of real estate generally have received it with great enthusiasm, as it has materially reduced their taxes. Certain municipalities and school districts, however, view it rather differently, as, with their hands tied by a rigid rule of this kind, they are having considerable difficulty in raising money for current expenses. But with the railroads and general utility corporations the ten-mill limitation is exceedingly popular. Had the new rate and the new assessments become operative at the same time, they would finally have made a very large contribution to the expenses of government. Before the tax-gatherers could

make these new levies, however, along came the Harmon law prohibiting them from collecting more than one per cent. That the taxes of the corporations have materially increased is the fact, but that these corporations are making their fair contribution to the expenses of government is by no means clear. As a matter of fact, the railroads and other utility companies are entirely satisfied with the outcome. After the many years of agitation for a Tax Commission and reasonably full assessments, the moderate increases which they have been forced to pay let them out of their predicament fairly well.

Summing up this somewhat complicated and considerably misrepresented tax situation, therefore, the following facts seem perfectly clear: The law which so largely increased the assessments of corporations was not a Harmon measure and did not obtain the approval of his signature. The law which Harmon vigorously advocated and approved was one that saved these corporations from the worse effects of this radical legislation.

Ohio List of "Progressive" Laws

In addition to public utilities and taxation, the Harmon campaign managers are publishing, as the achievement of his administration, a large number of other "progressive" laws. These include such radical matters as the Popular Election of United States Senators, Employers' Liability, Shorter Working Hours for Women, the Initiative and Referendum for Cities, Corrupt Practices Act, a Constitutional Convention, and a Short Ballot. As a matter of fact, Governor Harmon never made these new laws administration measures, never advocated them in campaign speeches, inaugural addresses, or regular messages, never gave their supporters the slightest assistance or encouragement until the eleventh hour, and then in the most faint-hearted manner, and had nothing to do with the exposure of the corruption in the legislature that finally made possible their success.

Public Sentiment Changes in Fifteen Years

It is probably too much to expect that a man sixty-six years old, whose whole life has been spent as a corporation attorney and railroad receiver, should find much interest in the real political happenings of the last ten years. These years have witnessed many revolutionary changes in public sentiment and in political ideals. Bryanism, which in Judson Harmon's heyday had signified little except political ruffianism and social disorder, had by the time he was elected Governor of Ohio become fairly respectable. Roosevelt had not only focused popular attention upon certain definite national evils, and so prepared the way for certain definite reforms, but had furnished the country with a new type of political leadership. The people were demanding something more than the old-fashioned Executive who guided his course by a literal interpretation of the Constitution and limited his activities to the formal enforcement of law. They were asking for leaders, for men who should be living realizations of their own aspirations. There arose likewise a cry for a vital democracy, a demand that governmental powers, legislative and executive, be taken away from the propertied classes and reassumed by the "people."

Shut up within the four walls of a law office, Judson Harmon evidently did not hear these new, discordant cries. At least, he apparently listened unsympathetically. He made one of his rare public appearances at the Ohio State Democratic convention in 1901 and opposed (successfully) the ratification of the Kansas City platform of the year before — a platform replete with what would now be called "progressive" measures. Harmon's deafness to the new movement was especially marked inasmuch as Ohio was one of its earliest headquarters. The city of Cleveland was "progressive" long before that word had come into popular use. Its Democratic leader, Tom Johnson, was one of the first American "anarchists" to fight against the political domination of franchise corporations. Practically all the issues that are now the leading ideas in both parties, Tom Johnson made his campaign cries fifteen years ago. Under Johnson's inspiration, a small group of young Democrats in Cleveland had spent year after year at the Ohio legislature, fighting for the laws and constitutional changes that would help to free the State from corporation rule. Up to the time of Harmon's nomination, however, the Johnsonites had accomplished little. They had merely split the Democratic party into two parts — a "radical" army of youthful hotheads in the northern part of the State, and the stand-pat machine located at Dayton, Columbus, and Cincinnati.

It was this youthful wing of the party which, in 1910, wrote all these progressive issues into the Democratic platform. Throughout the whole campaign, however, Harmon ignored them. It is impossible to find anywhere a single note indicating that the candidate had the slightest sympathy with the new ideas. Though he denounced the Cox machine and Republican bossism, he said nothing about the equally disreputable bosses in his own party. No one would even suspect, from reading Har-

mon's speeches, that political bosses were really a political problem, and that Ohio was especially disgraced by the narrowest kind of partizanship. Harmon's campaign topics were always safe. He talked, in his dignified and jury-like manner, about economy in State and federal government, the management of State institutions, the development of the State canals, and the details of administration. There was never a word, however, about the activities of corporations in politics and the use of government for private ends — nothing about the things in which the people of Ohio had a vital interest. All attempts to draw Harmon out on the radical issues of his platform failed.

Harmon Discloses No Leadership

Thus the net result in Ohio was that Harmon, a rock-ribbed conservative, was chosen by a large majority on a progressive platform. Accepting his advice, the people had likewise elected a Democratic legislature, a body which, while on the whole "reactionary" and even dishonest, still contained a fair minority of working progressives. Although advantageously placed and supported by a platform containing definite pledges, Harmon still showed no interest in the new ideas. As a matter of fact, there was really no such thing as an administrative group and an administrative program. Harmon declined to make himself the head of the Democratic majority, and developed no political leadership in the modern sense. According to his own conception of his office, he was a "constitutional Governor." He had thoroughly imbibed the old-fashioned idea that the government consists of three departments, executive, legislative, and judicial, and regarded it as the part of an executive officer to hold himself distinct from the other branches. His only duty was to sit quietly, let the legislature do its work, and approve or veto such measures as it placed before him. That the large majority given Harmon by the people made him the responsible leader of his party, that, as such, it was his duty to organize his party associates into a compact, effective legislative organization, and use them as the instruments for making effective the popular will — this was a theory of popular government that Harmon evidently little understood.

The Prodding of Harmon

This inaction, however, was not a peaceful one. Probably few governors have ever spent three months more uncomfortably. The newspapers and the reformers in the legislature were constantly applying the prod. They urged the Governor to "get behind something," to come out into the open and fight. They called upon him to send special messages; to summon the blockading members and whip them into line; to go out upon the stump and, like Governor Hughes of New York, to "appeal to the people." Mr. Harmon would usually reply that "there was no precedent," or that such behavior on his part would be "an improper use of the powers of his office." It was not the Governor's business to "bring pressure"; the responsibility for legislation clearly belonged to the legislature. The newspapers used all possible expedients to align the Governor on the popular side. One of their favorite methods was to describe the very different courses that other governors were pursuing — notably Wilson in New Jersey and Johnson in California. They published detailed stories of recent legislation in these and other States in which the contrast to contemporary proceedings in Ohio was more than hinted at.

The progressive leaders prodded Harmon for three months before they obtained any results. Then the Governor did send a brief message asking for the passage of a few of the pending bills. This message, however, was by no means a satisfactory indorsement of the reform program. It contained only a few hundred words, entirely lacked essential "punch," and said nothing about the most important of the issues then before the legislature. In about eight lines it asked for the passage of a State-wide primary and the Oregon system of senatorial elections. Other equally important legislation, such as Employers' Liability, the Public Utility Commission, a Nine-hour Day for Workingwomen, the Corrupt Practices Act, and the Initiative and Referendum, the Governor did not recommend even in this perfunctory fashion.

Harmon Appears before the Caucus

Manifestly, the corruptionists in the legislature paid no attention to a hesitating document of this kind. Had Harmon displayed a whole-souled enthusiasm for the whole program, had he written a vigorous message, followed this up by persuasive personal talks with the legislators, and gone actively upon the stump, he could unquestionably have forced the measures through. As it was, the lobby simply renewed its activities and the important bills showed no signs of emerging from committee. Now, however, the Governor's closest intimates, the men who were actively pushing his canvass for the Presidency, joined the prodders. And

finally the Governor came out into the open. He called all Democratic members in caucus, and spoke to them an hour or two in advocacy of the progressive bills. Even now the Governor's attitude had the characteristic Harmon note. It was the calm jurist who explained, not the aggressive leader who insisted. Harmon's manner and his remarks lacked that enthusiasm and that determination to obtain results which the average American now looks for in his political chieftains. And the fact that the Governor had waited four months to say his first definite word upon the things which the party had promised in its platform naturally weakened the compelling force of his caucus speech.

Corruption in the Legislature

While Governor Harmon, however, sat quietly in his executive chamber in the Capitol, other stirring scenes were taking place in the legislative chambers upstairs. He refused to say or write a word publicly in advocacy of such important measures as Public Utilities; but there were others busily at work in opposition to these bills. The people had accepted Governor Harmon's invitation and sent a Democratic legislature to Columbus. He had denounced the old Republican lawmakers on the ground that they were inefficient and corrupt, and declared that Ohio needed to take a fresh start with the reorganized Democracy. The new legislature had hardly settled down to business, however, before everybody was talking of deals and "easy money" and corporation activity. Lobbyists swarmed all over the capital, were mingling with the lawmakers and entertaining them in bar-rooms and questionable resorts.

Here, certainly, was an opportunity for a governor of the modern aggressive type. It is hardly credible that Harmon did not know what was going on. If this was the fact, he was the only ignorant man anywhere near the Capitol. Although a scandal that promised destruction to his own political party was daily gathering about him, Harmon apparently saw nothing in the situation which demanded action. He had vigorously denounced Republican rascals in the campaign; but here the men whom the people, at his earnest invitation, had sent to replace the Republicans, were turning out to be a far cruder and far more rapacious gang. A few days after his appearance before the Democratic caucus, the scandal broke. The Ohio Manufacturers' Association, wearied by the importunities of the Columbus lawmakers, had engaged the Burns Detective Agency to collect evidence. Mr. Burns had one of the easiest jobs of his life. One of his men engaged two connecting rooms in the Chittenden Hotel. In one was secreted a dictagraph and in the other was placed a court stenographer. The detective, ostensibly a lobbyist for the telephone and other public utility corporations, easily established business relations with several leading lawmakers. He held many conversations in his hotel room, and passed money in return for promised legislation — the court stenographer in the adjoining apartment taking a literal transcript of the proceedings. On this evidence eight men were ultimately indicted. Had the investigation lasted longer, many more would undoubtedly have been caught. According to high authority, from twenty to twenty-five members were involved in this State House graft.

Reform Program Goes Through

These disclosures accomplished one salutary purpose in addition to bringing possibly certain criminals to justice, for they assured the success of the reform program. Several of the entrapped legislators had been particularly active in fighting the popular measures. Their interests now suddenly changed and they concentrated their efforts, not in opposing decent legislation, but in attempting to keep out of the penitentiary. In the tense excitement nearly every member of the legislature became a fair subject of suspicion, and each man's chief concern was to find means of clearing himself. Obviously, one of the surest methods was to cease opposition to the measures against which the lobbyist had been especially active, since to vote against them amounted almost to the same thing as a public confession that the legislator had been bought. It was under these remarkable conditions that the Ohio legislature became suddenly virtuous. The corporation agents scampered away from Columbus, and in the latter part of May, five months after the legislature had come together, the most important progressive measures went through.

Governor Harmon's record as Governor throws light upon the disputed question as to whether he is "Wall Street's candidate." That Wall Street wants Harmon is not yet entirely clear; that Harmon wants Wall Street, however, the proceedings of the last three years seem to indicate.

MATRIMONY

OUR MOST NEGLECTED PROFESSION

Illustrations by Maginel Wright Enright

The Confessions of a Wife who was forced to earn her own living

SHE picked up her tea-cup, settled herself more comfortably in her deep arm-chair, and proceeded to criticize the position in life to which it had pleased matrimony to call her!

"Wherever the money is coming from to send Maud to college I don't know. And will you tell me what is to become of us all if the cost of living continues to advance? Do you know what my grocery bill was last month? Fifty-five dollars! My dear, I nearly fainted when I saw it. This year the Darleys are charging a hundred for the dancing class — last year it was only seventy-five dollars. Their excuse is a buffet supper. And now Miss Henderson sends me a bill of twenty dollars for making the simplest kind of an afternoon gown. No use arguing with her. If you don't pay it, some one else will — and there you are! If I say anything to my husband, he answers: 'Well, why don't you cut down expenses?'

"Cut! I'd like to know where? Prices are prices. He's the one to do something — he'll have to get more business somewhere. It's up to him, not to me."

Whereupon this woman who has never earned

a dollar in her life, nor spent one intelligently, sighed, nibbled thoughtfully at a cheese-and-nut sandwich, and waited for me to administer sympathy. But I sat dumbly staring at her, the incompetent purchasing partner in the firm we call matrimony, who dared to pass judgment on her faithful, efficient working partner, the producer. In the average marriage, the husband and the wife stand in just this relation, producing partner and purchasing partner.

In this particular firm, the working or producing partner had a real grievance.

Why had his purchasing partner laid aside no fund to meet the expenses of the daughter's college education?

Why did she not know every day what it was costing to set her table, what her grocery bill would be at the end of the month? Why had she not learned whether the fashionable dancing teachers were charging for supper or for exclusiveness?

And why didn't she discover, before placing the order for her "simple afternoon gown," that the dressmaker had raised her prices?

Why? Because this woman was not trained to be a purchasing partner. She was not prepared for her profession of matrimony. Yet this is a day of training, of specialization.

We prepare our girls to be teachers, lawyers, doctors, nurses, solicitors, architects, sculptors, stenographers, saleswomen, and milliners. About ten per cent of them follow their vocations throughout their lives, and succeed because they are properly trained, because they bring intelligence, earnestness, and concentration to bear on their profession or trade, because they are experts.

The remaining ninety per cent drift into the most crowded, yet most neglected of professions, marriage, and fail because they have had no practical preparation, because they substitute for intelligent concentration what they vaguely call a feminine aptitude for home-making, and because they define an expert wife as a menial — a composite cook, laundress, and nursemaid!

Thousands of American women would not have to perform menial duties in their homes if they knew how to spend the income provided by their producing partners. In the United States alone, seven billion dollars are expended annually for food, as much more, possibly, for clothing and house-furnishings. Most of this is spent by women — by the purchasing partners in millions of matrimonial firms. Yet only in rare cases are women intelligently prepared for their responsibilities, for the profession which is of supreme importance to the nation and the social body.

"Here is a man masquerading as a woman," I hear some one say.

No! I am a successful business woman — a wife who was forced to earn her own living. But, because I have been in business for fourteen years, I can see the partnership of marriage as man, the producing member of the firm, sees it. And because I was an unsuccessful wife before I became a successful business woman, I dare to write what follows.

Born of well-to-do, conservative parents in a small city where social traditions are respected, I was reared on lines which my mother considered eminently suitable for a girl in our financial circumstances. I graduated from the local high school, studied music, taught a Sunday school class, belonged to the Junior League, the Flower Mission, an afternoon card club, and a dancing class.

We had one servant whose duties I lightened by dusting the parlor, making my bed, setting the table for special occasions, and preparing sandwiches, chocolate, and fudge for my callers. I also helped Mother with supper on the night when the girl went out. Four times a year we had a dressmaker in the house by the week. For her I did unimportant shopping, such as matching trimmings, linings, silk thread, etc. I loved pretty things, but I was not extravagant in my tastes, and I depended unquestioningly on my mother's judgment. She was considered an extremely good manager.

Of course I understood that my future was represented by a suitable and desirable marriage. This would come, as all the inevitable things of life had come, from measles to commencement-day bouquets, in due season.

Love?

Certainly I would *love him!* No girl in our set had ever married for position or money. According to our light, only parvenus did that sort of thing. And had I not heard my mother say, time and again, that wifehood and motherhood brought burdens enough, without trying to go through the experience unsupported by love?

An extremely narrow-minded, unambitious young person, you say? Not for my day and environment. And, despite co-education and all the advanced movements for my sex, there are to-day in America thousands of girls who hold precisely the same views, and are brought up in precisely the same way.

During my twentieth year a former classmate who had gone West came home on a visit. We saw each other through new eyes. He who had been a charming playfellow developed into an adorable lover. I was the happiest girl in all Christendom. Our engagement was announced before his visit was over. The marriage was to

"I LOVED PRETTY THINGS, BUT I WAS NOT EXTRAVAGANT, AND I DEPENDED UNQUESTIONINGLY ON MY MOTHER'S JUDGMENT"

follow in three months. David had settled in a typical "boom town," crude and grim. He needed me. He said I would bloom like a lovely flower in those hideous surroundings. I immediately decided to have several pink négligées, and to serve supper every night by rose-colored candlelight!

Then followed the busiest of weeks. There was a letter to be written to David every day. There were interminable towels, table-cloths, napkins, bureau-scarfs, and doilies to be hemstitched, scalloped, and monogramed. There were innumerable fittings for the trousseau, whose planning and purchase were in the hands of my mother. David's parents were furnishing our home, but I had to pass final judgment on the furniture. Aunt Myra was giving us a chest of silver, and she wanted me to decide on the pattern. Every one was most considerate. They did not bother me about appropriateness or price. They consulted me only in the matter of esthetics. To this day I do not know what my wedding, trousseau, or house-furnishings cost!

But at last it was over. I was a wife, mistress of a perfectly equipped eight-roomed house in a growing town, and, alas! thrown completely upon my own economic and domestic resources. The last discovery was truly disconcerting. During the dream-days of our engagement, when I had had time to think at all about material things, I had supposed, vaguely, that my mother's mantle of competence would settle upon me as the marriage-ring slipped on my finger. My house must run smoothly, because I had watched her house run thus all my life. But I soon learned that all servants were not as our faithful Maggie, that some one higher up had to supply the oil of experience and common sense, and that a married woman had to meet certain social obligations which a single girl was spared.

At home it had been easy enough to plan refreshments for an evening's frolic. Here I learned to hate the girl's stolid morning question: "What shall we have for dinner to-day, ma'am?"

"I SET THE TABLE FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS"

At home, Mother had always decided when a gown should be made over, whether it would pay to dye or clean fabrics, when it was time to renew lingerie or store furs. Now I had to decide these annoying questions on my own responsibility. Shopping became a nightmare.

At home, the expenditure of my slender allowance had not been a serious matter. It paid club dues, church and

mission subscriptions, and "treated" my girl friends to bonbons and sodas. Here, the spending of my husband's income held a thousand terrors. I seemed to move through a maze of dollars and cents that never cleared, accounts that never balanced, and trades-people who were ignorant of or indifferent to the trials of an inexperienced housewife.

In self-defense, I must add that our trading system was complicated. David not only ran a stage and freighting line between our town and a newly developed mining district, but he practically controlled the local express and delivery business. He did carting for all the leading firms. Consequently I bought supplies at eight or ten stores, where we ran accounts. On the first of each month David drew in cash whatever we had not exhausted in trade. He had no fixed income, but he seemed to control a large volume of business, and to be prosperous; so I never worried. If I overdrew our account at one store, no doubt David would find cash due us at another, so it would come out right.

This was the crucial point in our domestic life. Had David been a more practical husband and less in love with his wife, he would have brought me up with a sharp turn and forced me to master, somehow, the fundamental principles of being a working partner in the profession I had chosen — marriage.

He had prepared himself for marriage by establishing a business which would support a family. He knew how to buy equipment and supplies in proportion to the needs of his business — horses, wagons, harness, grain, hay, etc. He studied the markets in which these were purchased. He realized that when he was carrying a mortgage, or had a note coming due in the bank, he must lay aside money to meet the interest or make the payment.

I had been trained only to make myself charming in his sight, lovable, desirable, and therefore worthy of his support and protection. But I did not know when to stop buying fittings for the home that his money supported. I did not know the purchasing value of the dollars he earned. Understand that I am instituting this comparison solely from a material standpoint. Morally and mentally, I was as fitted to become a mother as he was to become a father.

At first David rather enjoyed extricating me from my difficulties and setting me right. The first time that he had to make good a deficit by drawing on treasured savings, he was tolerant. He had the average American man's strong protective instinct and good-natured leniency with a charming wife's dependence and incompetence. But when a competitor arrived in town, and David had to strain every energy to hold the business for which the newcomer was making every legitimate play, he would come from his work exhausted. He did not want to spend his evenings solving domestic and economic problems for his wife.

Understand, we had no serious differences. If David lost patience with me in the morning, he brought me home some little offering at dinner-time. If I shed tears at his sharp speech across the breakfast-table, by night I was self-reproachful and took special pains to wear a frock he liked.

Mother's first visit did not yield unalloyed pleasure for me. Her very competence was a horrible, ever-present comment on my deficiencies. She showed very plainly that she felt disgraced by her daughter's inefficiency. I was too overwhelmed by humiliation and contrition to ask why she had not made me efficient through training in my old home. In my girlhood she had never permitted me to assume authority or responsibility in domestic matters. When I had suggested, more than once, that I would like to be of more use, she had insinuated that my crude efforts would disturb a household which ran on rubber-tired wheels. She had done absolutely nothing to prepare me for the profession she had deliberately chosen for me — matrimony. She had assumed that some miracle or some latent instinct would develop and make of me a competent life-partner overnight.

No mother had ever been more tender or more sympathetic with a daughter. No mother had ever spared a child more, or sacrificed more willingly. And yet she had not done the fair thing by me, nor by the man I had married. For if I had been taught to manage a servant in her home there would have been no dishonesty and waste in David's. If I had been taught to buy economically for her table I would have known how to supply David's. If I had been given a dress allowance and forced to do without those things which the allowance would not cover, while at home, I would have been a sane and safe purchasing agent for my hard-working husband. I might have voiced this vague resentment if, in my self-abasement, I had not felt that somehow the mistake, the blame, the disgrace were all mine. Other girls had worked out their housewifely salvation and become "good managers." I had failed, that was all; and right desperately I set myself to the task of learning. Perhaps I would really have succeeded; but shortly after my mother's departure the shadow of motherhood fell upon me, and my plan for domestic self-education dwindled into insignificance. Once more I became a privileged person. My every shortcoming was forgiven by the husband in whom the pater-

nal instinct was strong. My every whim was gratified. Once more we drifted, economically.

Our three children came in quick succession. What little ground I had gained as an executive I quickly lost. Between infantile ailments and making both ends meet, David and I were sorely pressed. When anything serious overtook the children, Mother came to my help. David worked harder than ever, and lines of worry came into his face. Gone now were all my social ambitions for us both. I felt that if I could give him two good meals a day, a quiet corner apart from the domestic confusion, and an occasional smile and caress, I was doing all that David could ask of me.

Perhaps I would have given way to despair had I not discovered that most of my neighbors and friends passed through similar trials. If they were better managers, they were more ambitious. The latter robbed Tradesman Peter to pay Tradesman Paul, juggled accounts, stood off creditors, and deceived their husbands in countless small ways, in order to secure what they desired for the beautifying of their homes or to set off the charms of their children. I grew to console myself with the thought that I might be a poor manager, but at least I was honest and aboveboard with David.

"'WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER TO-DAY, MA'AM?'"

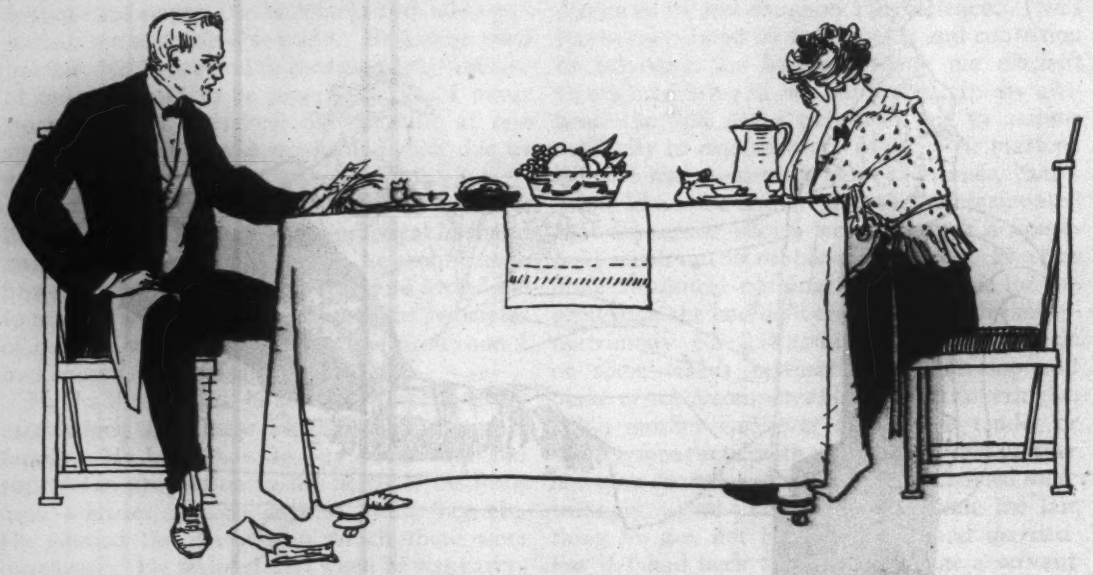
Emergencies were forever arising; something unexpected was always happening. If David planned to build an addition to his stables or a bay-window on the house, David, Jr., would break a bone or little Caroline would develop a rash or whooping-cough. David's stern command that something must be saved to meet the payment of interest generally came at an hour when a sudden change in the weather created the need of new underwear for the entire family. I never seemed able to strike a balance between the supply of money and the family needs.

Racing across country to celebrate my thirtieth birthday with me, David was thrown from a high spring-wagon and fatally injured. He lived three days, and, after he had explained to me his wishes about the upbringing of our boy and had arranged certain business details with his lawyer, he seemed to live only in our love. He did not want me to leave his side; his hand lay in mine, his face against mine. So, you see, in David's sight I was not an unsuccessful wife. Love at the last balanced the account.

Perhaps I would never have realized my failure so completely if David had lived. But when the entire weight of responsibility fell

upon me, when there was no David to act as a buffer between me and my own mistakes, I read myself aright.

When the business had been sold, at a sacrifice, to David's competitor, I found myself in possession of a mortgaged home and $7,000 in cash, including life insurance. Seven thousand dollars, conservatively invested at five per cent interest, would yield an income of $350. Interest on the mortgage, taxes, and repairs on our house would be equal to a small rental. The crude Western city held no attractions for me. I determined to sell the house. It brought two thousand clear. This additional two thousand, invested at the same rate of interest, would bring my income up to $450 a year.



"I SHED TEARS AT HIS SHARP SPEECH ACROSS THE BREAKFAST-TABLE"

Father advised me to return to his roof. There Mother's capable management would work miracles with my tiny income. But nearly ten years of absence had weaned me from my old home. I dreaded the thought of taking the position of a semi-dependent among my old friends. Perhaps I resented just a little my mother's veiled criticism of my mismanagement, which doubtless was responsible for the small estate left by my efficient husband. Even in my hour of grief I must have felt the desire to redeem my past failure. I was young, strong, and intelligent; I determined to go into business.

David's brother, who had come on from Chicago for the funeral, sided with me, and offered me a position as general clerical worker in his advertising agency at $12.50 a week.

I accepted his offer with alacrity, and assumed the task of supporting my children almost joyously. I felt that I was starting afresh, and on my earnings I would establish a new domestic régime, with a competent housekeeper in charge. Down in my heart I questioned my own ability to manage a household and to expend my earnings; but I never doubted that I could find some one to do this for me — for a consideration. The world was full of competent housekeepers.

Transportation, freight, and settling in Chicago cost nearly three hundred dollars. An apartment in a section of the city where I would be content to have my children live rented for $25 a month, half my month's wages. Ten cents a day must go for carfare, and I knew that, even if I carried my luncheons, I must lay aside $5 a month for expenses connected with my trip to and from the office. This would leave less than a dollar a day with which to set my table and buy clothing. It was not enough.

In the end, Father invested $8,000 in mortgages and bonds; the balance of my money, amounting to nearly $600, he divided between a savings bank where a ten-day notice was required for withdrawals, and an ordinary bank on which I could draw at any time by check. He advised me to pay my rent by check, and to use my salary, paid in cash every Saturday, for current expenses.

My office hours were long, from eight-thirty to five-thirty, leaving me practically no time to administer household affairs. These were turned over to Sarah Merchant, Mother's cousin, who had a family-wide reputation for good housekeeping. Her cooking was delicious, her neatness proverbial. Recently left a widow

in moderate circumstances, she was willing to exchange her services for a home of which she would practically be the mistress. I was to provide a day-worker for washing and heavy cleaning, one day in each week, at $1.25.

I explained my finances clearly. My salary of $12.50 a week would be supplemented twice a year by dividends of perhaps $200, which would be needed for doctors' and dentists' bills, renewal of linen or other household equipment, and clothing. We must live simply and economically.

She replied that she would do her best, but that food seemed higher in Chicago than in her home town, which was located in the heart of a farming district.

Matters being thus settled at home, I became absorbed in my office duties. I had everything to learn, and, above all things, I realized the necessity of concentration. The instant my thoughts drifted toward home, the children, and Sarah's problems, I filed a letter in the wrong cabinet. When I reached home at night, I had just enough strength left to be companion and playfellow for my children. Sarah did not ask me to discuss domestic problems, and I appreciated her consideration.

"OUR THREE CHILDREN CAME IN QUICK SUCCESSION"

At the end of the first month I wrote a check for the landlord. It was the first money I had been obliged to draw from my open account. When I handed it to Sarah to deliver next day to the agent, she fingered the paper nervously, coughed, and said:

"If you have time, Carrie, I wish you'd write a couple more of these. I owe the grocer a little bill, and I had to charge the milk this week because David just had to have new shoes. Then, there's a few things I had charged at the drug-store one day when I was short of change."

I was too stunned to reply. How many accounts had she been running while I supposed her to be paying cash?

She broke the silence irritably:

"Well, I told you that you were expecting too much. Of course I can give up Susan, though I never did a day's washing in my life; but when you're a widow and dependent ——"

"Bring me the bills," I said quietly.

The next morning I drew twenty-five dollars with which to settle Sarah's petty bills, and to pay for a pair of shoes that need not have been bought if the old ones had been mended in time.

For a few days we suffered from Sarah's violent efforts to economize. The children actually complained of being hungry. When I spoke to Sarah about this, she cried and said that her husband had always insisted upon a good table and she did not know how to "skimp." At the end of the second month I drew fifty dollars instead of twenty-five. We were spending twice as much as I was earning. I felt that I could not solve the problem at home, but I could earn more money if I were prepared to do a higher grade of work. To this end, I entered a night class in stenography and typewriting. As a result, I had even less time to consider how matters were going at home; but at the end of seven months I was appointed private secretary to the brightest man on our staff, and my real business career began.

When I told Sarah of my raise to $18 a week, she remarked ungraciously that it would "help some." At her words I turned faint and ill. Would I never earn enough to lighten the pressure? Must I always go home to the problem of making both ends meet, the demands for more and more money?

I detail these incidents of my domestic partnership with Sarah because I know they duplicate the experiences which ninety married men out of every hundred undergo in their home lives. I had suddenly taken David's place as the producing partner; Sarah had taken my place as the purchasing member of the firm. And whenever I undertook to argue financial questions with her, to point out the fact that she, as the purchasing member of the firm, was not doing her part and was therefore making exorbitant demands on me, the producing part-

ner, she would weep or give way to hysterical anger. Her position was intolerable! Why did I not stay home a while and try to stretch the money? This argument always silenced me. I wondered how often David, the long-suffering, had felt just such despair over my inefficiency.

With the coming of warm weather, however, I turned desperate. If I was to work in the hot city, I must have peace of mind; I must know definitely what it was costing to support my family. I determined to send the children and Sarah to board in the country.

I can not describe the sense of security which fell upon me when I realized that each week I could mail a check for a definite sum covering their board. The horror of petty bills was lifted from me. That summer I made wonderful strides at the office. My mind was clear and I thought out several profitable ideas. My chief recognized their worth by raising my salary to $25 a week.

When Sarah brought the children home in September, I had reached a decision. My raise in salary was the result of relentless work in heat that had been well-nigh unbearable. I proposed to know how the money was spent. I informed Sarah that hereafter a record of expenditures must be kept, down to the last penny. We would go over the accounts once a week, or oftener if she preferred. The ultimatum was received in silence. When she finally spoke, it was thus:

"Do you mean to say that every time David wants five cents for pencils, or Helen wants a stick of candy, I've got to put it down?"

I saw that she was angry, and I tried to speak quietly:

"Precisely that! I want to see whether David gives away or wastes pencils, and whether Helen is eating more candy than is good for her."

"That's a slick explanation, Caroline," Sarah replied, her face white with anger; "but I know the real one. You don't trust me. Maybe you think I've been spending your money on my own clothes! That's why you sent us off to the country, so's you could snoop round at the stores and see whether it was really costing us so much to live."

In vain I tried to stem her anger and to convince her that I wanted to be businesslike for her sake as well as for mine — it must be trying for her to come to me almost daily with apologies and requests for more money. We would learn the cost of necessities and weed out luxuries. Never once, however, did I mention my right to know how my earnings were being spent.

The next morning she left my house. She has never entered it since. To this day, the family feels vaguely that I must have treated Sarah shamefully and impugned her honesty.

"'CARRIE, I WISH YOU'D WRITE A COUPLE MORE OF THESE'"

Came then a succession of salaried housekeepers. Most of them were honest, kindly creatures who at least did their duty by my children, but not one of them was what might be termed an all-round good manager. Those who were good judges of food products, good marketers, and good cooks, knew little or nothing about buying fabrics, directing dressmakers, or clothes economy. There was always a leak at some point of the economic adjustment. One dear soul embroidered wonderful bits of raiment for my daughters, to which end she sacrificed our digestion and ran appalling grocery bills. They all meant well, but they simply did not know how to get returns from my earnings. Every emergency sent me to the bank, until both the open account and the savings fund were exhausted. And all the time my earnings were increasing.

Why did I not take the domestic helm?

For the same reason that men do not. I had work to do outside the home. If that was not done, the income on which the home was supported must cease. The moment I relaxed my

efforts at the office, my earning capacity must be lessened. I had no alternative. I must concentrate on my business and trust that somehow, some time, affairs at home would be straightened out by a more capable hand than was then guiding them.

When my annual income was running well up into the thousands, this miracle happened. A young woman who had taken a course in domestic science applied for the position of housekeeper. She announced that she would not cook nor do rough work, though she knew how, but she would administer my household economically and properly, and she would train a girl to do the housework. She talked so intelligently that I determined to give her a trial.

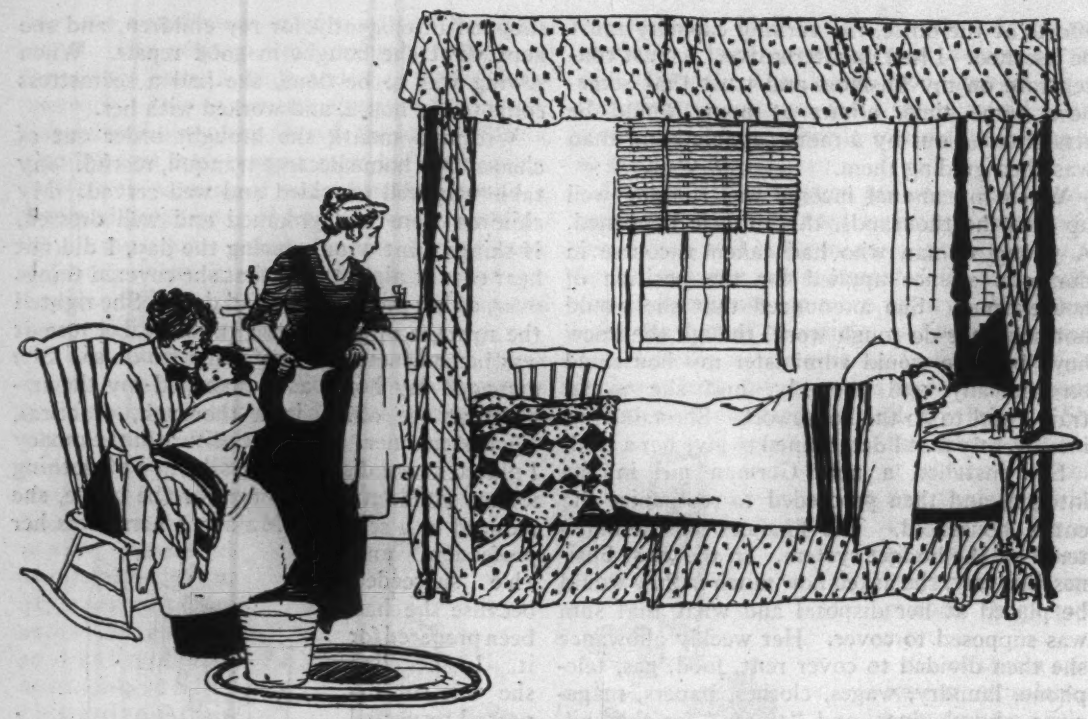
She installed a neat German girl in the kitchen, and then proceeded to reorganize the entire household. The finances she administered on the budget system. In the most businesslike way, she asked how much money would be placed at her disposal and what that sum was supposed to cover. Her weekly allowance she then divided to cover rent, food, gas, telephone, laundry, wages, clothes, papers, magazines, church dues, and "treats" for the children. She laid aside one tenth for renewal of house-furnishings, linen, etc., and another tenth for "emergencies." I recall to this day my astonishment when she inquired whether a little of this allowance should be set aside toward our summer vacation. Evidently she proposed to take no chances! And she never did. She never guessed. She knew!

She stopped all accounts except that with the iceman, the baker, the milkman, and the paper boy, whose rates were fixed. She ordered nothing by telephone, but she studied the markets and bought fresh supplies when they were in season and within reach of the average purse. She went through the refrigerator and pantry every morning, and planned her meals on what she found there, not at her desk or in the market. She kept books and balanced her budget. She stopped all the petty waste which had been steadily draining my income. She shopped intelligently for my children, and she kept what she bought in good repair. When sewing was to be done, she had a seamstress come to the house, and worked with her.

Within a month she brought order out of chaos. My home became tranquil, restful. My table was well provided and well served. My children were well groomed and well dressed. If things went wrong during the day, I did not hear of it at night. Not that she covered things over, as her predecessors had done. She righted the mistake or solved the problem because it was her business, her profession, to do so. She managed my home as I managed my department at the office, in a thorough, practical, efficient manner. The expenditure of the money I placed at her disposal, the selection of clothing for my children and fittings for the house, she reduced to a science. Making a home was her profession, and she succeeded because she had been prepared for it. In her line she was an expert. I respected her qualifications precisely as the young stenographers in our office respected my ability to close big contracts.

My present success I can trace directly to

"DAVID'S BROTHER OFFERED ME A POSITION IN HIS ADVERTISING AGENCY"



"WHEN ANYTHING SERIOUS OVERTOOK THE CHILDREN, MOTHER CAME TO MY HELP"

that young woman's management of my home — first, because by relieving me of all domestic care and anxiety she insured me a clear, keen mind with which to concentrate on business; second, because the more she saved in the home the more I had to invest in business. I became a better producer for the home because I had an efficient purchasing agent and executive manager in the home. Eventually I purchased an interest in the firm.

A woman of leisure, commenting on my experiences from her view-point, remarked that the whole trouble lay in the fact that my housekeepers were women, working on a salary for a woman. Their motive was purely sordid, or at least expedient. If these same housekeepers had been married to men they loved, they would have done differently; spurred on by love, they would have succeeded.

She is wrong. They could not have done differently, because they did not know how. Love can not work miracles. And efficiency, in the home or out of it, comes from intelligent concentration, training, and practical experience. Love drives some women to become efficient — *after marriage*. Why are not all women, in this age of specialization, given both the training and the experience *before marriage*? If they were, we would have more honest men in business, fewer defalcations reported in the daily papers, and a smaller number of divorce lawyers prospering on domestic infelicity.

For fourteen years I have worked among what might be termed average American men, decent, clean-cut, ambitious, home-loving chaps. Our staff has changed very little. I have watched callow clerks attain responsible positions and families of their own. I have seen a few senior workers strike a big idea or grasp an unusual opportunity and branch out on independent lines. I have seen more of them walk the treadmill of monotonous routine work, uncomplainingly, year in and year out. And in two cases I have seen them suddenly fling themselves from the treadmill and plunge over the brink into disgrace and oblivion.

Those who succeeded credited their wives with the full share of their success. Those who walk the treadmill do not talk. In the other two instances, all of us saw the white but relentless hand of the wife pushing the husband closer, closer to the abyss.

It was while my own domestic anxieties were especially heavy that all this came home to me with exceptional force. I was stroking a beautiful muff carried for the first time by a young stenographer, and wondering why, with my larger earnings, I could not allow myself an occasional luxury of this sort. My chief flung me an understanding and not unsympathetic glance.

"Wish you were a bachelor maid, eh?"

I shook my head. "No; but I do wish I could find some one to run my house in such a way that I might sometimes spend a five-dollar bill just as I like."

The man turned sober.

"You're not the only one. Most of us married folks feel like that at times."

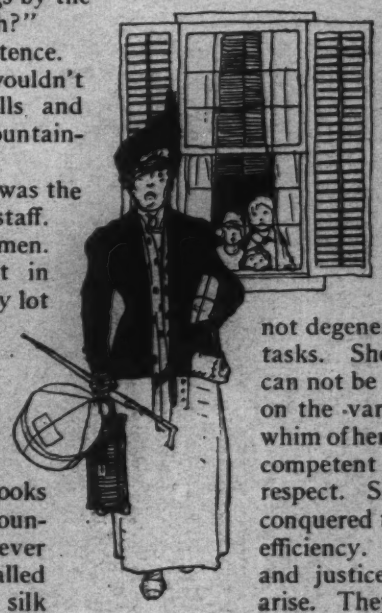
I looked at him wonderingly. He could talk of self-denial, on a salary of ten thousand a year!

"You remember when I wanted to run down to Panama with Mr. Cramp and his friends? Well, that boy of mine went to a specialist instead. In six months he would have been stone-deaf. Only yesterday I heard Brooks wishing he could spare the price of a fountain-pen. It isn't a question of what we earn, but the demand made on our earnings by the purchasing member of our firm, eh?"

This story was born in that sentence.

"But," he continued, "we wouldn't give them up — wives, babies, bills and all — for an ocean voyage or a fountain-pen studded with diamonds."

I glanced around the office. I was the only married woman on the staff. There were only a few single men. These and the girls stood out in startling contrast. What a shabby lot those dear married chaps were! A lump came into my throat as I looked them over. Burton was slyly inking a frayed button-hole in his coat; yet his wife bought her hats at a smarter shop than I could patronize. Brooks was making notes with the old fountain-pen at which he was forever tinkering; but I suddenly recalled that Mrs. Brooks had displayed silk stockings and a silk petticoat the last time we had met at a muddy crossing.



Proud of their wives? And loyal? Always! Yet I could not help wondering whether Fred Harvey's ties would smell so strongly of benzine if his wife knew how to shop intelligently and keep household accounts.

You have to work among men to measure their domestic problems fairly. You have to produce a dollar to appreciate its true value. When you have done this, you begin to understand why one of the real national problems in America to-day is the training of the girl for the responsible profession into which, ninety times out of a hundred, she will drift — matrimony. And why should she *drift* into it? Why should she not enter it proudly, eagerly, her eyes open to the fact that here is a profession which demands efficiency that rises above a superficial knowledge of cookery and sewing and an inborn capacity for baby-cuddling?

When she is prepared for her responsible post as the purchasing member of the matrimonial firm, she can not degenerate into a slave to household tasks. She will rise above them. She can not be the trembling dependent upon the varying generosity or the mere whim of her husband, because, as his very competent partner, she will command his respect. She will conquer, as men have conquered the world over, through sheer efficiency. Then the question of rights and justice for her sex will no longer arise. They will have been won!

VITA NUOVA

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

OUT of this eager April,
Out of this throbbing spring,
Is come a wondrous, gentle,
Strange, unbelievable thing.

Close my eyes with your fingers
And hush the world away,
Till only the wonder lingers
Of life made new to-day!

"RAISING HER IN HIS ARMS, BARNABAS BORE HER AWAY THROUGH THE WOOD".

The Amateur Gentleman

by Jeffery Farnol

author of "The Broad Highway"

Illustrations by Herman Pfeifer

CHAPTER I

In Which Barnabas Knocks Down His Father, though as Dutifully as May Be

JOHN BARTY, ex-champion of England and landlord of the Coursing Hound, sat screwed round in his chair, with his eyes yet turned to the door that had closed after the departing lawyer fully five minutes ago, and his eyes were wide and blank, and his mouth (prim and close-lipped as a rule) gaped, becoming aware of which, he closed it with a snap, and passed a great knotted fist across his brow.

"Barnabas," said he slowly, "I beant asleep an' dreaming, be I, Barnabas?"

"No, father!"

"But — seven —'undred — thousand — pound! It were seven —'undred — thousand — pound, weren't it, Barnabas?"

"Yes, father!"

"Seven 'undred — thou — No! I can't believe it, Barnabas, me bye."

"Neither can I, father," said Barnabas, still staring down at the papers which littered the table before him.

"Nor I aren't a-going to try to believe it, Barnabas."

"It's a great fortune!" said Barnabas in the same repressed tone and with eyes still intent.

"Fortun'," repeated the father, "fortun'— it's fetched me one in the ribs — low, Barnabas, low! It's took my wind an' I'm hanging on to the ropes, lad. Why, Lord love me! I never thought as your uncle Tom 'ad it in him to keep hisself from starving, let alone make a fortun'! My scapegrace brother Tom! Poor Thomas sailed away in an emigrant ship. An' now, to think as he went an' made all that fortun', away off in Jamaiky!"

Here John Barty paused and sat with his chin 'twixt finger and thumb; after a moment of silence he continued:

"Now, what astonishes an' fetches me a leveler as fair doubles me up is — why should my brother Tom leave all this money to a young hop-o'-me-thumb like you, Barnabas? You, as he never see but once, and you then a infant (and large for your age) in your blessed mother's arms, Barnabas, a-kicking an' a-squaring away wi' your little pink fists as proper as ever I seen, inside the ring or out. Ah, Barnabas!" sighed his father, shaking his head at him, "you was a promising infant, likewise a promising bye. Me an' Natty Bell had great hopes of ye, Barnabas; if you'd been governed by me and Natty Bell you might ha' done us all proud in the prize ring. You was cut out for

the 'fancy.' Why, Lord! you might even ha' come to be champion o' England in time — you're the very spit o' me, what I was when I beat the Fighting Quaker at Dartford thirty years ago."

"But, father ——"

"If you'd only followed your nat'ral gifts, Barnabas, I say you might ha' been champion o' England to-day, wi' markisses an' lords an' earls proud to shake your hand — if you'd only been ruled by Natty Bell an' me. I'm disappointed in ye, Barnabas — an' so's Natty Bell."

"I'm sorry, father — but, as I told you ——"

"Still, Barnabas, what ain't to be, ain't — an' what is, is. Some is born wi' a nat'ral love o' the 'fancy' an' gift for the game, like me an' Natty Bell — an' some wi' a love for reading out o' books; an' a writer generally has a hard time on it an' dies poor — which, arter all, is only nat'ral — an' there y'are!"

Here John Barty paused to take up the tankard of ale at his elbow, and pursed up his lips to blow off the foam; but in that moment, observing his son about to speak, he immediately set down the ale untasted and continued:

"Not as I quarrels wi' your reading and writing, Barnabas. No; and because why? Because reading and writing is apt to be useful now an' then, and because it were a promise — as I made — to your mother. When — your mother were alive, Barnabas, she used to keep all my accounts for me. She likewise l'arned me to spell my own name wi' a capital G for John an' a capital B for Barty; an' when she died, Barnabas — being a infant, you don't remember, but when she died, lad! I was that lost, that broke an' helpless, that all the fight were took out o' me, an' it's a wonder I didn't throw up the sponge altogether. Ah! an' it's likely I should ha' done but for Natty Bell."

"Yes, father."

"No man ever 'ad a better friend than Natty Bell — ah, yes, though I beat him out o' the championship, which come very nigh breaking his heart at the time, Barnabas. But, as I says to him that day as they carried him out of the ring,— it was arter the ninety-seventh round, d'ye see, Barnabas,—'What is to be, is, Natty Bell,' I says —'as I should be champion of England,' I says, 'an' as you an' me should be friends — now an' hereafter,' I says. An' right good friends we have been, as you know, Barnabas."

"Indeed, yes, father," said Barnabas, with another vain attempt to stem his father's volubility.

"But your mother, Barnabas, your mother,— God rest her sweet soul!— your mother weren't like me — no, nor Natty Bell. She were away up over me an' the likes o' me — a wonderful scholard she were. An' when she died, Barnabas — " Here the ex-champion's voice grew uncertain and his steady gaze wavered,— sought the sanded floor, the raftered ceiling, wandered down the wall, and eventually fixed upon the bell-mouthed blunderbuss that hung above the mantel,— "when she died," he continued, "she made me promise as you should be taught to read an' cipher; an' taught I've had you according — for a promise is a promise, Barnabas — an' there y'are."

It was seldom his father mentioned to Barnabas the mother whose face he could not remember, upon which rare occasions John Barty's deep voice was wont to take on a hoarser note, and his blue eyes, that were usually so steady, would go wandering off until they fixed themselves on some remote object. Thus he sat now, leaning back in his elbow-chair, gazing in rapt attention at the bell-mouthed blunderbuss above the mantel, while his son, chin on fist, stared always and ever to where the road dipped, and vanished over the hill — leading on and on to London and the great world beyond.

"She died, Barnabas, just twenty-one years ago — buried at Maidstone, where you were born. Twenty-one years is a longish time, lad, but memory's longer, an' deeper — an' stronger than time, arter all, an' I know that her memory will go wi' me — all along the way — d'yer see, lad. And so, Barnabas," said John Barty, lowering his gaze to his son's face, "so, Barnabas, there y'are."

"Yes, father!" nodded Barnabas, still intent upon the road.

"And now I come to your uncle Tom — an' speaking of him, Barnabas, my lad, what are ye going to do wi' all this money?"

Barnabas turned from the window and met his father's eye.

"Do with it," he began. "Why, first of all ——"

"Because," pursued his father, "we might buy the White Hart — t'other side o' Sevenoaks. To be sure, you're over-young to have any say in the matter; still, arter all, the money's yours, Barnabas. What d'ye say to the White Hart?"

"A very good house!" nodded Barnabas, stealing a glance at the road again. "But ——"

"To be sure, there's the Running Horse," said his father, " just beyond Purley on the Brighton Road — a coaching house wi' plenty o' custom. What d'ye think o' the Running Horse?"

"Any one you choose, father; but ——"

"Then, there's the Sun in the Sands on Shooters' Hill — a fine inn an' not to be sneezed at, Barnabas. We might take that."

"Just as you wish, father, only ——"

"Though I've often thought the Greyhound at Croydon would be a comfortable house to own."

"Buy whichever you choose, father; it will be all one to me!"

"Good lad!" nodded John. "You can leave it all to Natty Bell an' me."

"Yes," said Barnabas, rising and fronting his father across the table. "You see, I intend to go away, sir."

"Eh?" exclaimed his father, staring. "Go away — where to?"

"To London!"

"London? And what should you want in London? — a slip of a lad like you?"

"I'm turned twenty-two, father!"

"And what should a slip of a lad of twenty-two want in London? You leave London alone, Barnabas. London, indeed! What should you want wi' London?"

"Learn to be a gentleman."

"A — *what?*" As he spoke, John Barty rose up out of his chair, his eyes wide, his mouth agape with utter astonishment. As he encountered his son's look, however, his expression slowly changed from amazement to contempt, from contempt to growing ridicule, and from ridicule to black anger. John Barty was a very tall man, broad and massive, but, even so, he had to look up to Barnabas as they faced each other across the table. And as they stood thus, eye to eye, the resemblance between them was marked. Each possessed the same indomitable jaw, the same square brow and compelling eyes, the same grim prominence of chin. But there all likeness ended. In Barnabas the high carriage of the head, the soft brilliancy of the full, well-opened grey eye, the curve of the sensitive nostrils, the sweet set of the firm, shapely mouth — all were the heritage of that mother who was to him but a vague memory. But now, while John Barty frowned upon his son, Barnabas frowned back at his father, and the added grimness of his chin offset the sweetness of the mouth above.

"Barnabas," said his father at last, "did you say a — gentleman, Barnabas?"

"Yes."

"What — *you?*" Here John Barty's frown vanished suddenly and, expanding his great chest, he threw back his head and roared with laughter. Barnabas clenched his fists, and his mouth lost something of its sweetness and his eyes glinted through their curving lashes, while his father laughed and laughed till the place rang again, which of itself stung Barnabas sharper than any blow could have done.

"So you want to be a gentleman — hey?"

"Yes."

"You aren't crazed in your 'ead, are ye, Barnabas?"

"Not that I know of, father."

"This here fortun', then — it's been an' turned your brain; that's what it is."

Barnabas smiled and shook his head.

"Listen, father," said he. "It has always been the dream and ambition of my life to better my condition, to strive for a higher place in the world — to be a gentleman. This was why I refused to become a pugilist, as you and Natty Bell desired; this was why I worked and studied — ah, a great deal harder than you ever guessed! — though up till to-day I hardly dared hope my dream would ever be realized. But now ——"

"Now you want to go to London and be a gentleman — hey?"

"Yes."

"Which all comes along o' your reading o' fool books! Why, Lord! you can no more become a gentleman than I can or the — blunderbuss yonder. And because why? Because a gentleman must be a gentleman born, and his father afore him, and *his* father afore him. You, Barnabas, you was born the son of a champion of England, an' that should be enough for most lads; but your head's chock-full o' fool notions an' crazy fancies, an', as your lawful father, it's my bounden duty to get 'em out again, Barnabas, my lad."

So saying, John Barty proceeded to take off his coat and belcher neckerchief and roll his shirt sleeves over his mighty forearms, motioning Barnabas to do the like.

"A father's duty be a very solemn thing, Barnabas," he continued slowly, "an' your 'ead being (as I say) full o' wild ideas, I'm a-going to try to punch 'em out again, as a well-meaning father should; so help me back wi' the table out o' the road, an' off wi' your coat and neckercher."

Well knowing the utter futility of argument with his father at such a time, Barnabas obediently helped to set back the table, thus leaving the floor clear, which done, he, in turn, stripped off coat and neck-cloth and rolled up his sleeves, while his father watched him with sharply appraising eye.

"You peel well, Barnabas," he nodded; "you peel like a fighting man. You've a tidy arm an' a goodish spread o' shoulder, likewise your legs is clean and straight; but your skin's womanish, Barnabas, womanish, an' your muscles soft wi' books. So, lad! Are ye ready? Then come on."

Thus, without more ado, they faced each other foot to foot, bare-armed and alert of eye. For a moment they sparred watchfully; then

John Barty feinted Barnabas into an opening; in that same moment his fist shot out, and Barnabas measured his length on the floor.

"Ah, I knowed as much!" John sighed mournfully as he aided Barnabas to his feet. "And 'twere only a love-tap, so to speak. This is what comes o' your book-reading!"

"Try me again," said Barnabas.

"It'll be harder next time!" said his father.

"As hard as you like!" nodded Barnabas.

Once more came the light tread of quick-moving feet, once more John Barty feinted cunningly, once more his fist shot out — but this time it missed its mark; for, ducking the blow, Barnabas smacked home two lightning blows on his father's ribs, and danced away again, light and buoyant as a cork.

"Stand up an' fight, lad!" growled his father. "Plant your feet square. Never go hopping about on your toe-prints like a French dancing master."

"Why, as to that, father, Natty Bell, as you know, holds that it is the quicker method." Here Barnabas smote his father twice upon the ribs. "And, indeed, I think it is," said he, deftly eluding the ex-champion's return.

"Quicker, hey?" sneered his father, and with the words came his fist — to whizz harmlessly past Barnabas' ear. "We'll prove that."

"Haven't we had almost enough?" inquired Barnabas, dropping his fists.

"Enough! Why, we aren't begun yet, lad."

"Then how long are we to go on?"

"How long?" repeated John, frowning. "Why — that depends on you, Barnabas."

"How on me, father?"

"Are ye still minded to go to London?"

"Of course."

"Then we'll go on till you think better of it — or till you knock me down, Barnabas, my lad."

"Why, then, father, the sooner I knock you down, the better."

"My poor lad!" sighed his father. "Your head's fair crazed, sure as sure; but if you think you can knock John Barty off his pins — do it, and there y'are."

"I will," said Barnabas, "though as gently as possible."

And now they fell to it in silence, a grim silence broken only by the quick tread and shuffle of feet and the muffled thud of blows: John Barty, resolute of jaw, indomitable and calm of eye — as in the days when champions had gone down before the might of his fist; Barnabas, taller, slighter, but full of the supreme confidence of youth. Moreover, he had not been the daily pupil of two such past masters in the art for nothing; and now he brought to bear all his father's craft and cunning, backed up by the lightning precision of Natty Bell. In all his many hard-fought battles John Barty had ever been accounted most dangerous when he smiled, and he was smiling now. Twice Barnabas staggered back to the wall, and there was an ugly smear upon his cheek; yet, as they struck and parried and feinted, Barnabas, this quick-eyed, swift-footed Barnabas, was smiling also. Thus, while they smiled upon and smote each other, the likeness between them was more apparent than ever; only, the smile of Barnabas was the smile of youth, joyous, exuberant, unconquerable. Noting which, Experienced Age laughed short and fierce, and strode in to strike Youth down. Then came a rush of feet, the panting hiss of breath, the shock of vicious blows, and John Barty, the unbeaten ex-champion of all England, threw up his arms, staggered back the length of the room, and went down with a crash.

For a moment Barnabas stood wide-eyed, panting — then ran towards him with hands outstretched. But in that moment the door was flung open, and Natty Bell stood between them, one hand upon the labouring breast of Barnabas, the other stretched down to the fallen ex-champion.

"Man Jack," he exclaimed, in his strangely melodious voice. "Oh, John! — John Barty, you as was ever the king o' the milling coves, here's my hand — shake it. Lord, John, what a master of the game we've made our lad. Man Jack, 'tis proud you should be to lie there and know as you have a son as can stop even *your* rush wi' his left an' down you wi' his right as neat and proper, John, as clean an' delicate as ever man saw. Man Jack, God bless him — and here's my hand, John."

So, sitting there upon the floor, John Barty solemnly shook the hand Natty Bell held out to him, which done, he turned and looked at his son as though he had never seen him before.

"Why — Barnabas!" said he; then, for all his weight, sprang nimbly to his feet, and, coming to the mantel, took thence his pipe and began to fill it, staring at Barnabas the while.

"Father," said Barnabas, advancing with hand outstretched, though rather diffidently. "Father!"

John Barty pursed up his lips into a soundless whistle and went on filling his pipe.

"Father," said Barnabas again, "I did it — as gently — as I could."

The pipe shivered to fragments on the hearth, and Barnabas felt his fingers caught in his father's mighty grip.

"Why, Barnabas, lad, I be all mazed like. There aren't many men as have knocked me off my pins, an' I aren't used to it, Barnabas, lad;

but 'twas a clean blow, as Natty Bell says, and — why, I be proud of ye, Barnabas, an' — there y'are."

"Spoke like true fighting men!" said Natty Bell, standing with a hand on the shoulder of each. "And, John, we shall see this lad, this Barnabas of ours, champion of England yet."

John frowned and shook his head.

"No," said he. "Barnabas'll never be champion, Natty Bell; there aren't a fighting man in the ring to-day as could stand up to him, but he'll never be champion, an' you can lay to that, Natty Bell. And if you ask me why!" said he, turning to select another pipe from the sheaf on the mantel-shelf, "I should tell you, because he prefers to go to London an' try to turn himself into a — gentleman."

"London!" exclaimed Natty Bell. "A gentleman! Our Barnabas — what?"

"Bide an' listen, Natty Bell," said the ex-champion, beginning to fill his new pipe.

"I'm listening, John."

"Well, then, you must know, then, his uncle, my scapegrace brother Tom, — you'll mind Tom, as sailed away in a emigrant ship, — well, Natty Bell, Tom has took an' died an' left a fortun' to our lad here."

"A fortun', John! How much?"

"Seven — 'undred — thousand — pound," said John, with a ponderous nod after each word. "Seven — 'undred — thousand — pound, Natty Bell, and there y'are."

Natty Bell opened his mouth, shut it, thrust his hands down into his pockets and brought up a short clay pipe.

"Man Jack," said he, beginning to fill the pipe, yet with gaze abstracted, "did I hear you say aught about a — gentleman?"

"Natty Bell, you did. Our lad's took the idee into his nob to be a gentleman, an' I were trying to knock it out again; but, as it is, Natty Bell, I fear me —" And John Barty shook his handsome head and sighed ponderously.

"Why, then, John, let's sit down, all three of us, and talk this matter over."

CHAPTER II

Wherein Is Much Perplexing Matter Regarding Silk Purses, Sows' Ears, Men, and Gentlemen

A SLENDER man was Natty Bell, yet bigger than he looked, and prodigiously long in the reach, with a pair of very quick, bright eyes, and a wide, good-humoured mouth ever ready to curve into a smile. But he was solemn enough now, and there was trouble in his eyes as he looked from John to Barnabas, who sat between them, his chair drawn up to the hearth, gazing down into the empty fireplace.

"An' you tell me, John," said he, as soon as his pipe was well alight, "you tell me that our Barnabas has took it into his head to set up as a gentleman, do you?"

"Ah!" nodded John.

Whereupon Natty Bell crossed his legs and, leaning back in his chair, fell a-singing to himself in his sweet voice, as was his custom when at all inclined to deep thought:

"A true Briton from Bristol, a rum one to fib;
He's champion of England — his name is Tom Cribb.

Ah! And you likewise tell me as our Barnabas has come into a fortun'."

"Seven — 'undred — thousand — pound."

"Hum!" said Natty Bell. "Quite a tidy sum, John.

Come, list, all ye fighting gills
And coves of boxing note, sirs,
While I relate some bloody mills
In our time have been fought, sirs.

Yes, a good deal can be done wi' such a sum as that, John!"

"But it can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, Natty Bell, nor yet a gentleman out o' you or me — or Barnabas, here."

"For instance," continued Natty Bell — "for instance, John,

Since boxing is a manly game
And Britain's recreation,
By boxing we will raise our fame
'Bove every other nation.

As I say, John, a young and promising life can be wrecked and utterly blasted by a much less sum than seven hundred thousand pound."

"Ah!" nodded John. "But a sow's ear aren't a silk purse, Natty Bell — no, nor never can be."

"True, John; but, arter all, a silk purse ain't much good if 'tis empty — it's the gold inside of it as counts."

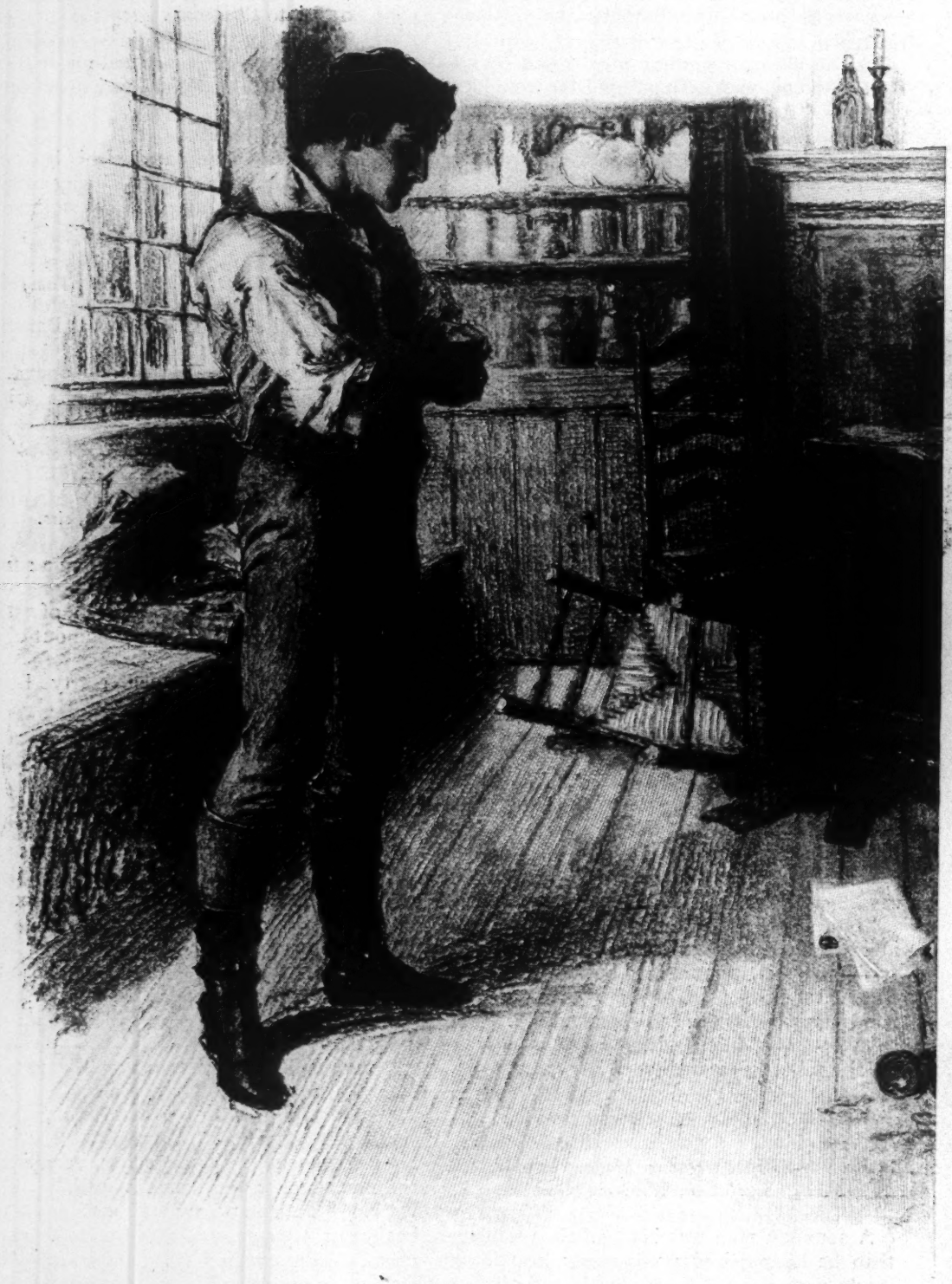
"But a silk purse is ever and always a silk purse — empty or no, Natty Bell."

"An' a man is always a man, John, which a gentleman often ain't."

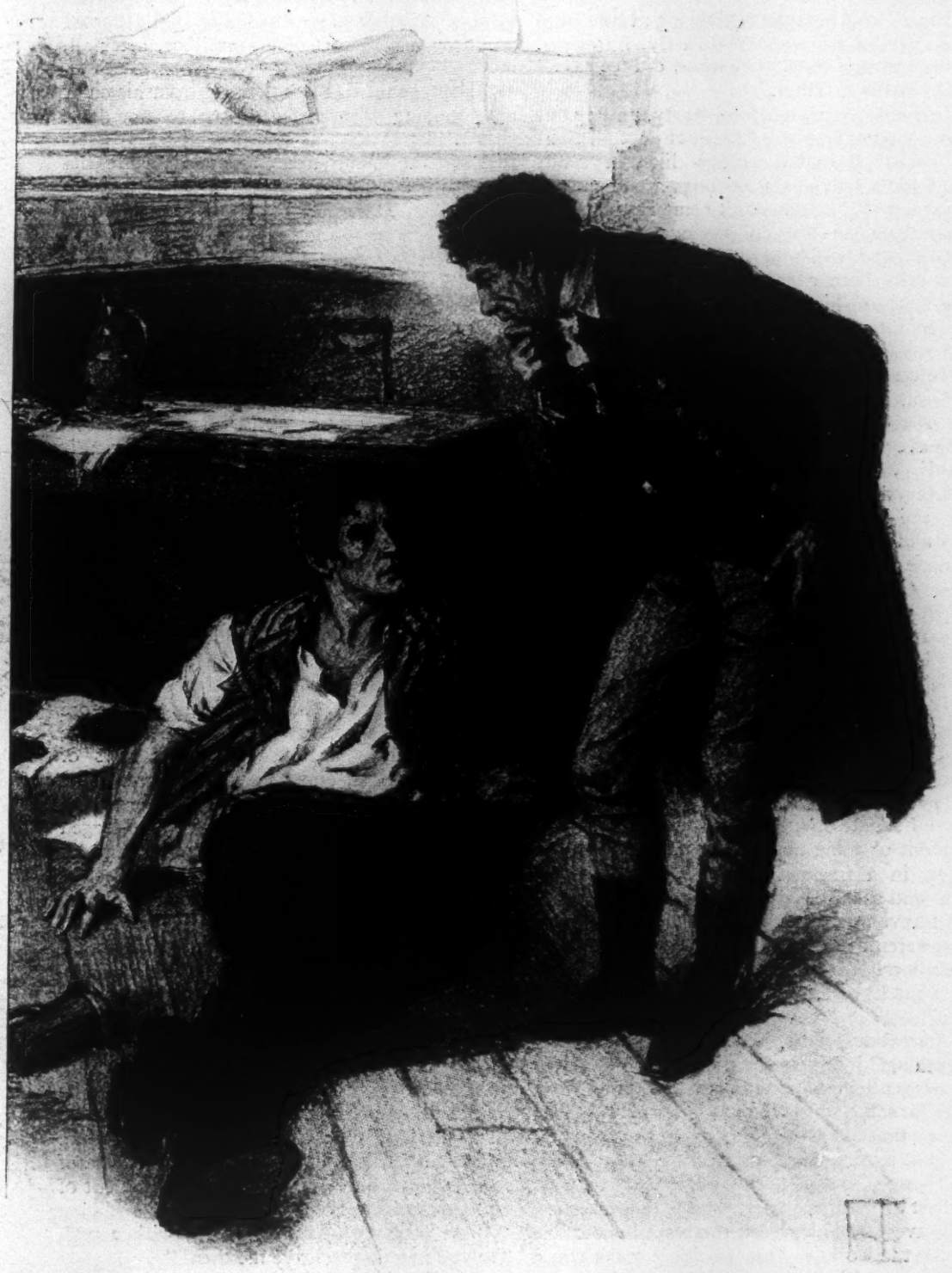
"But, surely," said Barnabas, speaking for the first time, "a gentleman is both."

"No — not nohow, my lad!" exclaimed John, beginning to rasp at his chin. "A man is ever and allus a man, like me and you an' Natty Bell, an' a gentleman's a gentleman, like — Sir George Annesley — up at the great house yonder."

"I believe," said Barnabas, frowning down at the empty hearth — "I'm sure that gentility



"MAN JACK, 'TIS PROUD YOU SHOULD BE TO LIE THERE AND KNOW AS YOU HAVE A NEAT AND PROPER, JOHN, AS CLEAN



SON AS CAN STOP EVEN YOUR RUSH WI' HIS LEFT AND DOWN YOU WI' HIS RIGHT AS AN' DELICATE AS EVER MAN SAW"

rests not so much on birth as upon hereditary instinct."

"Hey?" said his father, glancing at him from the corners of his eyes. "Go easy, Barnabas, my lad; give it time. On what, did 'ee say?"

"On instinct, father."

"Instinct!" repeated John Barty, puffing out a vast cloud of smoke. "Instinct does all right for 'osses, Barnabas — dogs likewise; but what's nat'ral to 'osses an' dogs aren't nowise nat'ral to us! No, you can't come instinct over human beings — not nohowsoever, Barnabas, my lad. And, as I told you afore, a gentleman is nat'rally born a gentleman, an' his feyther afore him, an' his grandfeyther's grandfeyther afore him, back an' back ——"

"To Adam?" inquired Barnabas. "Now, if so, the question is — was Adam a gentleman?"

"Lord, Barnabas!" exclaimed John Barty, with a reproachful look, "why drag in Adam? You leave poor old Adam alone, my lad. Adam, indeed! What's Adam got to do wi' it?"

"Everything, we being all descendants — at least, the Bible says so. Lords and commons, peers and peasants — all are children of Adam; so come now, father, was Adam a gentleman? Yes or no?"

John Barty frowned up at the ceiling, frowned down at the floor, and finally spoke:

"What do you say to that, Natty Bell?"

"Why, I should say, John — hum!

Pray, haven't you heard of a jolly young coal-heaver
Who down at Hungerford used for to ply?
His daddles he used with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each mill, sir, and blacking each 'eye.

Ha! — I should say, John, that, Adam being in the habit o' going about — well, as you might put it, in a free-and-easy, airy manner, fig-leaves and such like, John — I should say as he didn't have no call to be a gentleman, seeing as there weren't any tailors."

"Tailors!" exclaimed John, starting. "Lord! and what have tailors got to do wi' it, Natty Bell?"

"A great deal more than you'd think, John — everything, John, seeing 'twas tailors as invented gentlemen as a matter o' trade, John. So, if Barnabas wants to have a try at being one, he must first of all — go dressed in the fashion."

"That is very true," said Barnabas, nodding.

"Though," pursued Natty Bell, "if you were the best dressed, the handsomest, the strongest, the bravest, the cleverest, the most honourable man in the world — that wouldn't make you a gentleman. I tell you, Barnabas, if you went among 'em and tried to be one of 'em, they'd find you out some day an' turn their gentlemanly backs on you."

"Ah," nodded John, "and serve you right, lad; because, if you should try to turn yourself into a gentleman — why, Lord, Barnabas! you'd only be a sort of a ammitoor, arter all, lad."

"Then," said Barnabas, rising from his chair and crossing with resolute step to the door, "then, just so soon as this law business is settled and the money mine, an Amateur Gentleman I'll be."

CHAPTER III

How Barnabas Set Out for London Town

It was upon a certain glorious morning some three weeks later that Barnabas fared forth into the world — a morning full of the thousand scents of herb and flower and ripening fruit; a morning glad with the song of birds. And, because it was still very early, the dew yet lay heavy; it twinkled in the grass, it sparkled in the hedges, and gemmed every leaf and twig with a flaming pendant. And amidst it all, fresh like the morning and young like the sun, came Barnabas, who, closing the door of the Running Hound behind him, leapt lightly down the stone steps, and, turning his back upon the ancient inn, set off towards that hill beyond which lay London and the Future. Yet, being gone but a very little way, he halted suddenly and came striding back again. And, standing thus before the inn, he let his eyes wander over its massive cross-beams, its leaning gables, its rows of gleaming lattices, and so up to the great sign a-swing above the door — an ancient sign whereon a weather-beaten hound, dim-legged and faded of tail, pursued a misty blur that, by common report, was held to be a hare. But it was to a certain casement that his gaze oftenest reverted, behind whose open lattice he knew his father lay asleep; and his eyes, all at once, grew suffused with a glittering brightness that was not of the morning, and he took a step forward, half minded to clasp his father's hand once more ere he set out to meet those marvels and wonders that lay waiting for him over the hills — Londonwards. Now, as he stood hesitating, he heard a voice that called his name softly, and, glancing round and up, espied Natty Bell, bare of neck and tousled of head, who leaned far out from the casement of his bed-chamber above.

"Ah, Barnabas, lad!" said he, with a nod, "so you're going to leave us, then?"

"Yes!" said Barnabas.

"And all dressed in your new clothes, as fine as ever was! Stand back a bit and let me have a look at you."

"How are they, Natty Bell?" enquired Barnabas, with a note of anxiety in his voice. "The Tenterden tailor assured me they were of the very latest cut and fashion. What do you think, Natty Bell?"

"Hum!" said the ex-pugilist, staring down at Barnabas, chin in hand. "Ha! They're very good clothes, Barnabas — yes, indeed! Just the very thing — for the country."

"The country! I had these made for London, Natty Bell."

"For London, Barnabas? Hum!"

"What do you mean by 'hum,' Natty Bell?"

"Why, look ye, now. 'Tis a good, sensible coat, I'll not deny, Barnabas; likewise the breeches is serviceable: but, being only a coat and breeches, why — they ain't per-lite enough. For in the world of London — the per-lite world, Barnabas — clothes ain't garments to keep a man warm — they're works of art! In the country a man puts 'em on and forgets all about 'em; in the per-lite world he has 'em put on for him, and remembers 'em. In the country a man wears his clothes; in the per-lite world his clothes wears him — ah! and they're often the per-litest thing about him, too!"

"I suppose," sighed Barnabas, "a man's clothes are very important — in the fashionable world?"

"Important! They are the most importantest part o' the fashionable world, lad. Now, there's Mr. Brummel — him as they call 'Beau.' Well, he ain't exactly a Lord Nelson, nor yet a champion of England; he ain't never done nothing, good, bad, or indifferent — but he does know how to wear his clothes; consequently he's a very famous gentleman indeed — in the per-lite world, Barnabas."

Here there fell a silence, while Barnabas stared up at the inn and Natty Bell stared down at him.

"To be sure, the old Hound ain't much of a place, lad,— not the kind of inn as a gentleman of quality would go out of his way to seek and search for, p'r'aps,— but there be worse places in London, Barnabas. I was born there, and I know. There, there! dear lad, never hang your head. Youth must have its dreams, I've heard; so go your ways, Barnabas. You're a master wi' your fists, thanks to John an' me — and you might have been champion of England if you hadn't set your heart on being only a gentleman. Well, well, lad! Don't forget as there are two old cocks o' the game down here in Kent as will think o' you and talk o' you, Barnabas, and what you might have been if you hadn't happened to — ah, well, let be! But, wherever you go and whatever you come to be, you're our lad still. And so, Barnabas, take this; wear it in memory of old Natty Bell. Steady — catch!" And, with the word, he tossed down his great silver watch.

"Why, Natty Bell!" exclaimed Barnabas, very hoarse of voice. "Dear old Natty — I can't take this."

"Ah, but you can. It was presented to me twenty-and-one years ago, Barnabas, the time I beat the Ruffian on Bexley Heath."

"But I can't — I couldn't take it," said Barnabas again, looking down at the broad-faced, ponderous timepiece in his hand, which he knew had long been Natty Bell's most cherished possession.

"Aye, but you can, lad — you must. 'Tis all I have to offer, and it may serve to mind you of me, now and then; so take it, take it! And, Barnabas, when you're tired o' being a fine gentleman up there in London, why — come back to us here at the old Hound, and be content to be just — a man. Good-by, lad, good-by!" Saying which, Natty Bell nodded, drew in his head, and vanished, leaving Barnabas to stare up at the closed lattice, with the ponderous timepiece ticking in his hand.

So, in a while, Barnabas slipped it into his pocket, and, turning his back upon the Coursing Hound, began to climb that hill beyond which lay the London of his dreams. Therefore, as he went, he kept his eyes lifted up to the summit of the hill, and his step grew light, his eye brightened: for Adventure lay in wait for him; Life beckoned to him from the distance; there was magic in the air. Thus Barnabas strode on up the hill, full of expectancy and the blind confidence in destiny which is the glory of youth.

O Spirit of Youth, to whose fearless eyes all things are matters to wonder at — O brave, strong Spirit of Youth, to whom dangers are but trifles to smile at, and death itself but an adventure — to thee, since failure is unknown, all things are possible, and thou mayest peradventure make the world thy football, juggle with the stars, or even become a fine gentleman despite thy country homespun. And yet ——

But as for young Barnabas, striding blithely upon his way, he might verily have been the Spirit of Youth itself — head high, eyes adance, his heart light as his step, his gaze ever upon the distance ahead; for he was upon the road at last, and every step carried him nearer the fulfilment of his dream.

At Tonbridge he would take the coach, he thought, or perhaps hire a chaise and ride to London like a gentleman. A gentleman! And here he was whistling away like any ploughboy. Happily, the road was deserted at this early hour; but Barnabas shook his head at

himself reproachfully, and whistled no more — for a time.

But now, having reached the summit of the hill, he paused and turned to look back. Below him lay the old inn, blinking its many casements in the level rays of the newly risen sun. And now, all at once, as he gazed at it from this eminence, it seemed, somehow, to have shrunk, to have grown more weather-beaten and worn; truly, never had it looked so small and mean as it did at this moment. Indeed, he had been wont to regard the Coursing Hound as the very embodiment of what an English inn should be. But now! Barnabas sighed — which was a new thing for him. Was the change really in the old inn, or in himself? he wondered. Hereupon he sighed again, and, turning, went on down the hill. But now, as he went, his step lagged and his head drooped. Was the change in the inn, or could it be that money can so quickly alter one? he wondered. And straightway the coins in his pocket chinked and jingled, "Yes, yes"; wherefore Barnabas sighed for the third time and his head drooped lower yet.

Well, then, since he was rich, he would buy his father a better inn — the best in all England. A better inn! And the Coursing Hound had been his home as long as he could remember. A better inn! Here Barnabas sighed for the fourth time, and his step was heavier than ever as he went on down the hill.

CHAPTER IV

How Barnabas Fell in with a Peddler of Books and Purchased a "Priceless Wollum"

"HEADS up, young master; never say die! And wi' the larks and the throstles a-singing away so inspiring, too — Lord love me!"

Barnabas started guiltily and, turning with upflung head, perceived a very small man perched on an adjacent milestone, with a very large pack at his feet, a very large hunk of bread and cheese in his hand, and with a book open upon his knee.

"Listen to that theer lark," said the man, pointing upwards with the knife he held.

"Well?" said Barnabas — a trifle haughtily, perhaps.

"There's music for ye — there's j'y. I never hear a lark but it takes me back to London — to Lime'us — to Giles's Rents, down by the river."

"Pray why?" enquired Barnabas, still a trifle haughtily.

"Because it's so different — there ain't much j'y, no, nor yet music, in Giles's Rents down by the river."

"Rather an unpleasant place!" said Barnabas.

"Unpleasant, young sir! I should say so. The worst place in the world. But listen to that theer blessed lark. There's a voice for ye — there's music with a capital M. An' I've read as they cooks and eats 'em!"

"Who do?"

"Nobs do — swells — gentlemen — ah, an' ladies too!"

"More shame to them, then."

"Why, so says I, young master; but, ye see, beef an' mutton, ducks an' chicken, an' sich, ain't good enough for your nobs nowadays — oh, no! They must devour larks wi' gusto, and French hortolans wi' avidity, and wi' a occasional leg of a frog throwed in for a relish — though, to be sure, a frog's leg ain't over meaty at the best o' times. Oh, it's all true, young sir — it's all wrote down here in this priceless wollum." Here he tapped the book upon his knee. "Ye see, with the Quality it is quality as counts — not quantity. It's flavour as is their constant want — or, as you might say, desire — flavour in their meat, in their drink, and, above all, in their books; an', see you, I sell books, an' I know."

"What kind of flavour?" demanded Barnabas, coming a step nearer, though in a somewhat stately fashion.

"Why, a gamey flavour, to be sure, young sir — a 'igh flavour — ah! the 'igher the better. Specially in books. Now, here," continued the Chapman, holding up the volume he had been reading, "'ere's a book as ain't to be ekalled nowheers nor nohow — not in Latin nor Greek nor Persian, no, nor yet 'indoo. A book as is fuller o' information than a egg is o' meat. A book as was wrote by a person o' quality, therefore a elewating book — wi' nice bold type into it — ah, an' woodcuts, picters an' engravin's, works o' art as is not to be beat nowheers nor nohow — not in China, Asia, Africa, or the United Americas — a book, therefore, as is above an' beyond all price ——"

"What book is it?" enquired Barnabas, forgetting his haughtiness and coming up beside the Chapman.

"It's a book," said the Chapman — "no, it's *the* book as any young gentleman a-going out into the world ought to have wi' him, asleep or awake."

"And what is it all about?" enquired Barnabas, a trifle impatiently.

"Why, everything," answered the Chapman. "An' I know, because I've read it — a thing I rarely do."

"What's the title?"

"The title, young sir — well, theer! read for

yourself." And, with the words, the Chapman held up the book open at the title-page, and Barnabas read:

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE
or
The Compleat Art of a Gentlemanly Deportment by a Person of Quality

"You'll note that theer Person o' Quality, will ye?" said the Chapman.

"Strange!" said Barnabas.

"Not a bit of it!" retorted the Chapman. "Lord love me! Any one could be a gentleman by just reading and inwardly digesting o' this here priceless wollum. It's all down here in print, an' nice bold type, too — pat as you please. If it didn't 'appen as my horryscope demands as I should be a Chapman, an' sell books an' sich along the roads, I might ha' been as fine a gentleman as any on 'em — just by follering the directions printed into this here blessed tome, an' in nice large type too, an' woodcuts."

"This is certainly very remarkable!" said Barnabas.

"'WHEN YOU'RE TIRED O' BEING A FINE GENTLEMAN UP THERE IN LONDON, WHY, COME BACK TO US AND BE CONTENT TO BE JUST —A MAN'"

"Ah!" nodded the Chapman, "it's the most remarkablest book as ever was! Lookee — here's picters for ye — lookee!" And he began turning over the pages, calling out the subject of the pictures as he did so.

"Gentleman going a walk in a jerry 'at. Gentleman eating soup! Gentleman kissing lady's 'and. Gentleman dancing with lady. (Note them theer legs, will ye? Theer's elegance for ye!) Gentleman riding a 'oss in one o' these 'ere noo buckled 'ats. Gentleman shaking 'ands with ditto. (Observe the cock o' that little finger, will ye?) Gentleman eating ruffles — no, truffles, which is a vegetable as all pigs is uncommon partial to. Gentleman proposing lady's 'ealth in a frilled shirt an' a pair o' skin-tights. Gentleman making a bow."

"And remarkably stiff in the legs about it, too!" nodded Barnabas.

"Stiff in the legs!" cried the Chapman reproachfully. "Lord love you, young sir! I've seen many a leg stiffer than that."

"And how much is the book?"

The Chapman cast a shrewd glance up at the tall, youthful figure, at the earnest young face, at the deep and solemn eyes, and coughed behind his hand.

"Well, young sir," said he, gazing thoughtfully up at the blue sky, "since you *are* you, an' nobody else, an' ax me on so fair a morning wi' the song o' birds filling the air, we'll charge you only — well, say ten shillings — say eight — say seven-an'-six — say five! Theer, make it five shillings — an' dirt cheap at the price, too."

Barnabas hesitated, and the Chapman was about to come down a shilling or two more, when Barnabas spoke:

"Then you're not thinking of learning to become a gentleman yourself?"

"Oh, Lord love you, no!"

"Then I'll buy it," said Barnabas, and forthwith handed over the five shillings. Slipping the book into his pocket, he turned to go; yet paused again and addressed the Chapman over his shoulder:

"Shouldn't you like to become a gentleman?" he enquired.

Again the Chapman regarded him from the corners of his eyes, and again he coughed behind his hand.

"Well," he admitted, "I should an' I shouldn't. O' course, it must be a fine thing to bow to a duchess, or 'and a earl's daughter into a chariot wi' four 'orses an' a couple of footmen, or even to sit wi' a markus an' eat a French hortolan (which, never 'aving seen, I don't know the taste on, but it sounds promising). Oh, yes! that part would suit me to a T. But then, theer's t'other part to it, y' see."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, a gentleman has a great deal to live up to. Theer's his dignity, y' see."

"Yes, I suppose so!" Barnabas admitted.

"For instance, a gentleman couldn't very well be expected to sit in a ditch and enj'y a crust o' bread an' cheese; 'is dignity wouldn't allow of it — now, would it?"

"Certainly not!" said Barnabas.

"Nor yet drink 'ome-brewed out of a tin pot in a inn kitchen."

"Well, he might — if he were very thirsty," Barnabas ventured to think. But the Chapman scouted the idea.

"For," said he, "a gentleman's dignity lifts him above inn kitchens and raises him superior to tin pots. Now, tin pots is a pertic'ler weakness o' mine — leastaways, when theer's good ale inside of 'em. And then again, an' lastly," said the Chapman, balancing a piece of cheese on the flat of his knife-blade, "lastly, theer's his clothes — an', as I've read somewhere, 'Clothes makes the man.' Wery good; chuck in dignity an' theer's your gentleman!"

"Hum!" said Barnabas, profoundly thoughtful.

"An' a gentleman's clothes is a world o' trouble and anxiety to him, and takes up most o' his time — what wi' his walking-breeches an' riding-breeches an' breeches for dancing; what wi' his coats cut 'igh, an' his coats cut low; what wi' his flowered satin weskits; what wi' his boots an' his gloves, and his cravats an' his 'ats. Why, Lord love ye! he passes his days getting out o' one suit o' clothes an' into another. And it's just this clothes part as I can't nowise put up wi' — for I'm one as loves a easy life, I am."

"Then are you satisfied to be as you are?"

"Well," answered the Chapman, clinking the five shillings in his pocket, "I aren't one to grumble at fate, nor yet growl at fortun'."

"Why, then," said Barnabas, "I wish you good morning!"

"Good morning, young sir. And remember, now, if you should ever feel like being a gentleman, it's quite easy. All as you've got to do is to read the instructions in that theer priceless wollum; mark 'em, learn 'em, and inwardly di-gest 'em, an' you'll be a gentleman afore you know it."

Now hereupon Barnabas smiled — a very pleasant smile and radiant with youth; whereat the Chapman's pinched features softened for pure good-fellowship, and for the moment he almost wished that he had charged less for the priceless "wollum," as, so smiling, Barnabas turned and strode away Londonwards.

CHAPTER V

In Which the Historian Sees Fit to Introduce a Lady of Quality; and Further Narrates How Barnabas Tore a Wonderful Bottle-Green Coat

Now, in a while Barnabas came to where was a stile with a path beyond — a narrow path that led up over a hill until it lost itself in a wood that crowned the ascent; a wood where were shady dells full of a quivering green twilight, where broad glades led away beneath leafy arches, and where a stream ran gurgling in the shade of osiers and willows; a wood that Barnabas had known from boyhood. Therefore, setting his hand upon the stile, he vaulted lightly over, minded to go through the wood and join the highroad farther on. This he did by purest chance, and, all unthinking, followed the winding path.

Now, had Barnabas gone on by the road, how different this history might have been, and how vastly different his career! But, as it happened, moved by Chance, or Fate, or Destiny, or what you will, Barnabas vaulted over the stile and strode on up the winding path, whistling as he went, and whistling plunged into the green twilight of the wood, and, whistling still, swung suddenly into a broad and grassy glade splashed green and gold with sunlight, and then — stopped all at once and stood there silent, dumb — the very breath in check between his lips.

She lay upon her side, full length upon the sward, and her tumbled hair made a glory in the grass, a golden mane. Beneath this silken curtain he saw dark brows that frowned a little, a vivid mouth, and lashes, thick and dark like her eyebrows, that curled upon the pallor of her cheek.

Motionless stood Barnabas, with eyes that wandered from the small polished riding-boot with its delicately spurred heel, to follow the gracious line that swelled voluptuously from knee to rounded hip, that sank in sweetly to a slender waist, yet rose again to the rounded beauty of her bosom.

So Barnabas stood and looked and looked, and looking sighed, and stole a step nearer and stopped again; for, behold, the leafy screen was parted suddenly, and Barnabas beheld two boots — large boots they were, but of exquisite shape, boots that strode strongly and planted themselves masterfully — Hessian boots, elegant, glossy, and betasselled. Glancing higher, he observed a coat of a bottle-green, high-collared, close-fitting, and silver-buttoned, a coat that served but to make more apparent the broad chest, powerful shoulders, and lithe waist of its wearer. Indeed, a truly marvellous coat (at least, so thought Barnabas). And in that moment he, for the first time, became aware how clumsy and ill-contrived were his own garments; he understood now what Natty Bell had meant when he said they were not polite enough. And as for his boots,— blunt of toe, thick-soled, and ponderous,— he positively blushed for them. Here it occurred to him that the wearer of the coat possessed a face, and he looked at it accordingly. It was a handsome face he saw, dark of eye, square-chinned, and full-lipped. Just now the eyes were lowered, for their possessor stood apparently lost in leisurely contemplation of her who lay outstretched between them; and as his gaze wandered to and fro over her defenceless beauty, a glow dawned in the eyes, and the full lips parted in a slow smile, whereat Barnabas frowned darkly and his cheeks grew hot because of her too betraying habit.

"Sir!" said he, between snapping teeth.

Then, very slowly and unwillingly, the gentleman raised his eyes and stared across at him.

"And pray," said he carelessly, "pray what might you be?"

At his tone Barnabas grew more angry, and therefore more polite.

"Sir, that — permit me to say — does not concern you!"

"Not in the least," the other retorted. "And I bid you good day; you can go, my man. I am acquainted with this lady — she is quite safe in my care."

"That, sir, I humbly beg leave to doubt," said Barnabas, his politeness growing.

"Why — you impudent scoundrel!"

Barnabas smiled.

"Come, take yourself off!" said the gentleman, frowning. "I'll take care of this lady."

"Pardon me! — but I think not."

The gentleman stared at Barnabas through suddenly narrowed lids, and laughed softly; and Barnabas thought his laugh worse than his frown.

"Ha! D'you mean to say you — won't go?"

"With all the humility in the world, I do, sir."

"Why, you cursed, interfering yokel! Must I thrash you?"

Now, "yokel" stung, for Barnabas remembered his blunt-toed boots; therefore he smiled with lips suddenly grim, and his politeness grew almost aggressive.

"Thrash me, sir!" he repeated. "Indeed, I almost venture to fear that you must."

But the gentleman's gaze had wandered to the fallen girl once more, and the glow was back in his roving eyes.

"Pah!" said he, still intent. "If it is her purse you are after — here, take mine and leave us in peace."

As he spoke he flung his purse towards Barnabas and took a long step nearer the girl. But in the same instant Barnabas strode forward also, and, being nearer, reached her first, and, stepping over her, it thus befell that they came face to face within a foot of each other. For a moment they stood thus, staring into each other's eyes; then, without a word, swift and sudden they closed and grappled.

The gentleman was very quick and more than ordinarily strong; so also was Barnabas. But the gentleman's handsome face was contorted with black rage, whereas Barnabas was smiling; and therein seemed the only difference between them as they strove together breast to breast, now in sunlight, now in shadow, but always grimly silent. So, within the glory of the morning, they reeled and staggered to and fro, back and forth, trampling down the young grass, straining, panting, swaying — the one frowning and determined, the other smiling and grim.

Suddenly the bottle-green coat ripped and tore as its wearer broke free. There was the thud of a blow, and Barnabas staggered back with blood upon his face — staggered, I say; and in that moment, as his antagonist rushed, laughed fierce and short, and stepped lightly aside and smote him clean and true upon the chin, a little to one side.

The gentleman's fist flew wide; he twisted upon his heels, pitched over upon his face, and lay still.

Smiling still, Barnabas looked down upon him, then grew grave.

"Indeed," said he, "indeed it was a great pity to spoil such a wonderful coat!"

So he turned away, and, coming to where she who was the unwitting cause of all this yet lay, stopped all at once — for it seemed to him that her posture was altered; her habit had become more decorous, and yet the lashes, so dark in contrast to her hair, those shadowy lashes yet curled upon her cheek. Therefore, very presently, Barnabas stooped, and, raising her in his arms, bore her away through the wood towards the dim recesses where, hidden in the green shadows, his friend the brook went singing upon its way.

And in a while the gentleman stirred and sat up; and, beholding his torn coat, swore viciously and, chancing upon his purse, pocketed it, and so went upon his way; and by contrast with the glory of the morning his frown seemed the blacker.

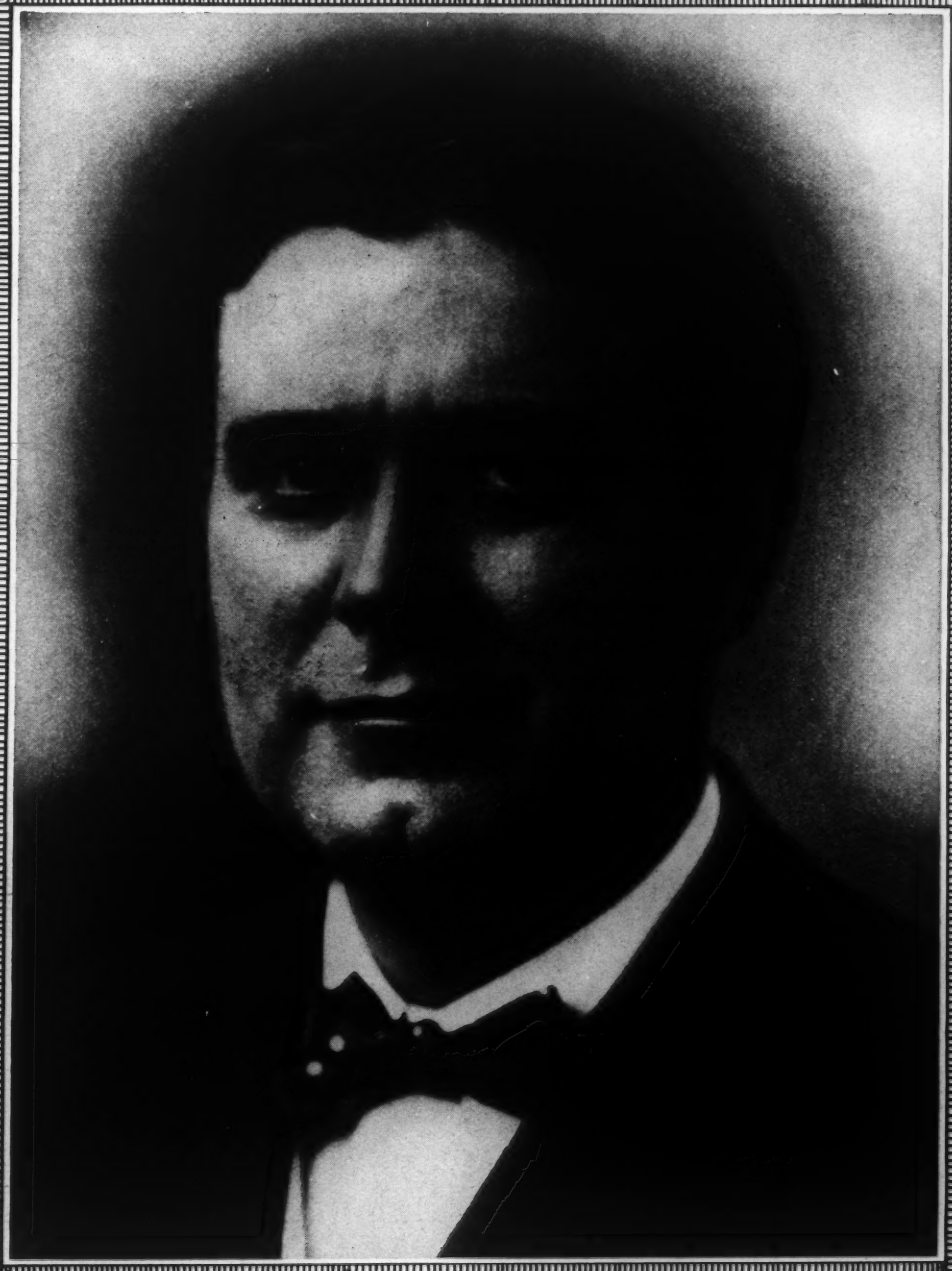
TO BE CONTINUED

PROGRESSIVE LEADERS OF BOTH PARTIES

THE FIGHT NOW TAKING PLACE IN STATE AND NATION FOR PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION IS NOT CONFINED TO ONE PARTY. IF, AS SOME PROPHETS FORETELL, THERE SHOULD BE A NEW POLITICAL PARTY COMPOSED BOTH OF REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS REPRESENTING THE NEW POPULAR IDEALS, SEVERAL OF THE LEADERS WOULD BE THE MEN PICTURED IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

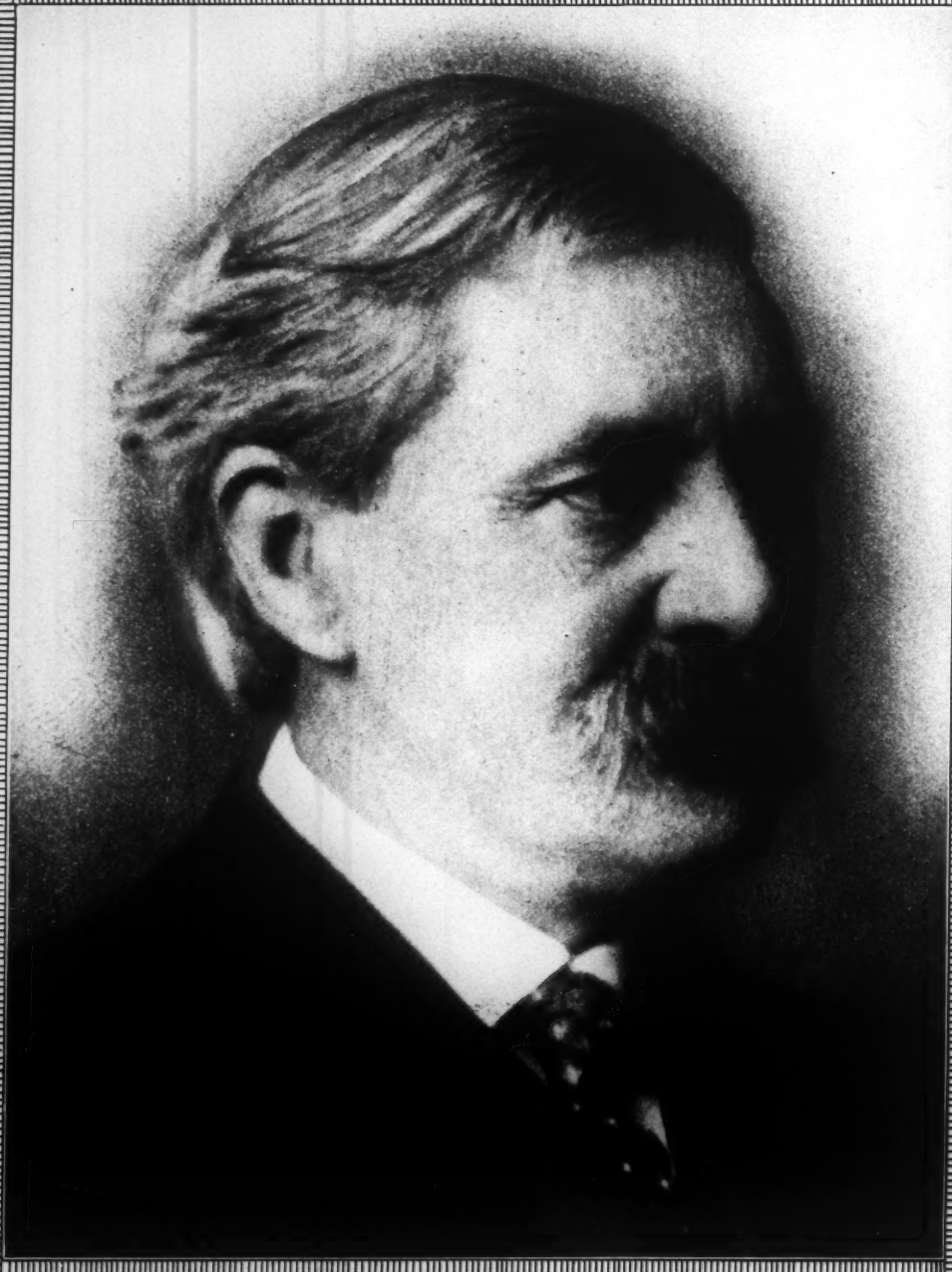
HIRAM W. JOHNSON

GOVERNOR JOHNSON IS ONE OF THE MOST EFFICIENT AND AMIABLE CHAMPIONS OF THE POPULAR RULE. HE WAS ONE OF THE MOST POTENT INFLUENCES IN MAKING CALIFORNIA A WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE STATE. HIS GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT WAS THE DISPOSSESSION OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD FROM THE CAPITOL AT SACRAMENTO



WILLIAM E. BORAH

SENATOR BORAH IS CONSERVATIVELY PROGRESSIVE, NEVER AN EXTREMIST. ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT SPEAKERS AND ONE OF THE MOST PERSONALLY LOVABLE MEN IN THE SENATE, THE TAFT ADMINISTRATION HAS COQUETTED FOR HIS SUPPORT, HOLDING OUT HOPES OF THE VICE-PRESIDENCY. HIS AMBITIONS, HOWEVER, DO NOT LIE IN THAT DIRECTION



ALBERT B. CUMMINS

SENATOR CUMMINS WAS ONCE A PROSPEROUS CORPORATION ATTORNEY IN IOWA. STRONG, STRAIGHTFORWARD, AND ABLE, HE NOW HAS ONLY ONE RIVAL AS THE REPUBLICAN PROGRESSIVE LEADER — LA FOLLETTE. HIS ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDACY UNQUESTIONABLY PLAYED A PART IN LA FOLLETTE'S WITHDRAWAL

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WALTER R. STUBBS

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT OF STUBBS' RADICALISM. HE IS CONSTANTLY PROCLAIMING IT IN PUBLIC. HE IS AN OLD-STYLE KANSAN IN HIS WARFARE AGAINST SPECIAL PRIVILEGE IN ALL ITS FORMS. HE SEES ONLY ONE POSSIBLE CANDIDATE IN THE REPUBLICAN TICKET — THEODORE ROOSEVELT. HE HAS MADE A GOOD RECORD AS GOVERNOR

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FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS

MR. NEWLANDS DOES NOT REPRESENT A POPULOUS CONSTITUENCY IN THE SENATE, BUT, UNDER HIS ABLE LEADERSHIP, NEVADA IS IN THE PROGRESSIVE FRONT RANKS. NEWLANDS WAS A LEADING SIXTEEN-TO-ONE MAN IN THE OLD DAYS. HE IS NOW CAMPAIGNING FOR WOODROW WILSON FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION

VICTOR MURDOCK

VICTOR MURDOCK IS A KANSAS CONGRESSMAN, AND, IN COMMON WITH MOST REPUBLICAN LEADERS IN HIS STATE, IS A STRONG THEODORE ROOSEVELT MAN. HE IS A NEWSPAPER EDITOR WHO LEARNED THE RUDIMENTS OF JOURNALISM AS A PRINTER'S DEVIL

"'I THOUGHT I HAD TO SEE YOU. THAT'S ALL. GOOD NIGHT; I'M GOING NOW.' SHE TURNED AND HER HAND CLOSED ON THE DOOR-KNOB"

ALEXANDER'S MASQUERADE

By Willa Sibert Cather

Author of "The Troll Garden," "On the Gulls' Road," etc.

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

CHAPTER VIII

THE last rehearsal was over, a tedious dress rehearsal which had lasted all day and exhausted the patience of every one who had to do with it. When Hilda dressed for the street and came out of her dressing-room, she found Hugh MacConnell waiting for her in the corridor.

"The fog's thicker than ever, Hilda. There have been a great many accidents to-day. It's positively unsafe for you to be out alone. Will you let me take you home?"

"How good of you, Mac. If you are going with me, I think I'd like to walk. I've had no exercise to-day, and all this has made me nervous."

"I shouldn't wonder," said MacConnell dryly. Hilda pulled down her veil and they stepped out into the thick brown wash that submerged St. Martin's Lane. MacConnell took her hand and tucked it snugly under his arm. "I'm sorry I was such a savage. I hope you didn't think I made an ass of myself."

"Not a bit of it. I don't wonder you were peppery. Those things are awfully trying. How do you think it's going?"

"Magnificently. That's why I got so stirred up. We are going to hear from this, both of us. And that reminds me; I've got news for you. They are going to begin repairs on the theater about the middle of March, and we are to run over to New York for six weeks. Bennett told me yesterday that it was decided."

Hilda looked up delightedly at the tall gray figure beside her. He was the only thing she could see, for they were moving through a dense opaqueness, as if they were walking at the bottom of the ocean.

"Oh, Mac, how glad I am! And they love your things over there, don't they?"

"Shall you be glad for — any other reason, Hilda?" MacConnell put his hand in front of her to ward off some dark object. It proved to be only a lamp-post, and they beat in farther from the edge of the pavement.

"What do you mean, Mac?" Hilda asked nervously.

"I was just thinking there might be people over there you'd be glad to see," he brought out awkwardly. Hilda said nothing, and as they walked on. MacConnell spoke again, apologetically: "I hope you don't mind my knowing about it, Hilda. Don't stiffen up like that. No one else knows, and I didn't try to find out anything. I felt it, even before I knew who he was. I knew there was somebody, and that it wasn't I."

They crossed Oxford Street in silence, feeling their way. The busses had stopped running and the cab-drivers were leading their horses. When they reached the other side, MacConnell said suddenly, "I hope you are happy."

"Terribly, dangerously happy, Mac," — Hilda spoke quietly, pressing the rough sleeve of his greatcoat with her gloved hand.

"You've always thought me too old for you, Hilda — oh, of course you've never said just that — and here this fellow is, not more than eight years younger than I. I've always felt that if I could get out of my old case I might win you yet. It's a fine, brave youth I carry inside me, only he'll never be seen."

"Nonsense, Mac. That has nothing to do with it. It's because you seem too close to me, too much my own kind. It would be like marrying cousin Mike, almost. I really tried to care as you wanted me to, away back in the beginning."

"Well, here we are, turning out of the Square. You are not angry with me, Hilda? Thank you for this walk, my dear. Go in and get dry things on at once. You'll be having a great night to-morrow."

Hilda put out her hand. "Thank you, Mac, for everything. Good night."

MacConnell trudged off through the fog, and she went slowly upstairs. Her slippers and dressing-gown were waiting for her before the fire. "I shall certainly see him in New York. He will see by the papers that we are coming. Perhaps he knows it already," Hilda kept thinking as she undressed. "Perhaps he will be at the dock. No, scarcely that; but I may meet him in the street even before he comes to see me." Marie placed the tea-table by the fire and brought Hilda her letters. She looked them over, and started as she came to one in a handwriting that she did not often see; Alexander had written to her only twice before, and he did not allow her to write to him at all.

"Thank you, Marie. You may go now."

Hilda sat down by the table with the letter in her hand, still unopened. She looked at it intently, turned it over, and felt its thickness with her fingers. She believed that she sometimes had a kind of second sight about letters, and could tell before she read them whether they brought good or evil tidings. She put this one down on the table in front of her while she poured her tea. At last, with a little shiver of expectancy, she tore open the envelop and read:

BOSTON, February——

My dear Hilda:

It is after twelve o'clock. Every one else is in bed and I am sitting alone in my study. I have been happier in this room than anywhere else in the world. Happiness like that makes one insolent. I used to think these four walls could stand against anything. And now I scarcely know myself here. Now I know that no one can build his security upon the nobleness of another person. Two people, when they love each other, grow alike in their tastes and habits and pride, but their moral natures (whatever we may mean by that canting expression) are never welded. The base one goes on being base, and the noble one noble, to the end.

The last week has been a bad one; I have been realizing how things used to be with me. Sometimes I get used to being dead inside, but lately it has been as if a window beside me had suddenly opened, and as if all the smells of spring blew in to me. There is a garden out there, with stars overhead, where I used to walk at night when I had a single purpose and a single heart. I can remember how I used to feel there, how beautiful everything about me was, and what life and power and freedom I felt in myself. When the window opens I know exactly how it would feel to be out there. But that garden is closed to me. How is it, I ask myself, that everything can be so different with me when nothing here has changed? I am in my own house, in my own study, in the midst of all these quiet streets where my friends live. They are all safe and at peace with themselves. But I am never at peace. I feel always on the edge of danger and change.

I keep remembering locoed horses I used to see on the range when I was a boy. They changed like that. We used to catch them and put them up in the corral, and they developed great cunning. They would pretend to eat their oats like the other horses, but we knew they were always scheming to get back at the loco.

It seems that a man is meant to live only one life in this world. When he tries to live a second, he develops another nature. I feel as if a second man had been grafted into me. At first he seemed only a pleasure-loving simpleton, of whose company I was rather ashamed, and whom I used to hide under my coat when I walked the Embankment, in London. But now he is strong and sullen, and he is fighting for his life at the cost of mine. That is his one activity: to grow strong. No creature ever wanted so much to live. Eventually, I suppose, he will absorb me altogether. Believe me, you will hate me then.

And what have you to do, Hilda, with this ugly story? Nothing at all. The little boy drank of the prettiest brook in the forest and he became a stag. I write all this because I can never tell it to you, and because it seems as if I could not keep silent any longer. And because I suffer, Hilda. If any one I loved suffered like this, I'd want to know it. Help me, Hilda!

B. A.

CHAPTER IX

On the last Saturday in April, the New York *Times* published an account of the strike complications which were delaying Alexander's New Jersey bridge, and stated that the engineer himself was in town and at his office on West Tenth Street.

On Sunday, the day after this notice appeared, Alexander worked all day at his Tenth Street rooms. His business often called him to New York, and he had kept an apartment there for years, subletting it when he went abroad for any length of time. Besides his sleeping-room and bath, there was a large room, formerly a painter's studio, which he used as a study and office. It was a long, high room, with a skylight and three broad windows facing on the street, and was furnished with the cast-off possessions of his bachelor days and with odd things which he sheltered for friends of his who followed itinerant and more or less artistic callings and who were always having misunderstandings with storage companies. Over the fireplace there was a large old-fashioned gilt mirror. Alexander's big work-table stood in front of one of the three windows, and above the couch hung the one picture in the room, a

big canvas of charming color and spirit, a study of the Luxembourg Gardens in early spring, painted in his youth by a man who had since become a portrait-painter of international renown. He had done it for Alexander when they were students together in Paris.

Sunday was a cold, raw day and a fine rain fell continuously. When Alexander came back from dinner he put more wood on his fire, made himself comfortable, and settled down at his desk, where he began checking over estimate sheets. It was after nine o'clock and he was lighting a second pipe, when he thought he heard a sound at his door. He started and listened, holding the burning match in his hand; again he heard the same sound, like a firm, light tap. He rose and crossed the room quickly. When he threw open the door he recognized the figure that shrank back into the bare, dimly lit hallway. He stood for a moment in awkward constraint, his pipe in his hand.

"Come in," he said to Hilda at last, and closed the door behind her. He pointed to a chair by the fire and went back to his work-table.

"Won't you sit down?" He was standing behind the table, turning over a pile of blueprints nervously. The yellow light from the student's lamp fell on his hands and the purple sleeves of his velvet smoking-jacket, but his flushed face and big, hard head were in the shadow. There was something about him that made Hilda wish herself at her hotel again, in the street below, anywhere but where she was.

"Of course I know, Bartley," she said at last, "that after this you won't owe me the least consideration. But we sail on Tuesday. I saw that interview in the paper yesterday, telling where you were, and I thought I had to see you. That's all. Good night; I'm going now." She turned and her hand closed on the door-knob.

Alexander hurried toward her and took her gently by the arm. "Sit down, Hilda; you're wet through. Let me take off your coat — and your boots; they're oozing water." He knelt down and began to unlace her shoes, while Hilda shrank into the chair. "Here, put your feet on this stool. You don't mean to say you walked down — and without overshoes!"

Hilda hid her face in her hands. "I was afraid to take a cab. Can't you see, Bartley, that I'm terribly frightened? I've been through this a hundred times to-day. Don't be any more angry than you can help. I was all right until I knew you were in town. If you'd sent me a note, or telephoned me, or anything! But you won't let me write to you, and I had to see you after that letter, that terrible letter you wrote me when you got home."

Alexander faced her, resting his arm on the mantel behind him, and began to brush the sleeve of his jacket. "Is this the way you mean to answer it, Hilda?" he asked unsteadily.

She was afraid to look up at him. "Didn't — didn't you mean even to say good-by to me, Bartley? Did you mean just to — quit me?" she asked. "I came to tell you that I'm willing to do as you asked me. But it's no use talking about that now. Give me my things, please."

She put her hand out toward the fender. Alexander sat down on the arm of her chair. "Did you think I had forgotten you were in town, Hilda? Do you think I kept away by accident? Did you suppose I didn't know you were sailing on Tuesday? There is a letter for you there, in my desk drawer. It was to have reached you on the steamer. I was all the morning writing it. I told myself that if I were really thinking of you, and not of myself, a letter would be better than nothing. Marks on paper mean something to you." He paused. "They never did to me."

Hilda smiled up at him beautifully and put her hand lightly on his sleeve. "Oh, Bartley! Did you write to me? Why didn't you telephone me to let me know that you had? Then I wouldn't have come."

Alexander slipped his arm about her. "I didn't know it before, Hilda, on my honor I didn't, but I believe it was because, deep down in me somewhere, I was hoping I might drive you to do just this. I've watched that door all day. I've jumped up if the fire crackled. I think I have felt that you were coming." He bent his face over her hair.

"And I," she whispered, "I felt that you were feeling that. But when I came, I thought I had been mistaken."

Alexander started up and began to walk up and down the room.

"No, you weren't mistaken. I've been up in Canada with my bridge, and I arranged not to come to New York until after you had gone. Then, when your manager added two more weeks, I was already committed." He dropped upon the stool in front of her and sat with his hands hanging between his knees. "What am I to do, Hilda?"

"That's what I wanted to see you about, Bartley. I'm going to do what you asked me to do, when you were in London. Only I'll do it more completely. I'm going to marry."

"Who?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter much! One of them. Only not Mac. I'm too fond of him."

Alexander moved restlessly.

"Are you joking, Hilda?"

"Indeed I'm not."

"Then you don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes, I know very well. I've thought about it a great deal, and I've quite decided. I never used to understand how women did things like that, but I know now. It's because they can't be at the mercy of the man they love any longer."

Alexander flushed angrily. "So it's better to be at the mercy of a man you don't love?"

"Under such circumstances, infinitely!"

There was a flash in her eyes that made Alexander's fall. He got up and went over to the window, threw it open, and leaned out. He heard Hilda moving about behind him. When he looked over his shoulder she was lacing her boots. He went back and stood over her.

"Hilda, you'd better think a while longer before you do that. I don't know what I ought to say, but I don't believe you'd be happy; truly I don't. Aren't you trying to frighten me?"

She tied the knot of the last lacing and put her boot-heel down firmly. "No; I'm telling you what I've made up my mind to do. I suppose I would better do it without telling you. But afterward I sha'n't have an opportunity to explain, for I sha'n't be seeing you again."

Alexander started to speak, but caught himself. When Hilda rose he sat down on the arm of her chair and drew her back into it.

"I wouldn't be so much alarmed if I didn't know how utterly reckless you *can* be. Don't do anything like that rashly." His face grew troubled. "You wouldn't be happy. You are not that kind of woman. I'd never have another hour's peace if I helped to make you do a thing like that." He took her face between his hands and looked down into it. "You see, you are different, Hilda. Don't you know you are?" His voice grew softer, his touch more and more tender. "Some women can do that sort of thing, but you — you can love as queens did, in the old time."

Hilda had heard that soft, deep tone in his voice only once before. She closed her eyes; her lips and eyelids trembled. "Only one, Bartley. Only one. And he threw it back at me a second time."

She felt the strength leap in the arms that held her so lightly.

"Try him again, Hilda. Try him once again."

She looked up into his eyes and hid her face in her hands.

CHAPTER X

On Tuesday afternoon a Boston lawyer, who had been trying a case in Vermont, was standing on the siding at White River Junction when the Canadian Express pulled by on its northward journey. As the day-coaches at the rear end of the long train swept by him, the lawyer noticed at one of the windows a man's head, with thick rumpled hair. "Curious," he thought; "that looked like Alexander, but what would he be doing back there in the day-coaches?"

It was, indeed, Alexander.

That morning a telegram from Moorlock had reached him, telling him that there was serious trouble with the bridge and that he was needed there at once, so he had caught the first train out of New York. He had taken a seat in a day-coach to avoid the risk of meeting any one he knew, and because he did not wish to be comfortable. When the telegram arrived Alexander was at his rooms in Tenth Street, packing his bag to go to Boston. On Monday night he had written a long letter to his wife, but when morning came he was afraid to send it, and the letter was still in his pocket. Winifred was not a woman who could bear disappointment. She demanded a great deal of herself and of the people she loved; and she never failed herself. If he told her now, he knew, it would be irretrievable. There would be no going back. He would lose the thing he valued most in the world; he would be destroying himself and his own happiness. There would be nothing for him afterward. He seemed to see himself dragging out a restless existence on the Continent — Cannes, Hyères, Algiers, Cairo — among smartly dressed, disabled men of every nationality; forever going on journeys that led nowhere; hurrying to catch trains that he might just as well miss; getting up in the morning with a great bustle and splashing of water, to begin a day that had no purpose and no meaning; dining late to shorten the night, sleeping late to shorten the day.

And for what? For a mere folly, a masquerade, a little thing that he could not let go. *And he could even let it go*, he told himself. But he had promised to be in London at midsummer, and he knew that he would go. . . . It was impossible to live like this any longer.

And this, then, was to be the disaster that his old professor had foreseen for him: the crack in the wall, the crash, the cloud of dust. And he could not understand how it had come about. He felt that he himself was unchanged, that he was still there, the same man he had been five years ago, and that he was sitting stupidly by and letting some resolute offshoot of him-

self spoil his life for him. This new force was not he, it was but a part of him. He would not even admit that it was stronger than he; but it was more active. It was by its energy that this new feeling got the better of him. His wife was the woman who had made his life, gratified his pride, given direction to his tastes and habits. The life they led together seemed to him beautiful. Winifred still was, as she had always been, Romance for him, and whenever he was deeply stirred he turned to her. When the grandeur and beauty of the world challenged him—as it sometimes will even the most self-absorbed people—he always answered with her name. It was his reply to the question put by the mountains and the stars. In his feeling for his wife there was all the tenderness, all the pride, all the devotion of which he was capable. There was everything but energy; the energy of youth which must register itself and cut its name before it passes. This new feeling was so fresh, so unsatisfied and light of foot. It ran and was not wearied, anticipated him everywhere. It put a girdle round the earth while he was going from New York to Moorlock. At this moment it was tingling through him, exultant and live as quicksilver, whispering, "In July you will be in England!"

Already he dreaded the long, empty days at sea, the monotonous Irish coast, the sluggish passage up the Mersey, the flash of the boat train through the summer country. He closed his eyes and gave himself up to the feeling of rapid motion and to swift, terrifying thoughts. He was sitting so, his face shaded by his hand, when the Boston lawyer saw him from the siding at White River Junction.

When at last Alexander roused himself, the afternoon had waned to sunset. The train was passing through a gray country and the sky overhead was flushed with a wide flood of clear color. There was a rose-colored light over the gray rocks and hills and meadows. Off to the left, under the approach of a weather-stained wooden bridge, a group of boys were sitting around a little fire. The smell of the wood smoke blew in at the window. Except for an old farmer, jogging along the highroad in his box-wagon, there was not another living creature to be seen. Alexander looked back wistfully at the boys, camped on the edge of a little marsh, crouching under their shelter and looking gravely at their fire. They took his mind back a long way, to a camp-fire on a sand-bar in a Western river, and he wished he could go back and sit down with them. He could remember exactly how the world had looked then.

It was quite dark and Alexander was still thinking of the boys, when it occurred to him that the train must be nearing Allway. In going to his new bridge at Moorlock he had always to pass through Allway. The train stopped at Allway Mills, then wound two miles up the river, and then the hollow sound under his feet told Bartley that he was on his first bridge again. The bridge seemed longer than it had ever seemed before, and he was glad when he felt the beat of the wheels on the solid road-bed again. He did not like coming and going across that bridge, or remembering the man who built it. And was he, indeed, the same man who used to walk that bridge at night, promising such things to himself and to the stars? And yet, he could remember it all so well: the quiet hills sleeping in the moonlight, the slender skeleton of the bridge reaching out into the river, and up yonder, alone on the hill, the big white house; upstairs, in Winifred's window, the light that told him she was still awake and still thinking of him. And after the light went out he walked alone, taking the heavens into his confidence, unable to tear himself away from the white magic of the night, unwilling to sleep because longing was so sweet to him, and because, for the first time since first the hills were hung with moonlight, there was a lover in the world. And always there was the sound of the rushing water underneath, the sound which, more than anything else, meant death; the wearing away of things under the impact of physical forces which men could direct but never circumvent or diminish. Then, in the exaltation of love, more than ever it seemed to him to mean death, the only other thing as strong as love. Under the moon, under the cold, splendid stars, there were only those two things awake and sleepless: death and love, the rushing river and his burning heart.

Alexander sat up and looked about him. The train was rushing on through the darkness. All his companions in the day-coach were either dozing or sleeping heavily, and the murky lamps were turned low. How came he here among all these dirty people? Why was he going to London? What did it mean—what was the answer? How could this happen to a man who had lived through that magical spring and summer, and who had felt that the stars themselves were but flaming particles in the far-away infinitudes of his love?

What had he done to lose it? How could he endure the baseness of life without it? And, with every revolution of the wheels beneath him, the unquiet quicksilver in his breast told him that at midsummer he would be in London. He remembered his last night there; the red foggy darkness, the hungry crowds before the theaters, the hand-organs, the feverish rhythm

of the blurred, crowded streets, and the feeling of letting himself go with the crowd. He shuddered and looked about him at the poor unconscious companions of his journey, unkept and travel-stained, now doubled in unlovely attitudes, who had come to stand to him for the ugliness he had brought into the world.

And those boys back there, beginning it all just as he had begun it, he wished he could promise them better luck. Ah, if one could promise any one better luck, if one could assure a single human being of happiness! He had thought he could do so, once; and it was thinking of that that he at last fell asleep. In his sleep, as if it had nothing fresher to work upon, his mind went back and tortured itself with something years and years away, an old, long-forgotten sorrow of his childhood.

When Alexander awoke in the morning the sun was just rising through pale golden ripples of cloud, and the fresh yellow light was vibrating through the pine woods. The white birches, with their little unfolding leaves, gleamed in the lowlands, and the marsh meadows were already coming to life with their first green, a thin, bright color which had run over them like fire. As the train rushed along the trestles, thousands of wild birds rose screaming into the light. The sky was already a pale blue and of the clearness of crystal. Bartley caught up his bag and hurried through the Pullman coaches until he found the conductor. There was a state-room unoccupied, and he took it and set about changing his clothes. Last night he would not have believed that anything could be so pleasant as the cold water he dashed over his head and shoulders and the freshness of clean linen on his body.

After he had dressed, Alexander sat down at the window and drew into his lungs deep breaths of the pine-scented air. He had awakened with all his old sense of power. He could not believe that things were as bad with him as they had seemed last night, that there was no way to set them entirely right. Even if he went to London at midsummer, what would that mean except that he was a fool? And he had been a fool before. That was not the reality of his life. Yet he knew that he would go to London.

Half an hour later the train stopped at Moorlock. Alexander sprang to the platform and hurried up the siding, waving to Philip Horton, one of his assistants, who was anxiously looking up at the windows of the coaches. Bartley took his arm and they went together into the station buffet.

"I'll have my coffee first, Philip. Have you had yours? And now, what seems to be the matter up here?"

The young man, in a hurried, nervous way, began his explanation.

But Alexander cut him short. "When did you stop work?" he asked sharply.

The young engineer looked confused. "I haven't stopped work yet, Mr. Alexander. I didn't feel that I could go so far without definite authorization from you."

"Then why didn't you say in your telegram exactly what you thought, and ask for your authorization? You'd have got it quick enough."

"Well, really, Mr. Alexander, I couldn't be absolutely sure, you know, and I didn't like to take the responsibility of making it public."

Alexander pushed back his chair and rose. "Anything I do can be made public, Phil. You say that you believe the lower chords are showing strain, and that even the workmen have been talking about it, and yet you've gone on adding weight."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Alexander, but I had counted on your getting here yesterday. My first telegram missed you somehow. I sent one Sunday evening, to the same address, but it was returned to me."

"Have you a carriage out there? I must stop to send a wire." Alexander went up to the telegraph-desk and penciled the following message to his wife:

> I may have to be up here for some time. Can you come up at once? Urgent. BARTLEY.

The Moorlock Bridge lay three miles above the town. When they were seated in the carriage, Alexander began to question his assistant further. If it were true that the compression members showed strain, with the bridge only two thirds done, then there was nothing to do but pull the whole structure down and begin over again. Horton kept repeating that he was sure there could be nothing wrong with the estimates.

Alexander grew impatient. "That's all true, Phil, but we never were justified in assuming that a scale that was perfectly safe for an ordinary bridge would work with anything of such length. It's all very well on paper, but it remains to be seen whether it can be done in practice. I should have thrown up the job when they crowded me too close. It's all nonsense to try to do what other engineers are doing when you know they're not sound."

"But just now, when there is such competition," the younger man demurred. "And certainly that's the new line of development."

Alexander shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

When they reached the bridge works, Alexander began his examination immediately. An hour later he sent for the superintendent. "I think you had better stop work out there at once, Dan. I should say that the lower chord here might buckle at any moment. I told the Commission that we were using higher unit stresses than any practice has established, and we've put the dead load at a low estimate. Theoretically it worked out well enough, but it had never actually been tried." Alexander put on his overcoat and took the superintendent by the arm. "Don't look so chopfallen, Dan. It's a jolt, but we've got to face it. It isn't the end of the world, you know. Now we'll go out and call the men off quietly. They're already nervous, Horton tells me, and there's no use alarming them. I'll go with you, and we'll send the end riveters in first."

Alexander and the superintendent picked their way out slowly over the long span. They went deliberately, stopping to see what each gang was doing, as if they were on an ordinary round of inspection. When they reached the end of the river span, Alexander nodded to the superintendent, who quietly gave an order to the foreman. The men in the end gang picked up their tools and, glancing curiously at each other, started back across the bridge toward the river bank. Alexander himself remained standing where they had been working, looking about him. It was hard to believe, as he looked back over it, that the whole great span was incurably disabled, was already as good as condemned, because something was out of line in the lower chord of the cantilever arm.

The end riveters had reached the bank and were dispersing among the tool-houses, and the second gang had picked up their tools and were starting toward the shore. Alexander, still standing at the end of the river span, saw the lower chord of the cantilever arm give a little, like an elbow bending. He shouted and ran after the second gang, but by this time every one knew that the big river span was slowly settling. There was a burst of shouting that was immediately drowned by the scream and cracking of tearing iron, as all the tension work began to pull asunder. Once the chords began to buckle, there were thousands of tons of ironwork all riveted together and lying in mid-air without support. It tore itself to pieces with roaring and grinding and noises that were like the shrieks of a steam whistle. There was no shock of any kind; the bridge had no impetus except from its own weight. It lurched neither to right nor left, but sank almost in a vertical line, snapping and breaking and tearing as it went, because no integral part could bear for an instant the enormous strain loosed upon it. Some of the men jumped and some ran, trying to make the shore.

At the first shriek of the tearing iron, Alexander jumped from the downstream side of the bridge. He struck the water without injury and disappeared. He was under the river a long time and had great difficulty in holding his breath. When it seemed impossible, and his chest was about to heave, he thought he heard his wife telling him that he could hold out a little longer. An instant later his face cleared the water. For a moment, in the depths of the river, he had realized what it would mean to die a hypocrite, and to lie dead under the last abandonment of her tenderness. But once in the light and air, he knew he should live to tell her and to recover all he had lost. Now, at last, he felt sure of himself. He was not startled. It seemed to him that he had been through something of this sort before. There was nothing horrible about it. This, too, was life, and life was activity, just as it was in Boston or in London. He was himself, and there was something to be done; everything seemed perfectly natural. Alexander was a strong swimmer, but he had gone scarcely a dozen strokes when the bridge itself, which had been settling faster and faster, crashed into the water behind him. Immediately the river was full of drowning men. A gang of French Canadians fell almost on top of him. He thought he had cleared them, when they began coming up all around him, clutching at him and at each other. Some of them could swim, but they were either hurt or crazed with fright. Alexander beat them off fiercely, but there were too many of them. One caught him about the neck, another gripped him about the middle, and they went down together. When he sank, his wife seemed to be there in the water beside him, telling him to keep his head, that if he could hold out the men would drown and release him. There was something he wanted to tell his wife, but he could not think clearly for the roaring in his ears. Suddenly he remembered what it was. He caught his breath, and then she let him go.

The work of recovering the dead went on all day and all the following night. By the next morning forty-eight bodies had been taken out of the river, but there were still twenty missing. Many of the men had fallen with the bridge and were held down under the débris. Early on the morning of the second day a closed carriage was driven slowly along the river bank and stopped a little below the works, where the river

boiled and churned about the great iron carcass which lay in a straight line two thirds across it. The carriage stood there hour after hour, and word soon spread among the crowds on the shore that its occupant was the wife of the Chief Engineer; his body had not yet been found. The widows of the lost workmen, moving up and down the bank with shawls over their heads, some of them carrying babies, looked at the rusty hired hack many times that morning. They drew near it and walked about it, but none of them ventured to peer within. Even half indifferent sightseers dropped their voices as they told a newcomer: "You see that carriage over there? That's Mrs. Alexander. They haven't found him yet. She got off the train this morning. Horton met her. She heard it in Boston yesterday — heard the newsboys crying it in the street."

At noon Philip Horton made his way through the crowd with a tray and a tin coffee-pot from the camp kitchen. When he reached the carriage he found Mrs. Alexander just as he had left her in the early morning, leaning forward a little, with her hand on the lowered window, looking at the river. Hour after hour she had been watching the water, the lonely, useless stone towers, and the convulsed mass of iron wreckage over which the angry river continually spat up its yellow foam. "Those poor women out there, do they blame him very much?" she asked, as she handed the coffee-cup back to Horton.

"Nobody blames him, Mrs. Alexander. If any one is to blame, I'm afraid it's I. I should have stopped work before he came. He said so as soon as I met him. I tried to get him here a day earlier, but my telegram missed him, somehow. He didn't have time really to explain to me. If he'd got here Monday, he'd have had all the men off at once. But you see, Mrs. Alexander, such a thing never happened before. According to all human calculations, it simply couldn't happen." Horton leaned wearily against the front wheel of the cab. He had not had his clothes off for thirty hours, and the stimulus of violent excitement was beginning to wear off.

"Don't be afraid to tell me the worst, Mr. Horton. Don't leave me to the dread of finding out things that people may be saying. If he is blamed, if he needs any one to speak for him,"— for the first time her voice broke and a flush of life, tearful, painful, and confused, swept over her rigid pallor,— "if he needs any one, tell me, show me what to do." She began to sob, and Horton hurried away.

When he came back at four o'clock in the afternoon he was carrying his hat in his hand, and Winifred knew as soon as she saw him that they had found Bartley. She opened the carriage door before he reached her and stepped to the ground. Horton put out his hand as if to hold her back and spoke pleadingly: "Won't you drive up to my house, Mrs. Alexander? They will take him up there."

"Take me to him now, please. I shall not be any trouble."

The group of men down under the river bank fell back when they saw a woman coming, and one of them threw a tarpaulin over the stretcher. They took off their hats and caps as Winifred approached, and although she had pulled her veil down over her face they did not look up at her. She was taller than Horton, and some of the men thought she was the tallest woman they had ever seen. "As tall as himself," some one whispered. Horton motioned to the men, and six of them lifted the stretcher and began to carry it up the embankment. Winifred followed them the half mile to Horton's house. She walked quietly, without once breaking or stumbling. When the bearers put the stretcher down in Horton's spare bedroom, she thanked them and gave her hand to each in turn. The men went out of the house and through the yard with their caps in their hands. They were too much confused to say anything as they went down the hill.

Horton himself was almost as deeply perplexed. "Mamie," he said to his wife, when he came out of the spare room half an hour later, "will you take Mrs. Alexander the things she needs? She is going to do everything herself. Just stay about where you can hear her and go in if she wants you."

Everything happened as Alexander had foreseen in that moment of prescience under the river. With her own hands she washed him clean of every mark of disaster. All night he was alone with her in the still house, his great head lying deep in the pillow. In the pocket of his coat Winifred found the letter that he had written her the night before he left New York, water-soaked and illegible, but, because of its length, she knew it had been meant for her.

For Alexander death was an easy creditor. Fortune, which had smiled upon him consistently all his life, did not desert him in the end. His most severe critics did not doubt that, had he lived, he would have retrieved himself. Even Lucius Wilson did not see in this accident the disaster he had once foretold.

When a great man dies in his prime there is no surgeon who can say whether he did well; whether or not the future was his, as it seemed to be. The mind that society had come to regard as a powerful and reliable machine,

dedicated to its service, may for a long time have been sick within itself and bent upon its own destruction.

EPILOGUE

PROFESSOR WILSON had been living in London for six years and he was just back from a visit to America. One afternoon, soon after his return, he put on his frock-coat and drove in a hansom to pay a call upon Hilda Burgoyne, who still lived at her old number, off Bedford Square. He and Miss Burgoyne had been fast friends for a long time. He had first noticed her about the corridors of the British Museum, where he read constantly. Her being there so often had made him feel that he would like to know her, and as she was not an inaccessible person, an introduction was not difficult. The preliminaries once over, they came to depend a great deal upon each other, and Wilson, after his day's reading, often went round to Bedford Square for his tea. They had much more in common than their memories of a common friend. Indeed, they seldom spoke of him. They saved that for the deep moments which do not come often, and then their talk of him was mostly silence. Wilson knew that Hilda had cared for him; more than that he had not tried to know.

It was late when Wilson reached Hilda's apartment on this particular December afternoon, and he found her alone. She sent for fresh tea and made him comfortable, as she had such a knack of making people comfortable.

"How good you were to come back before Christmas! I quite dreaded the holidays without you. You've helped me over a good many Christmases." She smiled at him gaily.

"As if you needed me for that! But, at any rate, I needed *you*. How well you are looking, my dear, and how rested." He peered up at her from his low chair, balancing the tips of his long fingers together in a judicial manner which had grown on him with the years.

Hilda laughed as she carefully poured his cream. "That means that I was looking very seedy at the end of the season, doesn't it? Well, we must show wear at last, you know."

Wilson took the cup gratefully. "Ah, no need to remind a man of seventy, who has just been home to find that he has survived all his contemporaries. I was most gently treated — as a sort of precious relic. But, do you know, it made me feel awkward to be hanging about still."

"Seventy? Never mention it to me." Hilda looked appreciatively at the Professor's alert face, with so many kindly lines about the mouth and so many quizzical ones about the eyes. "You've got to hang about for me, you know. I can't even let you go home again. You must stay put, now that I have you back. You're the realest thing I have."

Wilson chuckled. "Dear me, am I? Out of so many conquests and the spoils of conquered cities! You've really missed me? Well, then, I shall hang. Even if you have at last to put *me* in the mummy-room with the others. You'll visit me often, won't you?"

"Every day in the calendar. Here, your cigarettes are in this drawer, where you left them." She struck a match and lit one for him. "But you did, after all, enjoy being at home again?"

"Oh, yes. I found the long railway journeys trying. People live a thousand miles apart. But I did it thoroughly; I was all over the place. It was in Boston I lingered longest."

"Ah, you saw Mrs. Alexander?"

"Often. I dined with her, and had tea there a dozen different times, I should think. Indeed, it was to see her that I lingered on and on. I found that I still loved to go to the house. It always seemed as if Bartley were there, somehow, and that at any moment one might hear his heavy tramp on the stairs. Do you know, I kept feeling that he must be up in his study." The Professor looked reflectively into the grate. "I should really have liked to go up there. That was where I had my last long talk with him. But Mrs. Alexander never suggested it."

"Why?"

Wilson was a little startled by her tone, and he turned his head so quickly that his cuff-link caught the string of his nose-glasses and pulled them awry. "Why? Why, dear me, I don't know. She probably never thought of it."

Hilda bit her lip. "I don't know what made me say that. I didn't mean to interrupt. Go on, please, and tell me how it was."

"Well, it was like that. Almost as if he were there. In a way, he really is there. She never lets him go. It's the most beautiful and dignified sorrow I've ever known. It's so beautiful that it has its compensations, I should think. Its very completeness is a compensation. It gives her a fixed star to steer by. She doesn't drift. We sat there evening after evening in the quiet of that magically haunted room, and watched the sunset burn on the river, and felt him. Felt him with a difference, of course."

Hilda leaned forward, her elbow on her knee, her chin on her hand. "With a difference? Because of her, you mean?"

Wilson's brow wrinkled. "Something like that, yes. Of course, as time goes on, to her he becomes more and more their simple personal relation."

Hilda studied the droop of the Professor's head intently. "You didn't altogether like that? You felt it wasn't wholly fair to him?"

Wilson shook himself and readjusted his glasses. "Oh, fair enough. More than fair. Of course, I always felt that my image of him was just a little different from hers. No relation is so complete that it can hold absolutely all of a person. And I liked him just as he was; his deviations, too; the places where he didn't square."

Hilda considered vaguely. "Has she grown much older?" she asked at last.

"Yes, and no. In a tragic way she is even handsomer. But colder. Cold for everything but him. 'Forget thyself to marble'; I kept thinking of that. Her happiness was a happiness *à deux*, not apart from the world, but actually against it. And now her grief is like that. She saves herself for it and doesn't even go through the form of seeing people much. I'm sorry. It would be better for her, and might be so good for them, if she could let other people in."

"Perhaps she's afraid of letting him out a little, of sharing him with somebody."

Wilson put down his cup and looked up with vague alarm. "Dear me, it takes a woman to think of that, now! I don't, you know, think we ought to be hard on her. More, even, than the rest of us she didn't choose her destiny. She underwent it. And it has left her chilled. As to her not wishing to take the world into her confidence — well, it is a pretty brutal and stupid world, after all, you know."

Hilda leaned forward. "Yes, I know, I know. Only I can't help being glad that there was something for him even in stupid and vulgar people. My little Marie worshiped him. When she is dusting I always know when she has come to his picture."

Wilson nodded. "Oh, yes! He left an echo. The ripples go on in all of us. He belonged to the people who make the play, and most of us are only onlookers at the best. We shouldn't wonder too much at Mrs. Alexander. She must feel how useless it would be to stir about, that she may as well sit still; that nothing can happen to her after Bartley."

"Yes," said Hilda softly, "nothing can happen to one after Bartley." They both sat looking into the fire.

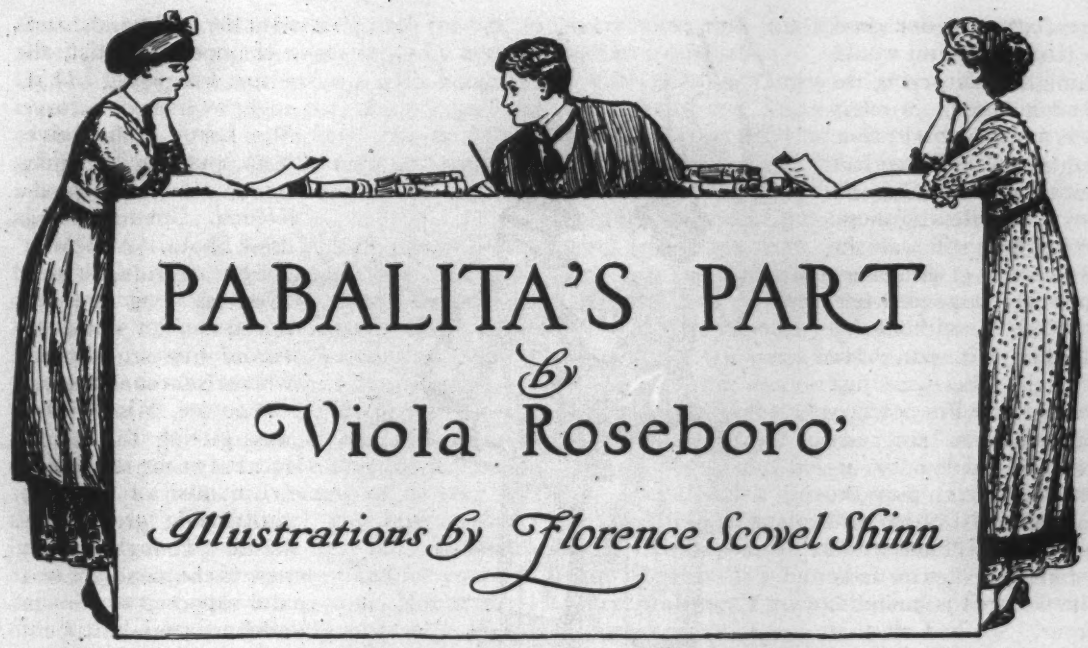
THE END

In an early number McClure's Magazine will publish a remarkable story by Willa Sibert Cather, entitled "The Bohemian Girl"

THE HERMIT-THRUSH

THE cool wind weaves
Through shifting leaves,
Green shade and sunlight yellow —
And mottled sunlight yellow;
Where through the maze
Of wooded ways
Resounds his calling mellow —
His distant calling mellow,
His faint and far-off song.

Hark! where he calls,
Dim waterfalls
Tinkle with music hollow —
With mingled music hollow;
And down the glen
He calls again,
Still luring us to follow
Up the green ways of spring —
The faery ways of spring.



PABALITA'S PART

by Viola Roseboro'

Illustrations by Florence Scovel Shinn

PABALITA played a controlling part in my best love affair, and I resent the fact.

I suppose there must be women who live up to the Proper Tradition, and don't fall in love till Tom, Dick, and Harry make love to them. I know there are hordes who take the Proper Tradition for what they think it's worth, use it for a decent bluff with people who can't call it, fall in love as they must, and go about the business of courting the men they want, in the comfortable knowledge that, whatever the legal fictions in the case, men are easy courted. But I belong to the unfortunates who fall in love like human beings, and yet are tied down by a combination of Proper Tradition and the way we're made, so that we must let concealment do its wormy work — unless or until something happens; and that when our happenings depend on a sex that is always in this game merely a lot of amateurs at the mercy of just such feminine professionals as Bernard Shaw writes about.

It isn't fair. Plenty of people talk about its not being fair to the men, poor things, they being buncoed in their turn by the Proper Tradition, and thinking they are exercising free will when they are puppets on a string; and, to be sure, even if they know the worst, they have never been coached in rejecting sentimental proposals, and the nicer they are the more helpless; but no one says anything about us, the other poor things, who can't get over what we were taught — who behave ourselves and get left all the time. I wonder any nice women get married at all, or any nice men get whom they want. I know there are thousands of my sex who will secretly choke with sympathy and self-pity when they read this.

I've views of my own about it all, but my views are a small matter in a big world, whereas this document is to be devoted to a big matter in my own small world — that is, my personal fate with Jim McGrew.

I was in love with James D. McGrew, the shining light of the Colorado *Eagle*. I don't call him the star reporter, though that would be the way to put on real metropolitan airs; but in our shop we were not ruled by stereotyped titles, and the Old Man put Jim at anything needing the best head he had; that is where the Old Man showed he had a head himself. Jim had blue Irish eyes and a smile and a soft turn to his tongue — when he liked — and he was the big, upstanding kind that shows so well in gray tweeds, and my desk was next to his.

There we had been for three months; we were good pals, and things only needed a strong shake to crystallize into a love affair. But it takes a shake to start the crystals forming in a friendship like that. I, on my side, got it when Miss Foster came on our staff; when she began making long still eyes at Jim I knew I was in love. But, naturally, that didn't do a thing toward making Jim know he was in love with me. I studied out all kinds of plans for giving him a jog, from setting the house afire to trying long still eyes myself. But I might burn us all up — the firemen had bets out as to when the old rookery would go, anyway; as for making

eyes, after all our good fellowship Jim would think I was trying to send him some wireless warning about office politics. Miss Foster had not balled herself up with any such sexless business; in her own still way she always flirted with every man who came near her, and that without his finding it out. He thought she was just attractive. I'm not saying she was not, but also she kept busy attracting him on purpose.

I've talked of her still ways and still looks, and I dare say I'll go on using the word; it is bound to recur. She had all that "quiet poise" I'm always ringing the changes on in my heart-to-heart column, where I impart distinction to the masses.

But enough of this. Let's get down to what happened, and intersperse the rest of the description through the narrative of events, according to the rules of the correspondence schools of story-writing.

"MISS FOSTER AND I WERE SWEETLY HELPING EACH OTHER'S COATS ON"

The press agent of the Hank Wolfe Wildest West Show (no other than Hank himself) was closeted with the Old Man. The Old Man did not fall for Wild West shows easy. Hank Wolfe knew that a Colorado town is no good graft for such a piece of every-day life, even if it is yesterday life; but he needed money to get East, and the poorer his chances the more he wanted help. After all, there were kids and lungers and tourists. I dare say he used an argument more convincing — small perhaps, but not contemptible — before the Old Man came out to us converted. Waving a gallant editorial hand that expressed both his manly consciousness of Miss Foster's sex and his sense of the *Eagle's* condescension, he said — to Miss Foster in particular and the rest of us in general:

"There's a lady-rifle-shot with that bunch of sheep-men in cow-boy clothing down in Faro Pete's field. This gentleman" (curt backward nod to the solicitous Hank), "he says she's been the belle of San Francisco, a placer miner with her own hands, and a champeen shootist, all within five years. That ought to give you a story, Miss Foster, if she'll give it up, and they say she's free-spoken. Also good-looking. Get an evening dress photo. And Miss Darby" (turning to me), "you go along and see if you can get a stick or two of live stuff somewhere else around there."

You see, Miss Foster was getting the plums in assignments away from me, as well as threatening greater injuries. Though she was new to the game, she was also supposed to shine in romance-and-sentiment write-ups. She had an extraordinary lot of fine, large words — for professional purposes only; personally she let the men do the talking.

I don't say she couldn't write, but I'm wise enough to know her looks and her ways didn't hurt her chances any. Haven't I said anything about her looks? I suppose I have a natural reluctance to speak about them, because it is a fact that she had a plenty — plenty for me; dark, smooth, still looks. Maybe what I've told is quite enough to account to the right audience for all her effects, but it would have to be a masculine audience. She had her points, but so had others. I've my share of looks myself; and certainly to us she seemed dull company. No, she was one of those superior executants who keep the rest of us straining ourselves lame to see how and why; all in vain, being the wrong sex for the perception. She wore eye-glasses — that was one small comfort.

While the Old Man was giving us our assignments (and showing off in his old-fashioned-Western-Colonel way while he did it), Jim McGrew seemed to wake up to a sudden interest in the proceedings. He stopped his typewriting, looked, listened, and then flung out of the place while Miss Foster and I were still sweetly helping each other's coats on.

Now, what did that mean? Was he hurrying

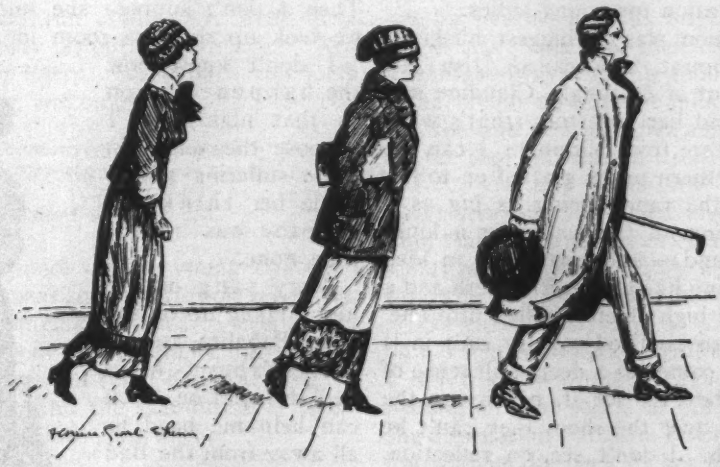
ahead to smooth Miss Foster's path for her, to see that she got more than she could by herself? Or was he perchance overcome with indignant emotion (even if only as a pal) that the best end of the job had been given her? Maybe he was going to Faro Pete's field to turn up nuggets of unsuspected value to help me, so I'd come out ahead!

Perfect drivel, all this; no least sign of plausibility about any of these suggestions; but they convey only a hint of the idiocy that milled around in my head continually those days. Poor Jim could not sneeze without making me feverish as to whether it was a sign he loved me, or whether it was new evidence that he was falling under Miss Foster's spell. Mostly I had enough sad sense left to see that the worst was scheduled to happen, sneezing or no sneezing, unless I (or Providence) got busy. Don't imagine I gave up all the dear old convictions as to your mate being predestined for you, and capable only of truly loving you. Not at all; I didn't, and I don't. I simply knew Miss Foster was blocking true love, and balling up Jim to his fatal undoing, and all because I was not on to my job!

Miss Foster and I started for Faro Pete's field.

Now we'll turn time back in his flight, and look upon far other scenes; so please pigeonhole what I've just told you for future reference.

I went, in my time, to the fashionablest, selectest boarding-school between the Sierra Nevadas and the Missouri River. It was up in the Hill country adjacent to the Rocky Mountains, and, as it may be there yet for all I know, I won't particularize any further; I've got my awe of that school with me yet. Though it is an awe not distinctly related to love, it connects up with wonder all right. It was high-class, that school, stylish as anything in the East; examples and precepts for ladylike behavior working night and day, religion Episcopalian, silver door-knobs, clean napkins for every meal, and just as expensive as anything in San Francisco.



"OFF WE SET ON OUR ASSIGNMENT"

Girls from the ranges and the ranches and the mines and other places were there, and for all of us it was so different and so deadly that the main job for the lady principal was to keep us corralled. That's why it had been moved from another place and put up here in the Hills, a good long ways from anywhere in particular. Running away now was not only a matter of difficulty and endurance,— those girls were likely to run the more for such "dares,"— but, ninety to one, it was a matter of getting caught quick, and that was really discouraging.

One windy night when the everlasting pines were swashing and swirling and moaning all around, above and below and up against our real pressed-brick prison, and tapping their tortured fingers against the panes (for all the world like that dreadful little ghost in "Wuthering Heights"), a bunch of us got together in Mary Mahoney's room, because misery loves company.

The fearsome, strange, piney smell was everywhere, a smell to make you cut your throat when you'd been raised on sage-brush and were used to hearing the wind have the right of way in one straight, roaring, jolly triumph. Claudine and Inez and I were there, and of course Mary. Claudine was from a great Southwest sunny ranch, and I, as you may have guessed, was just off a desert range; Inez came from California, where it had been mines, placer when she could first remember, and then hydraulic, and now more money yet was coming out of the ground through orchards and vineyards; and Mary Mahoney was the daughter of Dan Mahoney, and you know he was the most restless millionaire that ever took chances all over the Pacific slope and beyond. Mary had been into everything we knew, and more too. She'd been everywhere — Texas and Honolulu and British Columbia; she'd even been to New York, but that was when she was too little to know much about it; but she said it smelt worse than the pines.

"PABALITA SMILED AS SMALL A SMILE AS COULD BE MADE TO WORK"

She'd had the bloom of her sensibilities rubbed off knocking around, so she didn't hate the pines the way we did, but she was homesick enough now to be congenial.

You may say, homesick for what? But we understood; she was homesick for her dad and almost any old place that wasn't a high-toned educational institution for young ladies.

Mary, I'll mention, was the biggest, huskiest, heartiest, handsomest, red-headed Irish girl that ever came out of Arizona. Claudine was born in Texas, and her ancestors (that's what she called 'em) were from Virginia. I can see now that her Southern pride, grafted on to her ranch raising,— the ranch being as big as a county and owning all the water for a kingdom's reach around,— had given her an idea of herself something like Queen Elizabeth and a South Sea Island high chiefess rolled into one. I tell you, modern civilized royalty isn't in it with her when it comes to a deep, still sense of almightiness. They try for it, but living the way they do, all over the shop, they can't be provincial enough. I don't see, on reflection, that Claudine's pride has much to do with this story, if anything, but let us hope it may connect up when we get started. Anyway, I'm clear that Inez and I were only extra ladies helping out the picture and making mob noises at the proper cue.

Mary was talking about her cousin Dill; he had lived with them one while, when her father was opening up the Water-Hole mine. She was in the midst of a story about Dill and herself, two twelve-year-olds, running away with a burro and a bottle of water, finding sure-enough gold, and nearly dying in the desert. "Then Dad screwed himself up and shipped me off to my first school," said Mary; "I never had another pardner like Dill after that."

"Tell about the gold," said some one; but just then Claudine exclaimed, *sotto voce:* "There's Pabalita."

We had the door ajar because we thought the scent of supper might waft up from the kitchen (despite the best of modern conveniences for heading it off) and soften the pine smell. Pabalita was standing there.

"Come in," said Mary; "I wouldn't turn an Injun away a night like this."

Now, that Injun reference was a slip of the tongue. The teachers called Pabalita Spanish; Pabalita said nothing, but we knew she was Mexican and had the strongest belief that the rest was Ute. When Mary spoke I got a sure tip from something 'way back in her black eyes: she *was* Ute. Mary tried to make it all right, even if she didn't warm to Pabalita—none of us did. And Pabalita wouldn't have turned around to see us married, or buried, or draw a royal flush. Her indifference was beyond ours; hers rooted 'way down in her type. Do you remember how George Eliot's Gwendolen had "a sense of empty benches when no gentlemen were present"? Our little breed belonged to the same tribe; I see that now. Then I don't suppose she knew herself why we took up so little room in her landscape.

I don't know how she happened in on us that night, but I suppose the wind in those suffering pines made her think any company was better than none.

Mary sang out to her: "Hang up on the bed, Pabalita, seeing the floor's busy. Maybe," she went on, "you can help me head us all away from the Bad Lands. We are milling around here, bent on talking about every harrowing memory we can ring up, from sour dough and flapjacks to nuggets and mavericks."

OUR LADY PRINCIPAL

Pabalita smiled as small a smile as could be made to work, and looked as if she were examining curios she did not mean to buy. Of course she did not say anything; she never did.

But Mary went on: "Let's see who has the prettiest bare feet!"

Comparing our points of beauty — elbows, ankles, eyelashes, what not — was a true and tried solace. We'd have taken Katisha's left shoulder-blade and heel seriously, and allowed her a measured credit on them; but Inez voiced the pervading feeling now: "Any girl that would propose a foot-show," she cried, "would know she was going to win out. No, sir, we won't play into your hand like that, Mary; feet are barred. Go on and tell about the gold. Let's get as homesick as we can."

"A BUNCH OF US GOT TOGETHER IN MARY'S ROOM, BECAUSE MISERY LOVES COMPANY"

But Mary wouldn't, and a silence swamped us that gave Claudine a chance. She loved to play the spellbinder and wring our hearts or make our blood run cold — any little stunt that let her "play on our heartstrings." Now she clasped her knees, rocked back and forth, gazed into space, and crooned:

"Take me to some graveyard
And turn the sod ov-er,
For I'm a young cow-boy
And know I done wrong."

After a few more of the young cow-boy's twenty-nine stanzas she fell into soft recitative: "The boys are singing the herd to sleep. The cattle are restless in the moonlight, but they are getting quiet now and lying down at last. A coyote's howling and the sage-brush is smelling"; she dropped into song again:

"'Twas Sunday night, and the moon was shining bright,
When he robbed the Denver train.
A dirty little coward, when he shot Mr Howard,
He laid Jesse James in his grave."

"G-go on," I sniffled; "Silver Joe was always singing that."

After more of Jesse James she went gunning for Inez. She did a great spiel about a foot-hill fruit-ranch, with the old flumes running by the road, and a crippled old-timer washing out a dollar or two a day, while the big peaches grew as bright as flowers over his head. Sam Lee, their old Chinaman that Inez was always talking about — he'd be skimming cream now in the milk-house by the big fig-tree, and now and then a fig would flop down on the roof and squash itself.

I suppose this is the only one of Claudine's heart-breakers you'd see anything in, but it didn't hit me, and I wanted to see how she set about roping Mary. Mary was not so ready to take the cue for staging her own emotions as school-girls usually are, so Claudine would be on her mettle to make a real impression. Now, I don't know whether Claudine was double-dealing on that round or not; she always said she'd forgotten Pabalita, but I can't help thinking that in the back of her head was a notion of getting glory by killing two birds with one stone.

"What a ladylike supper we had," she commented after a while,— "lamb-chops and French peas and French conversation, none of 'em with any seasoning to speak of, and teachers and a lady principal showing off deport-

ment, and not a man in sight. O Lord, Mary, how I'd like to sit down with you and your father and that Dill-pickle cousin in some adobe place, the mesas turning purple and blue and pink across the desert, and him pow-wowing Spanish with Manuel or the Señora; we'd be eating tortillas and chilli concarne, the happy tears running down our cheeks from seventeen different kinds of peppers, and the ——"

Mary jumped on her where she sat on the floor and clapped a pillow over her face. "Ha!" cried Claudine in triumph, just before she was extinguished, and we were all coming out of our dumps into a fine, helpful fracas, according to schedule, when Pabalita got up stiffly and said, "I'm going home."

I took it for the moment that she was just marking her chill distance from us and our ways, but Mary'd been at the Hill school longer than I and had more sense by nature. She dropped Claudine and the pillow, and, crying out, "Hold on, Kid," she slipped between Pabalita and the door. Then I saw that Pabalita looked queer, as if she was doing a trance-medium act herself. "What are you up to?" said Mary. Pabalita did not say anything—that was her specialty; she only glanced at Mary out of the tail of her eye, and then on through and through the walls to the Lord knows where. Ute dreams are beyond me.

"Here, wake up!" Mary cried. "You try going home, and they'll nab you before your tracks out the front door are cold."

Pabalita, without looking, just made a move of her hand for Mary to stand aside; and she did it that haughty and overbearing it would have jarred a sheep-man. I think Pabalita was half out of herself, and the real inside Mex-Ute arrogance came out unconsciously. It must do both sects a lot of good to feel like that, as long as they can keep it up. Of course, natural as breathing, Mary started to call her down. "You little coyote," she began, and took hold of her arm, not so gently; it was enough to make any one mad, after being kind against the grain, the way Mary had. Some quick movement, a screamy gasp from Mary, then — "You'd bite me, bite *me*, you little tarantula! You've got to learn — white folk's ways." Mary was struggling with the child of nature, and the child of nature, teeth and all, wasn't in it with that righteous Irish girl. Mary got her up under one arm, and sat down and spanked her, just three hearty spanks. "Now you go back to room 43," said Mary, turning her right side up, "like a good little girl."

But Pabalita, her arm over her face, wasn't crying like a good little girl or any other kind; all that Mex-Ute arrogance was striking in and nearly killing her. I don't believe there was a tear, but she could hardly get breath to live. At the door she fetched one gasp deep enough to steady her; she raised her arm straight up from her eyes, so she peered under it. "I'll kill you," she stated, and for sincerity I've never heard that remark beat.

She was gone, and we were staring at each other white-faced. She had scared us, and we were so astonished at our scare that that scared us worse.

"Huh! she'd never have the sand." It was Mary forcing her voice and testifying against her intention to Pabalita's simple eloquence.

"Well, I bet she goes with a knife in her stocking after this," drawled Claudine. We all fell to making merry over Pabalita's homicidal tendencies, but we knew too much about Mexicans and Utes for success. Half an hour later, just when a recurring silence had forced itself on us, we heard a sound, soft, stealthy, significant; the great oak doors to our imposing entrance-hall were opened and closed again.

"She's gone; that's her," aspirated Mary, clutching me, still intuitive, though ungrammatical.

"Maybe not; might be only ——"

"I tell you she's running away, and a good job, too," said Mary cheerfully.

We all looked cheerful for a moment, and then not so cheerful. Pabalita was younger than the rest of us; after all ——

"*I'm* not going after her," Mary asserted.

"We'll go get Pete," said Claudine; and Inez and I joined in after our usual Greek-chorus manner.

Our lady principal behind his back called Pete "our coachman"; he called himself "the only man on the place," and bullied and protected the whole establishment accordingly. Pete stood in with us girls, and we shared a code that regarded any appeal to the alleged authorities as pusillanimous treachery. In this case no appeal could have made any difference, since Pete must have been their only resource, as he was ours.

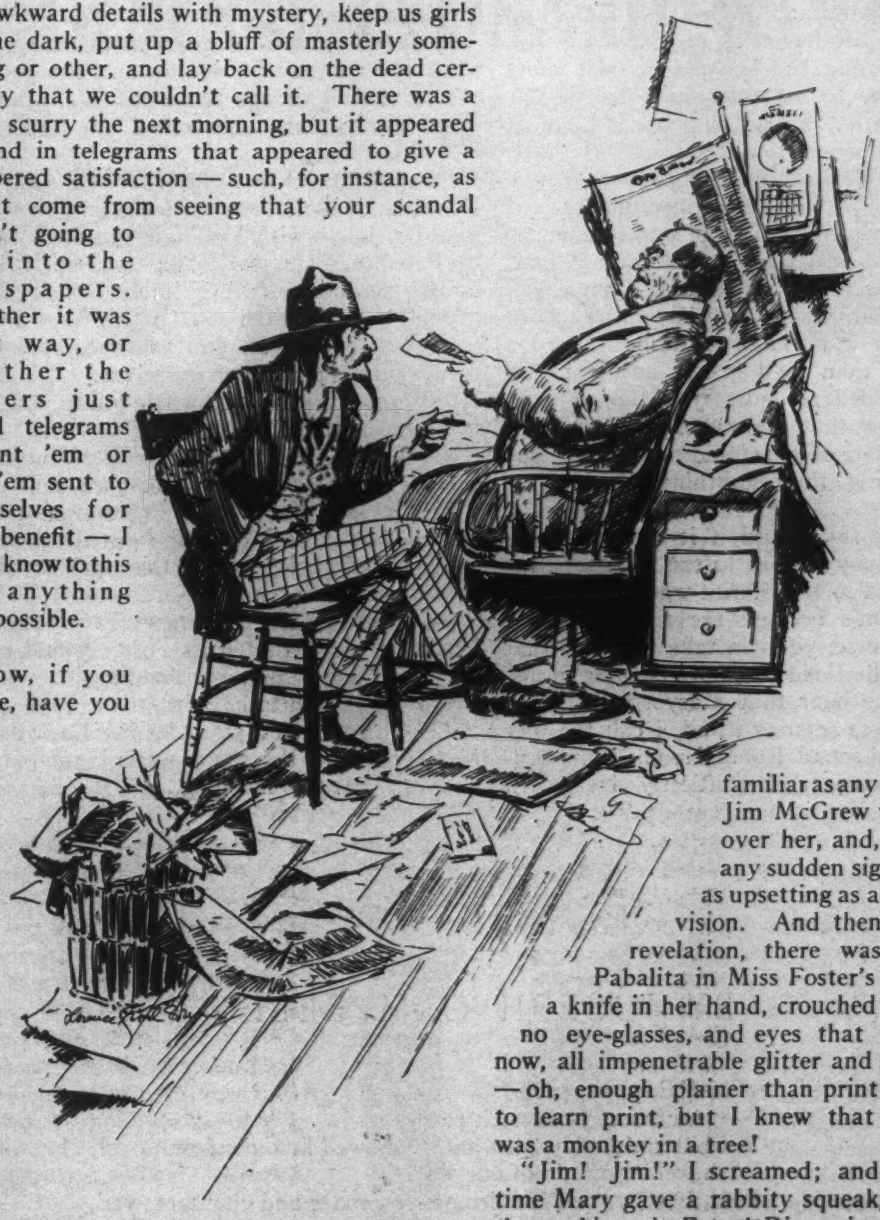
Pete started down the black, roaring, wind-swept road, confident that he'd overtake the runaway before she could turn off, hire a horse, or otherwise complicate the problem. Of course Mary huddled by the stable with the rest of us, waiting for news. "It's all foolishness, working ourselves up half way on purpose over Pabalita and a knife," said she. "This school hasn't made me so timid and refined yet a while but that I'll be glad to see that crank kid fetched in out of the wet." Yet there was no doubt in my mind that one spot in Mary's make-up was relieved as well as surprised when

not a trace of Pabalita could Pete find. What he'd thought a sure thing was a total loss. He reported to Mary at her window in the small hours, and said the Ute must have come out on top in the young lady, for sure no white female could ever have euchred him like that.

We never heard another word about Pabalita. The lady principal's little game was to surround all awkward details with mystery, keep us girls in the dark, put up a bluff of masterly something or other, and lay back on the dead certainty that we couldn't call it. There was a little scurry the next morning, but it appeared to end in telegrams that appeared to give a tempered satisfaction — such, for instance, as might come from seeing that your scandal wasn't going to get into the newspapers. Whether it was that way, or whether the powers just faked telegrams — sent 'em or had 'em sent to themselves for our benefit — I don't know to this day; anything was possible.

Now, if you please, have you got all straight in your head what I told you only a few minutes ago about Miss Foster and me and Jim McGrew and the *Daily Eagle* and Hank Wolfe's Wildest West Show? Very well; off we two set on our assignment. I thought I'd take a minute's look at the shootist lady myself, just because I wanted to, so I followed Miss Foster into her tent; whereupon I got a quick succession of varied impressions, all striking, some dumfounding, all taken together paralyzing. First (only there was no first, they all came together in a flash, for all it takes forever to tell them), there in buckskin skirt, sitting on a stool cleaning a gun, was Mary Mahoney, as strange and familiar as any dream. Also, Jim McGrew was standing over her, and, in my state, any sudden sight of Jim was as upsetting as a supernatural vision. And then, stupendous revelation, there was Pabalita — Pabalita in Miss Foster's clothes, with a knife in her hand, crouched for a spring, no eye-glasses, and eyes that were all Ute now, all impenetrable glitter and plain murder — oh, enough plainer than print! You have to learn print, but I knew that look when I was a monkey in a tree!

"Jim! Jim!" I screamed; and at the same time Mary gave a rabbity squeak, and fell off the stool into the Fourth Dimension, she was not. Oh, words are an antiquated medium for a scene like this; what I want is moving pictures. You couldn't have said Jack Robinson from the time I entered till, besides the doings I've told, Jim had sprung for Pabalita, and I'd sprung between them (through some sort of reflex ac-



"THE PRESS AGENT OF THE WILDEST WEST SHOW WAS CLOSETED WITH THE 'OLD MAN'"

tion that had no more to do with my brain than with the stock market), and Jim and I had collided and were holding to each other like a drowning pair, and the psychological climax of this tale was staged; for, from one breath to another, all that might have distracted our attention from each other vanished. With one convulsive gulp, Miss Foster had, so to speak, swallowed Pabalita and dropped her knife; and while Jim and I were waking up in a new world, she was adjusting her eye-glasses, and using them (as came to me afterward) to look us over intelligently. I don't suppose it required preternatural penetration to read our state, though, when it comes to telling about it, lyric poetry seems the only verbal medium for conveying the simplest outline of our experience. In lack of that, all there is to be said is that, what with one thing and another, Jim's feelings had got the crystallizing jar, and we both knew it, knew a world of beautiful things, a little quicker than we'd known anything else in those crowded seconds. Jim thought and thinks he knew that that same jar crystallized my feelings too; some stupidities are a little more endearing than anything else in the world.

There's my story, and if it does not adequately point my text as to the frightful risks in being bound to the chariot wheels of Proper Tradition, that's because the risks were not yours. Of course, you can take the view that Pabalita was destined to be my blessing in disguise from the hour that Mary spanked her; but, if Fate was running us all, I call the way she trailed us round Robin Hood's barn brutally unnecessary and shiftlessly inefficient. No, it was just luck; that irresponsible jade was left to play jackstones with us, and no thanks to Proper Tradition that Jim and I chanced to be tossed together.

Jim was (is) James Dill McGrew, the cousin Mary prospected with at the age of twelve. He did not know what she was up to till, in the office that day, he got a hunch, and lit out to investigate.

Mary was always as quick as lightning, and when the great scene was on and she got her cue to vanish, though it seemed like a hocus-pocus miracle, she only rolled out under the side of the tent.

Disappearances were the order of the day; as I've said, Miss Foster in one instant managed (like Dr. Jekyll with Mr. Hyde) to de-materialize Pabalita. The world had stood on its head for ten seconds and then lurched back again; it completely righted itself when Miss Foster said smoothly to us, Jim and me, before we remembered to unclutch ourselves:

"I think I'll leave this whole job to you two; there seem to be too many of us here," commented that defeated but ironical murderess, thereupon retreating, a shade pale, but as if with the honors of war. Pabalita and Miss Foster showed their oneness right there, in the sublime and sapient cheek that tackled no explanations whatever.

But Jim and I both knew that Mary was henceforth safe, that Miss Foster would never let Pabalita get the upper hand again.

Mary was glad to hear it.

Also, I got such a story for the *Eagle* as put Miss Foster in the shade until I got married and quit. It was not long.

CORONACH

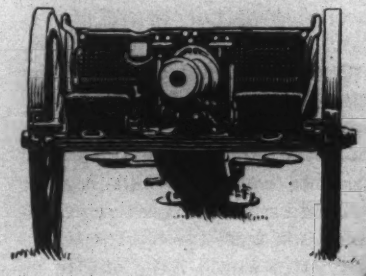
BY JOSEPH CAMPBELL

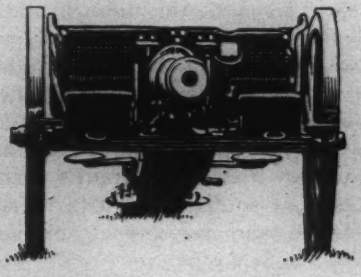
COME, pipes, sound
A crooning coronach round,
Till hill and hollow glen and shadowed lake o'erflow
With welling music of our woe.
Beat, beat, ye muffled drums, ye drones and chanters, wail,
With heartbreak of the baffled, battle-broken Gael.
The clay is deep on Ireland's breast:
Her proud and bleeding heart is laid at last to rest —
To rest . . . to rest!

WHY WE HAVE NO ARMY

An Interview With GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

Chief of Staff of the United States Military Establishment





GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

THE United States has now, practically speaking, no army at all. It spends $100,000,000 a year for one — two thirds as much as France pays for her immense army.

General Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff of the United States military forces, in the following interview given to George Kibbe Turner of McCLURE'S, tells why we have no army now; and how we can have one, provided Congress will receive and act upon the plans for reorganization which the experts of the War Department are working out.

There is, as usual, great political pressure being exerted in Congress to continue the present ridiculous waste of money in the War Department, and prevent its use for preparation for war.—EDITOR.

THE United States spends over $100,000,000 a year on our military establishment [said General Wood]. It is the natural popular belief that we have an army — a mobile army, properly trained and organized, and, though small, always available for use. As a matter of practical fact, we have no such army.

Our officers and soldiers are as good as any on earth. We have an excellent coast artillery — I believe the best in the world — defending our main harbors; we have, or shall have a few months from now, small but efficient garrisons in our foreign possessions; and we have — in place of a mobile army — another series of garrisons in about fifty military posts scattered across this continent. That is all. The War Department is now seeking from Congress permission to give the people of the United States what they should have — a modern army.

The growth of the present extraordinary military situation in the United States has been a very simple one. At the close of the Civil War the American people saw no need for a standing army. They had no fear of invasion of their own soil and no intention of invading others'. They retained a few regiments, serving largely as Indian constabulary, and scattered these in companies

across the great territory west of the Missouri. The last serious Indian fight came in 1890 at Wounded Knee. After that our Indian troubles dwindled and disappeared.

While this was going on, a corresponding process was taking place at Washington in the War Department. The Secretary of War found the work under him divided by law into two branches. The first of these, the military division, was supposed to be under the commanding general of the army.

As there was no organized army, in any practical sense of the word, too little attention was given to this branch and its head. The office of the Secretary of War was here on the second floor of the Army Building, where it is now. The commanding general's office was off in the far corner of the first floor. And when General Sherman was commanding general, under President Grant's administration, he became so disgusted with the situation that he left Washington and established his headquarters in St. Louis.

The actual work of the War Department was carried on by the various supply bureaus who had charge of the "paper work" — the correspondence, records, purchasing and forwarding of supplies — connected with feeding and clothing the Indian-fighters on the frontier and the few troops of coast artillery on the seaboard. These bureaus were directed by officers permanently appointed to them. They offered the most desirable places in the army to those who preferred the office side of army life to soldiering. They absorbed an undue proportion of the high rank of the entire service. These staff officers, dealing principally with records and correspondence, were grouped about the Secretary of War and were naturally his chief advisers; and they represented, and still represent to a considerable extent in the eyes of Congress, the opinions of the army. They were permanently in Washington. As a class they were excellent men, many of them distinguished in their profession. But, gradually, separation from troops, permanency in office, security of position until retirement, produced the inevitable result — loss of practical knowledge of the army's needs and conditions. The situation was not unlike that which would exist between members of Congress and their constituents if the former were elected for life and made only infrequent visits to their districts.

So the War Department of the United States in the late '90's consisted of a civilian Secretary and Assistant Secretary of War as department heads, and a corps of permanent bureau chiefs directing a relatively great and increasing force of stenographers and record clerks in Washington; and a few thousand highly efficient troops watching vanishing Indians in the far West. The situation was well illustrated, when the Spanish War came, by the comment of one fine old bureau chief on the situation in his bureau.

"This is awful," he said. "I had just got my office in the best shape it was ever in; and along comes this war and upsets everything!"

Cuban War Forces Reorganization

The Cuban campaign, as everybody knows, was a striking example of our entire unpreparedness for war. Fortunately, our enemy, though brave and resourceful, were even less prepared than ourselves. But, from a purely military standpoint, it was unfortunate that it stopped just when it did, before it showed fully the condition we were in. Our regular army was largely used up by the Santiago campaign; many of our men were too old for active service. Further battles would have had to be fought mostly by volunteers, and there were waiting for them around Havana about 100,000 trained Spanish troops, well armed and anxious to fight. We would have had a hard lesson, but a most valuable one, if the war had not ended when it did. In a military sense, it would have been of the greatest value to us if war had gone on, since it would have shown the need of preparation and of a complete and thorough reorganization of our staff corps system, as represented by the bureaus of the War Department.

As it was, some reorganization was unavoidable. We had acquired foreign territory, which had to be garrisoned; the country demanded artillery to protect its harbors. In 1901 the legal limit of the army was raised from 25,000 to 100,000 men. And in 1903, under Secretary Root, a general staff system was inaugurated to replace the old commanding general and shape the War Department and army into an instrument of war.

Our general staff was modeled along the lines in vogue in European armies for the past forty years. Its members and its chief are selected and returned to the active army at short intervals, and it was planned to have it represent the most intelligent opinion of the line of our army. And the War Department began to be organized for war.

One of the most important developments, after the change, was the building up of the system of instructing our most promising young officers in "service schools," and the introduction there of the methods of education used by the modern European armies.

We Begin to Teach Officers War

The success of Germany in war was founded upon her so-called "applicatory method" of instruction, which was introduced effectively into the schools of our officers in 1904. Frederick the Great inaugurated the idea; Von Moltke built on it, in the '60's, the "army of schoolmasters" who overwhelmed Austria and France. It is merely the education of the military judgment of officers by a continuous working out of concrete war problems, starting with the imaginary disposition of troops and ending in the actual manoeuvers of opposing forces. But it is not only an education of the body of officers: it is a continuous examination for military judgment, by which the most suitable officers are selected. In Germany and France, where it is most rigid, it may be said that many a general officer takes both a helmet and a silk hat to manoeuvers; he does not know which he will be wearing when he goes away.

These service schools gave our officers the first real idea of warfare that had existed for a generation. Scattered with their small companies across the country, the officers' practical, working conception of the use of troops had not extended much beyond their own small detachments, and almost never beyond the arm of the service — infantry, cavalry, or artillery — to which they belonged.

In 1901, when the army was increased, many men enlisted for the Philippines. As the force in the Islands was reduced, troops returned to the United States. It was necessary to house them, and they were placed in such quarters as were available. Many of the old stations were used. Some were enlarged, and much of the army was located at the former Indian posts, where it was expensive to maintain them and where they were not required for military purposes.

There were something over fifty army posts then, many of them located in the sparsely settled West. They were small plants located in military reservations, most of which were set aside from public lands when those lands were almost valueless. They were naturally places of magnificent distances. One of them was formerly larger than the State of Rhode Island; most of the others ranged in area from square miles to scores of square miles.

As the troops of the enlarged army extended themselves in these great parks, Congress very lavishly constructed for them villages of handsome buildings, arranged on the lines of unusually spacious residence parks. There were miles of sidewalks and roads and mains, acres of officers' lawns, half-mile stretches from the storehouses to the quarters. The occupation of over fifty posts split up the army into little detachments which now average some six hundred men. The development of the posts into splendid parks completed the absorption of the army, and converted its garrisons largely into laborers and watchmen.

The More Money, the Less Army

In this way the strength of the army — the military force which the people of the United States believe they have to-day — was dissipated. It was, so to speak, split up into companies of walk-cleaners, battalions of lawn-mowers, and regiments of patrolmen. Our antique method of doing guard duty, which would be discarded at once on the outbreak of war, focused the attention and apprehension of the soldier more than any military training which he received.

Fully half of the time and energy of our garrisons was taken up by work unnecessary and useless from a military view. From the commander of a post to the last common soldier, the thousand petty details of housekeeping and landscape-gardening crowded out, and still crowd out, the work of training for war.

In the United States a company at full war strength contains one hundred and fifty men; a European company contains two hundred and fifty. Now, the peace strength of one of our companies is only sixty-five men, and out of these very frequently only twenty-five or thirty men were available for instruction. Effective instruction is very difficult under these conditions. Officers and men become discouraged. The situation is often reduced almost to an absurdity. The administrative work had replaced to a great extent the purely military work. Paper work had become a fetish. The instruction of even the smallest unit of the army — the company — was seriously interfered with; the larger units were practically unknown; and, long before the division unit was reached, all practice had entirely disappeared.

This whole situation was, and still is, a military absurdity. Up to 1910, the United States spent $95,000,000 on these military parks, over a third of it in the preceding ten years. It was much worse than the waste which usually comes from haphazard development of this kind: it defeated the end it was aimed at. For, the more money that was spent, the less army there could be.

The Failure in Texas

Year by year this became more apparent; and then, last year, came the Texas manoeuvers.

Early in March a call was sent out to assemble near the Mexican border one division of troops — the smallest body that can be considered an army. It was a movement which, in case of actual war, must be carried through immediately. After three months, during which the energy of the recruiting establishment was to a large extent concentrated upon the task, it was not possible to raise this one division from its skeleton peace form to more than about two thirds its full war strength. In other words, in three months the United States had failed to recruit one single division up to proper strength for war.

The concentration at San Antonio demonstrated conclusively our helplessness to meet with trained troops any sudden emergency, unless an adequate reserve, from which our skeleton organizations can be filled up, is provided in time of peace. People forget that the mere assemblage of armed men is not an army. An army is a well-balanced entity, with definitely prescribed parts. The mere assembling of men carrying arms comes far short of being an army in the true sense of the word. The troops of the division which we assembled had never had any instruction as parts of a division. None of the officers had ever commanded a division; few had ever seen one. And this applied not only to the younger officers but to those of long service.

The Texas manoeuvers were a great object lesson, not of efficient organization, but of lack of efficient organization. Everybody saw this who was even moderately familiar with military matters. The foreign attachés were courteous: they talked enthusiastically concerning the sanitary work and the success of our typhoid inoculation, of the fine physique and appearance of the men; but of a division equipped for the field they spoke not at all.

The situation, then, was very clear after the Texas manoeuvers. Our army in the United States is not organized as an army, and there is no way for us to organize it, under the present scattered locations of our posts. Individually we have, perhaps, the best officers and enlisted men in the world — a fine body of men, largely diverted from their ordinary military training by their daily duties as landscape-gardeners and caretakers of so-called military posts, which we maintain, not because of military necessity, but as the inheritance of a vicious system. In the larger movements of an army they are, from the standpoint of actual experience, entirely untrained. If they should be suddenly assembled for war, our troops would find themselves a good deal in the position of a fleet whose ships, until that moment, had always operated under independent commanders and had never combined in training or fleet evolutions. The training of the company — such as we have had — has served to develop our company officers; the training of the regiment has given some training to our regimental commanders: but the training of brigades and divisions, which is just as important for general officers and for an army as a whole, has been absolutely lacking.

Since long before the time of the Texas manoeuvers, the direction of the effort of the War Department had been toward the final reorganization of our army which must ultimately come. We have done away with the old territorial department system under which our posts were grouped; concentrated administration, instead, at the three division headquarters in the United States and one in the Philippines; and left the department commanders, formerly busy with administrative work, practically free for the thorough inspection and instruction of the troops of their commands.

A serious effort, also, is being made in the War Department to reduce the costly, unwieldy, and to a great extent useless system of records and correspondence. There is a point, in all business affairs, beyond which it is not worth while to keep a record of events. And in the army we record in writing a vast amount of business which could be more promptly and efficiently executed by direct verbal instructions. Altogether the system which we have established not only takes the time of officers and men, and demands disproportionately great appropriations for civilian employees in time of peace, but it could not, in time of war, be maintained at all.

In all these changes we have been working out the general common-sense principle that the object of the machinery of a War Department is to keep a fighting force in as efficient condition and as strong as its appropriations will permit, and that only the expenditures that are absolutely necessary should be diverted to its correspondence and in administering the business of equipment and supply.

But all this work of ours was not fundamental; a real reorganization was something which we saw, more and more, to be essential. And it was as a foundation for such a reorganization that the Department recently submitted to Congress a plan proposing the redisposition of our troops in such a manner as would fulfil the purpose of an army.

A Real Army and a Saving of $6,000,000

With our land force at its present strength, when the garrisons of our oversea possessions

and the Canal Zone are completed, we shall have not over 25,000 men for the mobile army of the United States. The situation has grown out of our rapid expansion and our greatly increased responsibilities. But, having placed ourselves in this position, it is all the more essential that we train and organize our troops abroad and at home to the highest state of efficiency. Our plan for the distribution of our troops inside our own borders is made to secure this efficiency in a mobile army in the United States.

A mobile army is most useful on the borders of a country, not in its interior. Our plan proposes eight or nine army posts, or groups of posts, situated near the railroad centers best commanding our boundaries. Ultimately they would probably be arranged so that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and the Canadian and Mexican frontiers would each have three posts accessible for their protection.

LEONARD WOOD

HEAD OF THE MOST UNFIT ARMY THE UNITED STATES HAS HAD SINCE THE REVOLUTION

In six of these posts, or groups of posts, we could put at once reinforced brigades, that is, a third of an army (a division) at peace strength and containing all three arms of the army — infantry, cavalry, and artillery — in the proportions used in war. In the other two posts we would put cavalry. But ultimately we would hope to have at least a third of a division, at peace strength, in each post, and in one a full division — in other words, a small army at peace strength.

But, even on the smallest scale, this plan would give us a real army — for the first time since the Civil War. A few thousand men would be freed to devote practically their entire time to military training; they would be concentrated in such a way that they could be kept constantly educated by practice in the actual movements of an army in modern war. One telegram to one commander, the pulling down of the proper paper from its pigeonhole at the headquarters of one of these eight or nine centers, and a brigade of trained troops would be on its way to the frontier. Three such telegrams, and a division — a trained army at peace strength — would be assembling.

Now, this small army which we want would not be an additional expense. On the contrary, if our full plan should be put into operation it would save nearly $6,000,000 a year. And by selling off our useless posts the net cost of installing the new establishment would be practically nothing. In addition, I believe, myself, that if we are allowed to work out a cutting down of the general overhead charges of the department, we can ultimately make a saving of nearly $10,000,000 a year.

If we are allowed to work out this preliminary plan, the first step will be the work of establishing this little force of a few thousand men — an army reduced to its lowest terms. But, in itself, this is only half the plan. The next step — now being worked out in detail — would be to establish an army such as the United States sooner or later must have, upon this as a basis.

The United States has two principal uses for an army: first, to maintain our international obligations upon this continent; second, to

repel possible invasion by the great military nations of other continents. An army of 25,000 or 30,000, properly drilled and stationed, might be thought to fill the first need; but never the second.

450,000 Soldiers at Present Cost

The needs of the United States to insure its defense against invasion by the four or five great military powers have been carefully worked out by the war college, the theoretical division of the general staff. The smallest possible provision is for an army of 450,000 men. The possibility of war upon this continent is not immediate, it is true; but it is far greater than it was twenty-five years ago, and every year it becomes a more practical question. There are at least four great nations which, given sea control for a short period of time, could land from two to three hundred thousand men on our coast.

The United States needs at least 450,000 men at home and in its foreign garrisons. It has something over 75,000 regulars and about 120,000 militia. Even if these men were all highly trained for war — which they are not — the country would have less than half the forces that it needs for self-defense. The general staff is still working on the detailed plans for the establishment of a proper army of this kind, which it would like to present to Congress as a basis for proper legislation. But I am confident that such plans, completed and carried out, could provide for a trained army of defense of 450,000 men for little, if any, more than the average cost of our present establishment. This can be done simply by bringing in another modern idea, which has been accepted as a matter of course in Europe for fifty years.

The United States still retains, in the principles of its military establishment, the eighteenth-century idea of a permanent standing army. Our men are now enlisted for three-year periods; but every inducement of increasing pay in re-enlistment is made to keep a man continuously in the army. Up to the time when he has had eighteen years of service, the more continuous terms a man serves as a common soldier, the more he costs. He can be thoroughly instructed in one period of three years, and then should be passed into an organized reserve for a period of years, not less than four. The non-commissioned officers should be encouraged to continue in service, as they are an essential part of the teaching force.

The absurdity of the present system is brought out by carrying its tendency to its logical conclusion — the rounding out of a full term of thirty years' service in the army — at which time you would have, according to existing cost figures, over $30,000 invested in a man who is much too old for war. This archaic system of a standing army not only produces poorer men at a maximum cost, but it creates the situation which now exists — a small stationary body of soldiers.

The European method is to train as many members of its population as possible to the use of arms, just as they are entering manhood — at the age when the training will create the least possible interference with their economic career. In the greater military powers, like Germany, the term of service is two years; in Switzerland it is only a few months. From the regular service the soldiers pass into a reserve of trained men, subject to call in case of war. The army is, in fact, a great mill through which the population is passed and trained to bear arms. In this way European countries produce tremendous armies at a minimum cost. In this way the Swiss Republic, with a population of 3,500,000, can mobilize in three days a trained army of 200,000 men perfectly equipped for war. Behind them is a first reserve of 300,000, part of whom have served their time in the active army. And her military establishment costs her about $5,500,000 a year.

This military training not only serves as a preparation for war, but it is of the greatest economic value to the countries concerned. A man gets in Germany two years of healthy and athletic life. He is taught to respect the duly constituted authorities; he is taught respect for the flag and his obligations to his country in time of war; both his mind and body are trained and fitted better to discharge the duties of civil life through his improvement in physique and his disciplinary training, which render him a more reliable and dependable employee, in fact, a better working machine.

This country can not have, and at present does not want, the compulsory military service of European countries. But that would not prevent the adoption of the modern method of training an army of young men by a short term of active service, to be followed by another period in a reserve army, subject to call upon the outbreak of war.

No exact adaptation of this idea for American use has yet been completed by the general staff, but it is not hard to show how it could be used to furnish this country with an adequate trained army of defense.

A regular army of 100,000 men serving for three years would graduate some 25,000 private soldiers a year into a reserve; the same army serving two years would graduate about 40,000.

If men were required to serve four years in the reserve there would be at the end of four years — with the common European two-year term — 260,000 men in the regular army.

There are now 120,000 men in the militia. If this force, which usually follows the regular army in its regulations, should establish a three-year reserve service after its present term of three years' work, there would be at least 200,000 militiamen in the country, in active service or reserve. Altogether there would be a possible army of 460,000 men.

The cost of this army — following the great savings which we can make, and after the close now at hand of the present period of big investment in fortifications — could be kept down so that the total cost of our military establishment need not exceed what it has been in the past few years. We would spend this money for fighting men, and not for records or real estate.

For this expenditure we would have a modern army. The regular men would be undergoing a thorough military training at the time of life when it is most attractive; the reservists could enter regular economic life, subject for four years only to call for war, and for not more than a few days of drill a year. They would cost $50 or $60 a year, for the expenses of their drills, and in pay for sending in the monthly reports of their whereabouts, which they would make to the War Department. The militia would be trained in conjunction with the regular army — the new plans for the location of the regular troops in concentrated posts being specially made with this in view.

When once actual training in military duties was established, the interest of the population, now killed by the nature of our military service, would furnish the recruits that are needed; and, for the same cause, the desertions, which have in past years been a disgrace to the service, would tend to stop. The officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, would be retained year after year — a permanent organization — to train the population to perform, if called upon, the most sacred duty of the citizen — the defense of his country.

This is a rough outline of the purpose of the Secretary of War and the general staff to create a modern army, adapted to American conditions, in this country. It is not militarism, not an increase of expenditure, that is wanted; but merely to organize the War Department of the nation for the uses it was intended for, according to the carefully worked out plans of its experts.

A general plan looking to the complete reorganization of the army will be presented to Congress this year. This plan will state what, in the opinion of the War Department, is considered to be a well-balanced army, with the necessary proportions of the different arms, auxiliary troops, etc. It will also embody a scheme for a reserve, which will be established along lines consistent with our ideals and institutions.

The principal energy of the general staff has been concentrated for months upon a most carefully and thoroughly studied plan for reorganizing the military establishment of the United States upon a military basis, and creating a real army, always fit for war and readily expansible to its maximum strength, from an organized and well-trained reserve.

We can not justify our present expensive military establishment unless we make it the means of preparing the country for war. The question now before the country is: Shall we do this? or shall we continue our present expensive policy, which, however it may deceive the uninformed, is known to all military students the world over to be unsound, and to be one which will fail us in time of need?

Under a continuance of the present policy we can, without doubt, successfully meet the minor questions and maintain our international obligations and interests among small and weak nations. But it will not be adequate to meet the serious questions that unquestionably will some day confront us, when we are brought face to face with a really powerful, well-organized country prepared for war. We should not forget that we have not since the Revolution been confronted by such a condition.

MY "IMMORAL" PLAY

The Story of the First American Production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession"

BY MARY SHAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

More than any other actress in this country Mary Shaw has stood for what is new and daring and experimental in dramatic art. When Ibsen was an unknown name in America and "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts" were looked upon by critics as plays that could never by any possibility be acted, Mary Shaw carried his name across America into the mining camps and the small country towns

The following article is Miss Shaw's remarkable account of how she played "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in America, in the face of a storm of criticism and abuse such as probably no other actress has ever confronted in our time. This play was a great dramatist's supreme challenge to society. Miss Shaw's story is the record of how America answered the challenge.

I RECEIVED a telephone message, one day in October, 1905, asking me to come to the Garrick Theater that evening to see Mr. Daly about playing the title rôle in "Mrs. Warren's Profession." When I got there Mr. Daly told me that the play of Bernard Shaw's in which he was appearing at the time had failed to catch on with the public, and that he wanted to put on "Mrs. Warren's Profession" for ten days. He proposed to begin rehearsals immediately.

Comstock Attempts to Suppress Bernard Shaw

The original cast was made up of well-known actors. Miss Chrystal Herne was Vivie Warren, Mr. Fred Tyler was Sir George Crofts, Mr. John Findlay was the Reverend Samuel Gardner, I was Mrs. Warren, and Mr. Arnold Daly was Frank Gardner. Mr. Daly put the play on himself; the entire stage direction was his. We had hardly begun the rehearsals when a letter appeared in the New York newspapers, given out by that censor of morals, Mr. Anthony Comstock, saying that his attention had been called to the fact that this reprehensible play was to be produced, and he should use every means in his power to stop the production, as he had used every means in his power to keep Mr. Shaw's books out of the public libraries of the State. Mr. Daly printed an answer to him in the pa-

pers, and the controversy between these two waxed hot and strong while the piece was in preparation. A city election was in progress at that time, and the newspapers divided their attention between the political situation and the coming production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Before the opening night "Mrs. Warren's Profession," if anything, was occupying much more of their attention than the election.

We opened in New Haven, Connecticut. There had been a football game between Princeton and Yale that day, and Yale was victorious. There were more than a thousand undergraduates in the galleries. We, in our innocence, assumed that all of these thousand collegians were familiar with a literary play like "Mrs. Warren's Profession." We knew the quality of the audience, which downstairs in the parquet consisted of the faculty of Yale, all the distinguished professors, all the literary people of New Haven; as I said, at the top were the undergraduates. We were very early made aware that these young men, for the most part, knew little more of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" than they had absorbed from the daily papers. They were looking for something offensive and coarse in the play, and, to our amazement, in the very first act speeches that had no significance beyond their literal meaning were greeted with laughter and exclamations.

Yale Undergraduates Hoot "Mrs. Warren's Profession"

The first act passed off with nothing more striking than this spirit of interpreting into perfectly harmless speeches disagreeable meanings. The second act came on, and before the time when Mrs. Warren and her daughter Vivie are left alone upon the stage, and the mother tells that wonderful story of her life in a straightforward manner, it had become plain to all of us that there was going to be trouble. Mr. Daly was much concerned, and whispered to me on the stage that if there were any offensive manifestations I was to give directions for the curtain to be rung down instantly.

The other actors left the scene. When Vivie demanded of her mother, Mrs. Warren, "Who was my father?" pandemonium broke loose in the upper galleries. I waited patiently for it to subside, and replied: "I can not tell you. You don't know what you ask." Again pandemonium. It was impossible to proceed.

The staid professors and responsible people in the lower part of the house started a counter-demonstration of hisses and cries of, "Order! Keep still." Miss Herne and I stood calmly on the stage, giving the audience time to settle it among themselves. At last the people of the University and responsible society had their way and there was order. In that short space of time a sudden conviction came upon me that it was going to be impossible to play Kitty Warren as Kitty Warren should be played, in the vulgar cockney dialect to which she reverted in strong feeling. Knowing something of the methods of controlling mob spirit in audiences, I strode to the head of the table, took on the manner of Lady Macbeth, and played the entire scene in loud, sonorous tones with menace in every one of them. An appalling silence fell upon the theater. There was no more trouble of any kind from the undergraduates, and when the curtain fell upon the second act they paid the tribute that cowards always pay to the courageous, and gave us about ten curtain calls.

As they ran downstairs for refreshments after the act, our business manager in front heard the very significant remark, "Gee, there's no fun in this; this is a sermon." This was confirmed by Professor Phelps, who came in behind to encourage us and applaud us. He said: "I knew as soon as I saw Miss Shaw assume that attitude that the disturbance was going to be quelled, and that we were going to see the full significance of the play." I really didn't play Mrs. Warren at all; I preached a sermon. The play passed off without further incident, and at its close some distinguished men and women met us on the stage and expressed their appreciation of the performance.

The Mayor of New Haven Decides to "Cut It Out"

The house was sold out for the Saturday matinée and Saturday night, but at about eleven o'clock on Saturday morning Mr. Daly called me on the telephone, and asked me to go with him and the business manager to the Mayor's office. I was unable to go, but I heard about the interview from Mr. Daly.

The Mayor asked: "What kind of a play is that you are giving up there at the Hyperion Theater? I have had three or four delegations of people here this morning protesting against it, and numberless calls on the telephone from citizens asking to have it stopped."

The Mayor had never heard of the play before, nor of Bernard Shaw, for that matter. When told that Bernard Shaw was a prominent man of letters, that his play had been published in book form many years before, and had been in the leading libraries of the world for a number of years, he was greatly astonished. His principal query was, "What do you do in it?" throwing great emphasis on the "do." He was told that

nothing unusual was done, and that the only exception that could be taken to the play was that it contained a truthful characterization of a woman of the under-world, with her statements of her reasons for adopting her manner of life, and her philosophy of that life. He found it hard to see what all the opposition was about. He was under the impression that something very improper must be done that had shocked the sensibilities of the audience.

There were in the office men who had waited, at the Mayor's request, to make charges against Mr. Daly. The Mayor turned abruptly in his chair and said: "What is all this row about? There are lots of plays that have Mrs. Warrens in them. What is the particular trouble with this play?"

The men seemed unable to state just what the trouble was, but one brilliant person said the name of the play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," was one of the most objectionable things about it.

The Mayor regretted very much that he had not seen the performance. His manner clearly indicated that he thought it was a tempest in a teapot, but he said very courteously to Mr. Daly: "Well, I guess I will have to shut this thing up; there seems to be a lot of noise about it, and the wisest thing to do would be just to cut it out."

Police Commissioner McAdoo Expurgates the Play

We left for New York that afternoon. On arriving in New York, we learned, to our dismay, that all of the attacks in the papers had borne fruit, and Mr. William McAdoo, the Police Commissioner, was waiting to seize our prompt-book and expurgate "Mrs. Warren's Profession," if possible, so that it might come within the lines of decency. The manuscript was delivered to Mr. McAdoo, and he blue-penciled it as he thought fit. The genial Police Commissioner made no pretensions, I am sure, to being a literary person in any way, and did not bother himself particularly as to the context. He simply picked out a few phrases and expressions that he thought might be a little dangerous, and he left the work of putting the stuff together into some similitude of sense to the hapless actor who was trying to interpret the rôle. Mrs. Warren seemed to be the person who had most in her rôle that was objectionable, and I shall never forget the sensations I experienced when my part was handed to me with these blue-penciled passages taken out of it. Mr. Daly, in the meantime, had become alarmed, and very dramatically warned me I must not speak one word except just as it was blue-penciled by the Com-

"I BEGGED A POLICEMAN TO GET ME THROUGH THE CROWD, TELLING HIM THAT THERE WOULD
THROUGH THIS STRUGGLING MASS OF PEOPLE, WHO WERE SHRIEKING AND

missioner; if I did, it was probable that we would be shut up: they were looking for trouble.

What a New York Mob Can Be Like

On the opening night, as I approached the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway, I saw huge crowds of people packing solidly the whole length of Thirty-fourth Street, and I thought at first there must be a fire. I was told by a policeman that they were people who were trying to get into the Garrick Theater. I found it impossible to make any headway from Broadway, and I turned back, intending to go around the other way to the back door. This approach was, if anything, more terribly crowded and blocked than the other. A cordon of police were endeavoring to keep the people out of the streets, so that the traffic might pass. Ticket speculators were shrieking out impossible prices for seats. I saw tickets handed along through the crowd, and one man in an automobile secured seats in the back of the balcony for sixty dollars each.

I turned again and made my way back to the Broadway side, and there I begged a policeman to get me through the crowd, telling him I was to play Mrs. Warren, and that there would be no play until I could get in. Taking his billy out of its sheath, he brandished it in the air, and, assisted by another policeman, he dragged me through this struggling mass of people, who were shrieking and howling and bidding for seats and behaving generally like maniacs. It took me fully ten minutes after I reached my dressing-room to recover my composure. All of the

BE NO PLAY UNTIL I COULD GET IN. TAKING HIS BILLY OUT OF ITS SHEATH, HE DRAGGED ME HOWLING AND BIDDING FOR SEATS AND BEHAVING GENERALLY LIKE MANIACS"

actors had had similar experiences, and we were in a general state of demoralization. But, hardly knowing what to expect, we set about preparing ourselves for the performance.

My original make-up for the part of Kitty Warren was a blonde wig and striking costume, the idea of the management being to emphasize her well-dressed vulgarity. In this get-up I had played the part in New Haven. But to-night Mr. Daly, when he saw me, was seized with a sudden panic, and asked me to go downstairs, take off my wig, wear my own hair, and in every way tone down Mrs. Warren's appearance.

As we stood in the wings during the last strains from the orchestra, we were a crowd of very nervous, wrought-up actors. When the last note of music had died away and the stage hush fell upon the audience, the curtain rose on a peaceful English landscape, with a cottage, and a very correct young lady in a hammock peacefully reading a book.

An Audience Which Had Come to Be Shocked

The long scene between Vivie Warren and the artist, Mr. Praed, which consists largely of conversation about the education of young women in colleges, seemed to mystify this strange conglomeration of people who had come to be shocked. You could feel the eager query in their minds, "When does the indecency begin?" Standing at the back, ready for my entrance, I could feel this, and I had a growing conviction that Mrs. Warren, when she appeared, would be the solution of all this. I received a terrific ovation, but I was conscious of the disappointment of this mob of people when, as the scene progressed and my conversation had in it nothing more stimulating than the ordinary talk of an indulgent mother to her child, they began to wonder what it was all about. The first-act curtain went down to the generous, encouraging applause which is characteristic of first-night audiences in New York. Just before the curtain on the second act was raised, Mr. Arnold Daly, who was in a state of great excitement and apprehension, came to me and said, with tears streaming from his eyes: "They are wolves out there — ravening wolves. Up there in that second box is McAdoo, the Police Commissioner, watching you. He has the text in his hand. He is watching for you to speak one line that he has blue-penciled. You are going to be alone, you and Miss Herne, out there. I can not do anything to help you." And he wrung my hands much as if I were going to my execution. But, oddly enough, I felt no apprehension. I think I am a born fighter, anyway, and, on the whole, I was rather enjoying myself.

At last we came to the scene between Mrs. Warren and her daughter. The McAdoo version had rendered it perfectly innocuous. I couldn't resist stealing occasional glances at the box where McAdoo was sitting. What was my amazement, as I neared the end of the scene, to see this guardian of the public peace placidly sleeping behind the curtain!

It developed later that it had been decided to stop the play anyway, and Mr. McAdoo had not even the incentive of making a decision.

The Play Scandalized by the Morning Newspapers

The next thing of interest was the newspapers the following morning. In an experience of twenty years, I have seen many strange criticisms; but never did I conceive anything so hysterical, so far-fetched, so absolutely insulting to a great writer and his motives, to actors with a dignified position in their profession, and to an audience whose behavior, after they had once gained the portals of the theater, was absolutely decorous. A lawyer who was present on that occasion said to me: "It was the most scandalous use of the newspapers to oppress and dictate to the stage. Every person in that audience had grounds for libelous action against them." The only papers that kept their heads and gave a sane account of the performance were the *Morning Telegraph* and the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*.

At four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon I was passing by the theater, and I stopped in for mail. There was a large notice posted in the lobby, stating that the police had forbidden future representations of the play, and that all money for tickets would be refunded at the box-office. It was rather incongruous, as I passed out of the theater, to see billboards standing all about the entrance, with the name of a distinguished professor of Yale and his opinion as to the moral and literary significance of the play pasted all over them.

I Am Summoned to Court to Answer the Charge of Appearing in an Immoral Play

There was nothing to do about it, and I thought the affair ended. The next day Mr. Gompertz, the manager, called on me at my hotel, and informed me that he had come with a cab to take me to Jefferson Market Court, where I was summoned, with Mr. Daly, himself, and other actors, to appear on the charge of having been concerned in the performance of an

immoral play. Miss Herne, who was a daughter of James Herne, was a delicate young woman, and the combined excitement and disappointment had so worn upon her that she was under the care of a physician; for this reason she escaped, but I, having received my manager, could not elude the law. There was nothing for it but to go. On the way to Jefferson Market, I asked to be shown the summons. I was told that there had been merely a request that we appear, but that Mr. Gompertz thought it best for us to comply with the request.

Just as we came within sight of Jefferson Market, a man who had been on the lookout for us jumped into the front of the hansom, and, giving directions to the driver, hung on while he turned swiftly and swung in the opposite direction. When we asked him what this meant, he told us that they had decided to hold no examination that morning, and that he was trying to get us away from the camera fiends who were swarming in front of Jefferson Market. For four or five blocks excited men with cameras kept rushing out ahead of us, and in their efforts to snap-shot us were very nearly run down by the horses.

That was the end of my first experience with Mrs. Warren. I was told by Mr. Daly that the charge had been changed to one against the managers solely, and would be tried some time later in the season. In the meantime, of course, no account was made of the closed theater or the actors who had taken a perfectly legitimate part in the production.

As time went on, a state secret leaked out. It developed that the whole case of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," as far as the city law was concerned, was merely a political ruse. Mr. William R. Hearst was a candidate for Mayor against George B. McClellan. Mr. McClellan was backed by Tammany interests. At any other time Mr. Hearst's newspaper would probably have stood out strongly for freedom in the production of legitimate stage plays; but at this time all its power and influence were cast on the other side of the question, on account of Mr. Hearst's candidacy for Mayor. No other power on earth could have closed the theater at that time, because the lessee, Mr. Reynolds, was a prominent Tammany official. But the play gave so much ground to Mr. Hearst and his constituents for their attack upon the Tammany policies, which were now said to be invading even the theaters and demoralizing the young men and women of the city, that they placidly took it off simply to get rid of this added charge.

Many months after the examination of the managers who had produced "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the question of the legality of interfering with it was submitted to three judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Their decision is a very enlightening piece of law exposition. It set forth that there was absolutely nothing in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" that placed it within the scope of the law; that the closing of the theater was absolutely unwarranted; and that we were free to get whatever damages we could for the interference that had taken place. Of course, damages were never instituted, since Mr. Reynolds was a Tammany official and had been perfectly complaisant to the action of the police in suppressing the play.

The Perplexing Behavior of My Friends

The attitude of some of my friends in regard to this whole affair of my appearing in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was a thing that puzzled me very much.

The first night of the play, when I came into the theater I found a huge collection of letters and telegrams awaiting me. One always has more or less of this kind of a greeting on the occasion of a first production, but my mail that night was something overwhelming. I gathered it together and laid it on my dressing-table, determined that I would not look at any of it until after the performance; but as I glanced at the pile I recognized the handwriting of a man, a critic, the very man who had not only first interested me in modern drama, but had been the moving influence in persuading me to undertake the playing of Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's "Ghosts." All the interest that had grown up in me for the modern drama I owed originally to him. In these agitated moments, feeling sure that there would be words of sympathy and encouragement in this letter, I determined to make an exception. I tore open the envelop eagerly, and, to my amazement and disappointment, found three sheets of stinging words of utter condemnation. After the performance I went through this great bundle of correspondence. It ranged all along the line from grave to gay. I remember that one friend telegraphed me: "Let me know what station-house you are in, and I will come and bail you out." But in the whole tone of the letters, whether joking or serious, I felt a lack of sympathy and understanding.

A few days after the suppression of the play at the Garrick Theater, an announcement was made that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" would be read at the Berkeley Lyceum by a well-known woman reader. Just for fun, I called up Commissioner McAdoo on the telephone, speaking as if I were some outraged citizen of New York. I informed him of the fact that this

reading was to take place, and asked him whether he was going to permit the performance. He curtly informed me that he had nothing whatever to do with it; that they had a perfect right to read "Mrs. Warren's Profession" if they wished, but he would permit no scenery to be used.

A day or two after the closing of the theater I received a cable from England, from a distinguished instructor in English in one of the big American universities, who happened to be abroad. It read:

Hurrah! You are making history. Never mind Mr. "Much Ado (McAdoo) about nothing."

What Caused the Savage Attack on "Mrs. Warren's Profession"

Now this question very naturally arises: why all this fuss and commotion over this particular play? What justification was there for the attacks of the newspapers and the excitement of the public? True, the leading character in the play was a woman of the under-world, but this is the case in a great many dramas. What was the especial thing that brought it so completely under the censure of those who were supposed to know? Certainly, the interpreters of this drama ought to be able to answer this question, if anybody could; but I am unable to give any enlightenment on the subject. One thing only I saw very clearly. The play and its motive were distinctly misunderstood from the beginning. The leading idea of the play is motherhood. Mr. Shaw has attempted to show that our moral or social conditions do not protect women sufficiently, and that therefore the outcast, who is just as likely to become a mother as the young girl carefully guarded, meets surely the tragedy of outraged womanhood somewhere in her life. There is Shaw propaganda scattered through the play, but the central idea is the poignant pathos of a motherhood that is not legitimate, but is as loving and protective as a legitimate one.

The Difference between a Camille and a Mrs. Warren

Heretofore in dramatic literature women of Mrs. Warren's type had always been given a romantic treatment, and a distinct effort had been made by the dramatist to render them attractive to the audience. Bernard Shaw was the first man to put into a play an absolutely realistic characterization of such a woman. The strange part of the characterization is that Mrs. Warren is a conventional woman, even a sentimental woman, accepting absolutely the standards of society as they are, in explaining her own life and position. She is absolutely truthful. Her awful knowledge of human nature, that has been forced upon her by her way of living, has made her deeply philosophical and defiantly truthful.

Opposed to her in the play is the character of the daughter. This girl she has kept perfectly secluded

"'UP THERE IN THAT SECOND BOX IS McADOO, THE POLICE COMMISSIONER. HE HAS THE TEXT YOU ARE GOING TO BE ALONE, YOU AND MISS HERNE,

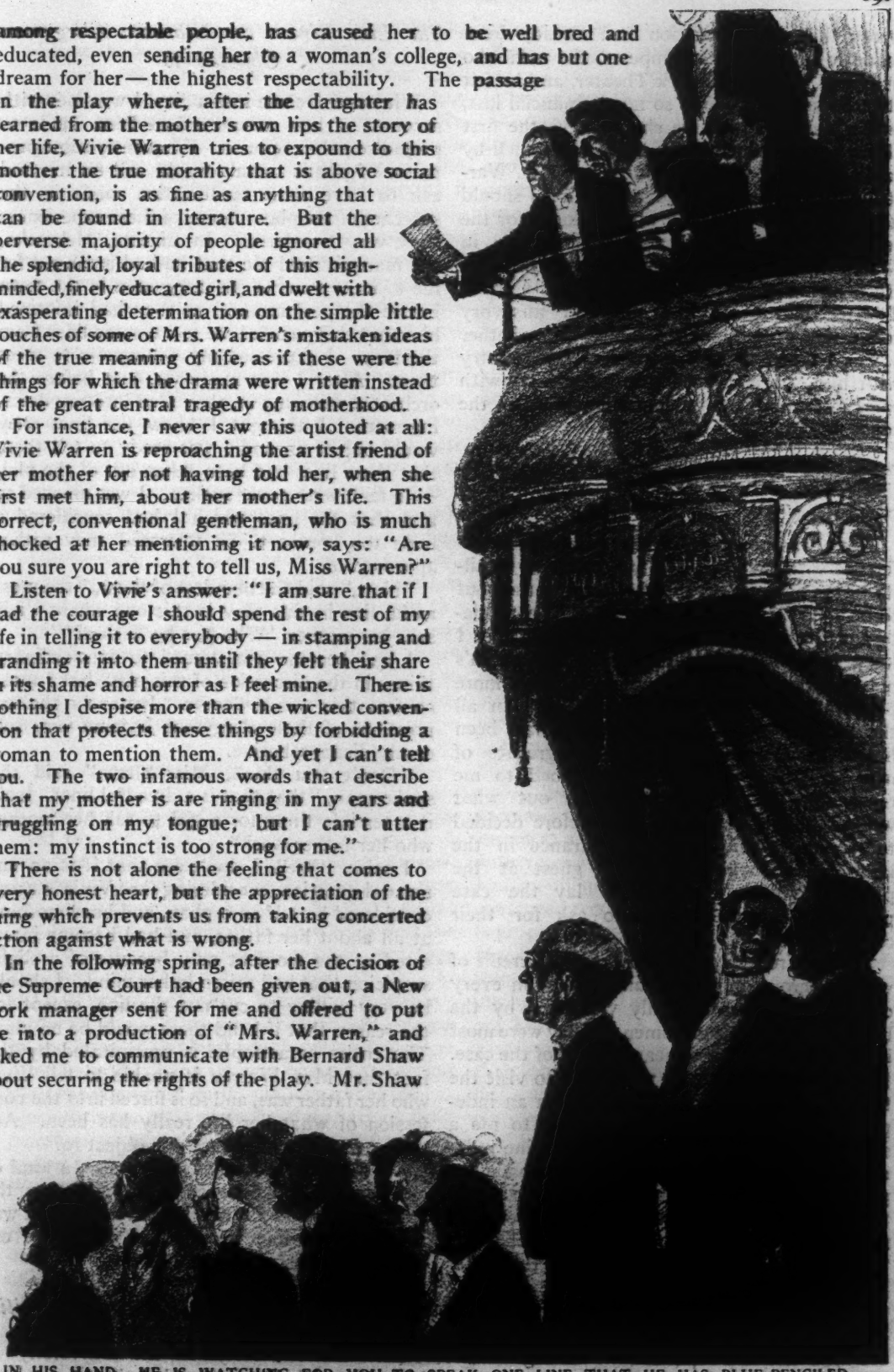
among respectable people, has caused her to be well bred and educated, even sending her to a woman's college, and has but one dream for her—the highest respectability. The passage in the play where, after the daughter has learned from the mother's own lips the story of her life, Vivie Warren tries to expound to this mother the true morality that is above social convention, is as fine as anything that can be found in literature. But the perverse majority of people ignored all the splendid, loyal tributes of this high-minded, finely educated girl, and dwelt with exasperating determination on the simple little touches of some of Mrs. Warren's mistaken ideas of the true meaning of life, as if these were the things for which the drama were written instead of the great central tragedy of motherhood.

For instance, I never saw this quoted at all: Vivie Warren is reproaching the artist friend of her mother for not having told her, when she first met him, about her mother's life. This correct, conventional gentleman, who is much shocked at her mentioning it now, says: "Are you sure you are right to tell us, Miss Warren?"

Listen to Vivie's answer: "I am sure that if I had the courage I should spend the rest of my life in telling it to everybody — in stamping and branding it into them until they felt their share in its shame and horror as I feel mine. There is nothing I despise more than the wicked convention that protects these things by forbidding a woman to mention them. And yet I can't tell you. The two infamous words that describe what my mother is are ringing in my ears and struggling on my tongue; but I can't utter them: my instinct is too strong for me."

There is not alone the feeling that comes to every honest heart, but the appreciation of the thing which prevents us from taking concerted action against what is wrong.

In the following spring, after the decision of the Supreme Court had been given out, a New York manager sent for me and offered to put me into a production of "Mrs. Warren," and asked me to communicate with Bernard Shaw about securing the rights of the play. Mr. Shaw



IN HIS HAND. HE IS WATCHING FOR YOU TO SPEAK ONE LINE THAT HE HAS BLUE-PENCILED. OUT THERE. I CANNOT DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOU'."

wrote that an application had already been made to him by Mr. Gompertz, the man who produced it at the Garrick Theater, and he felt that, as he had suffered so much financial loss, it was only fair that he should have the first choice. He gladdened my heart very much by saying that if I wished to appear as Mrs. Warren, he would make it a condition that I should have the part. The play was produced for the second time at the Manhattan Theater in March of the following year, five months later. Recognizing that the closing of the Garrick Theater had given the play an unsavory reputation, the manager asked me whether I was willing to risk a tour of the country with him. I embraced the opportunity with eagerness, and our memorable tour to the coast began.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession" a Woman's Play

There was never again any municipal interference with the play, but the combined hostility of the newspapers and the clergy turned out to be a very formidable opposition. I early determined upon a plan of action. This play I knew to be what stage people call a "woman's play" — one in which the theme appeals more powerfully to women than to men. In all the hubbub, not a woman's voice had been heard; it was simply one vast aggregate of men and their opinions. It seemed to me reasonable to attempt to find out what women thought about it. I therefore decided to arrange, before my appearance in the large cities, to be the invited guest at the principal women's clubs, to lay the case plainly before them, and to ask for their coöperation.

I wish it recorded here, to the great credit of women throughout the country, that in every community I was cordially welcomed by the best class of organized women. They were most interested and eager to hear my side of the case. In every instance a vote was taken to visit the theater and see the play, and to form an independent judgment of it. This was to me a splendid example of the courage and fine judgment of American women. I always made it a part of my duty to learn their verdict; and of the many hundreds of women I interviewed, I never talked with one who was shocked by "Mrs. Warren's Profession." On the other hand, it was most unusual to find a man who was not shocked by it. I could explain this in only one way — the story was too truthfully told, too awful in its true presentation of a great fact in society.

The Line Which the Nebraska Clergyman Objected to

Whenever I came into a city, I was met with accounts of how attempts had been made to prejudice public opinion. Frequently some protector of public morals would call on me and ask to have some modification made in the speeches of the play. Some of these experiences were very wonderful. In Lincoln, Nebraska, the manager told me that he had arranged for me to meet some of the clergymen in the town before the performance, as they had informed him that they wanted me to cut some lines from the play. I expressed my willingness to meet them. After I was made up, just before the orchestra was rung in, they filed into my dressing-room. I thought I knew the lines they would object to, and I was ready to tell them that these lines had been taken out of the play — in fact, were never spoken. I was amazed to find that the lines which I had considered a little too honest to be tolerated they rather approved of.

"Now," said the blandest of them, "the most awful line in this play is this one where Vivie asks her mother, 'Who was my father?'"

I had become accustomed to extraordinary things in the discussion of this play, but I must confess this was a floorer. Instantly the expressions of these clergymen became very solemnly disapprobative.

"Don't you think, Miss Shaw," said the spokesman, "that that is a dreadful line? Isn't it a terrible thing for a girl to ask her mother who her father was?"

I said: "Well, I don't see that it is an unnatural question, considering that Vivie Warren considered herself an orphan, and knew nothing at all about her father, and had become interested at the moment only because of a slight suspicion that had arisen in her mind. I should be very willing to cut out the line, except for the reason that if I did there would be no play. The entire catastrophe is precipitated by the fact that Mrs. Warren is unable to tell Vivie who her father was, and so is forced into the confession of what her life really has been. Are there any other lines that you object to?"

There was a most awkward pause, a kind of eye consultation between them, and then the spokesman replied: "No, I think not. That was the principal line we objected to." We exchanged adieus and they filed out.

Courageous Stand of the Western Universities

The entire faculty of the University of Nebraska, I believe, attended the play. I re-

ceived an invitation from Dean Sherman to address the seniors the next morning.

It was one remarkable feature of my tour that all through the West the State universities rallied enthusiastically to my support. My engagement in Madison, Wisconsin, was made solely on the strength of the support of the University. At the University of Minnesota I was invited to address the students after chapel. I was introduced by President Northrop, who humorously observed that, although attendance at chapel in the University of Minnesota was optional with the students, he knew I would be gratified to see what a very popular thing it was, the amphitheater being packed to suffocation.

When I reached Omaha, the management began to consider whether it was advisable to go on to the coast or not. The earthquake and fire in San Francisco the year before had paralyzed business, and consequently, to a great extent, the theater patronage. Although it was a matter of faith with me much more than knowledge, I was the determining factor in deciding to go forward. As we advanced on the journey, I confess I began to have qualms as to whether I had not been rash in my judgment, and the morning that we reached Oakland and embarked across the San Francisco Bay my fears were confirmed. I could not have imagined anything so awful as the panorama of blackened, ruined walls that met my eyes.

My Experience with the Jesuit Priests

The trip from the ferry to the hotel only deepened my feeling of desolation and sorrow. I was met at the hotel by the manager of the new theater which had been hastily built on a new site only a few months before. He told me that the Jesuit priests owned the land on which the Van Ness Theater had been erected, and that they had called upon him and had objected to the performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in the theater. It seems that there was a clause in the lease of the land which prohibited plays of an immoral character ever being given in the play-house erected on it. It was impossible to open with the play while the negotiations were pending, so we announced "Ghosts" for three nights of the week's engagement, with "Mrs. Warren" to finish the week.

An appointment to meet the Jesuit priests and their lawyer had been made for Monday morning, and at the hour I was in the attorney's office, ready to hear the arguments against the play. I expected the same old rigmarole. The two Jesuit priests who came were young men, and as they entered the room they looked, if one could eliminate the modern clothes, like two ascetic monks from a Florentine panel — hollow cheeks, large, expressive, sunken eyes, and a general air of medieval sanctity. They absolutely refused to discuss the morality of the play. This nearly took my breath away. What, then, could possibly be their objection? I had heard and read more or less about Jesuits, but I had never fully comprehended the wise human nature that lay behind the organization.

"Our objections to the play," said the younger of the two priests, "are contained in two lines. The first is where Sir George Crofts, defending the investment of his money in questionable business, says that the Archbishop of Canterbury does the same thing with the church holdings — that publicans and sinners occupy the tenements that belong to the church property, and the only conditions made are that it shall bring a certain income. As the Van Ness Theater is raised up on church property, we feel that this touches us a little too closely."

This perfectly rational and worldly objection filled me with admiration of their logic. I gladly assented to the elimination of Sir George Crofts' remarks. Encouraged by this, they became more genial in manner, and said that their only other objection was that the artist, on being informed by Vivie Warren that her mother was a woman of questionable character, remarked that his only personal knowledge of anything derogatory to the mother's reputation was that she was an unmarried woman with a daughter, adding, "I do not respect her the less on that account."

The priest continued that as marriage was a sacrament in the Catholic Church, they objected to a line which used the word "respect" with regard to the character of a woman who had an illegitimate child. I just as joyously consented to remove that line. I could not forbear observing incidentally that it was only Mr. Praed's statement of his way of looking at things. In "Macbeth" we have a woman urging her husband to commit murder, and bringing forth what to her were logical arguments why he should do so, but we hardly construe that into an admission that we should all go forth and murder. It seemed to me that the sentiments of any one character in a play, particularly the least significant of the characters, as Praed is, could not fairly be construed as moral teaching. The two priests did not care to go into that; they saw the point, but they maintained that it touched them and they would not stand for it.

I must say that this experience with the Jesuits raised the whole clerical profession in my estimation. Here were two men, members of a hierarchy supposed by the great mass of Protestants to be almost medieval in its feelings and

sentiments and directly out of the line of modern thought, the only ones of their profession in my whole journey, except a Jewish rabbi, who were able to give me a perfectly good, sound, up-to-date reason for their objection to "Mrs. Warren's Profession." As to the character of Mrs. Warren, after we had decided that its presentation would be permitted, they expressed only great admiration for the masterly way in which she had been with a few strokes of the pencil made a living figure of flesh and blood. They absolutely understood and appreciated the scope and meaning of Bernard Shaw's play. I wish to pay this tribute to these men, that they obliterated in my memory a great deal of senseless prejudice and hostility that I had encountered among some others of their profession.

I Become a Member of a Men's Club

From San Francisco we went on to make a tour of the coast cities and towns, ending up with a week at Los Angeles. The unusual thing in my experience in Los Angeles was the rallying of the men on the firing-line. One afternoon a card was brought to me, on the back of which was written, "I am a stranger to you, but I should like to speak with you for a few moments, and express my gratification at your sincere work in this play." I gave directions for the gentleman to be shown in, and a splendid human being, looking like a great blond Russian, towered in my doorway. He very genially said what he had to say, and excused his intrusion on the ground that he wanted to know if I would allow the Gamut Club to make me an honorary member on the following evening. I asked him what the Gamut Club was, and he told me it was one of the biggest men's clubs in Los Angeles. It was a time of wild surprises, and I had got beyond being amazed at anything. I entered into the spirit of the thing, and answered that I should be very much flattered; the idea of being indorsed by a club of men struck my sense of humor at that stage of the game.

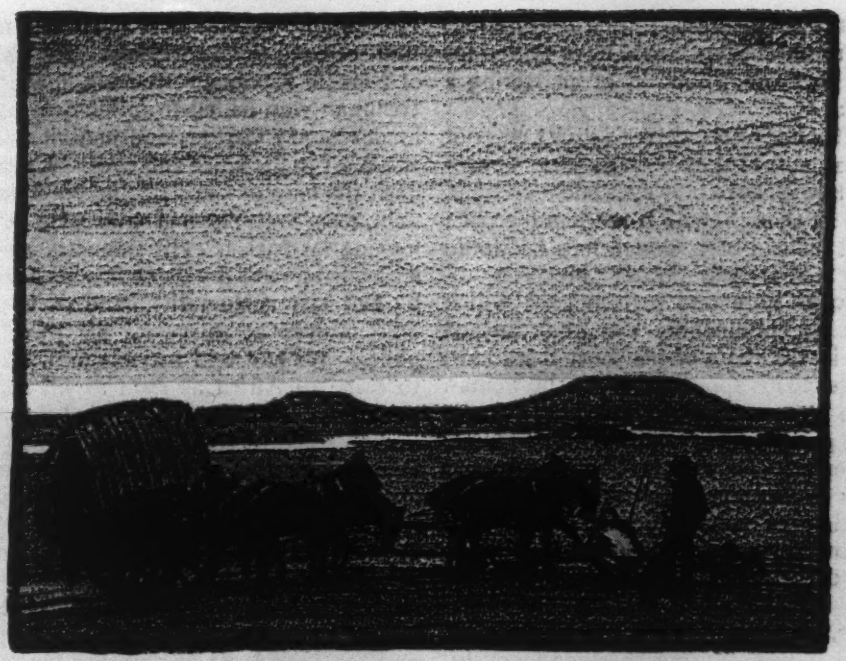
When I arrived at the magnificent club-house at the dinner hour the next night, and strolled into the reception-room, I found a crowd of men standing about in every nook and corner, but no women anywhere in sight. This I had not anticipated. I asked my manager, who was my escort, whether he thought it possible that I was to be the only woman at the dinner. He replied that it looked very much like it to him, as the dinner hour was striking at that moment.

Dinner was announced, and I sat down at the table, on a raised platform, between the president and the honorary president of the Gamut Club, facing five hundred and twenty men at the long tables arranged through the hall. As I was obliged to be at the theater a little after seven, the president said that the ceremony of making me an honorary member of the Gamut Club must take place before the dinner. He then requested the members to rise, and in a very felicitous speech he pronounced me a member of the Gamut Club of Los Angeles, and presented me with a beautiful stein, on the face of which my name had been engraved. The company drank an imaginary drink to me, pounded the tables three times with their empty steins, and demanded of surrounding space, "What is the matter with Miss Shaw?" At the words, "She's all right!" they raised their steins again, pounded the tables, and some individual from the platform proposed three cheers for me, which were given in a lusty manner from those hundreds of throats.

What the Men of Los Angeles Did for Modern Drama

The president informed me that I was now a duly elected member of the Gamut Club. He then asked the members to take their napkins with them and repair to the club-house theater. I was escorted to the stage of a perfectly equipped theater within the walls of the club-house, and the president, in the members' name, presented me with the stage of the Gamut Club Theater, and informed me that in the future, if at any time I wished to produce any play, I could come there and produce it for as long or short a time as I pleased, without molestation; this much the men of Los Angeles proposed to do for the uplifting of the modern drama.

Amid many delightful pleasantries I arose to make my maiden speech in a man's club. I told them that I didn't know what fearful responsibilities rested upon the shoulders of a woman who found herself a member of a man's club, but that, whatever they might be, I accepted them with joy and gladness, and would go forth with courage to whatever might happen in the future. By this time it was necessary for me to leave for the theater, and the quartet of the Gamut Club serenaded me with the song, "How can I bear to leave thee?" I passed down the long lines of men, and they crowded out after me into the late sunlight of that beautiful April day, and, forming a body-guard about my automobile, walked alongside the slow-moving machine down the length of the street, singing and waving their napkins. It was one of the most unusual and memorable experiences in my stage life.



THE ROAD TO TULI

by Cynthia Stockley

Author of "Poppy," "The Claw," Etc.

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

THE sky-line was scarlet from east to west, and above the scarlet lay massed bronze. The rest of the world was composed of tan-colored *kopjes* and rocks, and the road along which the Cape cart dolorously crawled resembled a river of dust rising in mountainous waves through which the setting sun loomed like a blood-red heart.

It was the road from the Transvaal to Tuli, and the cart had been traveling along it for hours, but was still many miles from the wayside hotel where a night's rest for man and beast was waiting; and the off-side leader had gone dead lame, while the other three horses appeared to have lost all enthusiasm for life. On the crest of a rise the cart came to a standstill, and they stood with hung heads and quivering barrels panting under their lathered harness. The driver descended. A burly Cape boy, he had the thick mouth of a Hottentot and the hang-dog swagger of a low-class Boer; but, as far as horses were concerned, he was an angel from heaven. When he spoke to his beasts they lifted up their despairing heads, trembling like lovers to his voice, seeming to stand together again with fresh resolution while he rubbed the nose of one, slapped another's soapy flank, and once more examined the leader's foot. Afterward he emitted a kind of resigned grunt and stood chewing a bit of grass he had plucked in stooping. The two men crammed in the body of the cart, with several dogs, guns, and a mass of shooting-kit, looked on grimly. They were merciful men who hated to see a beast suffer, but they also hated the prospect of a night on the veldt without provisions or blankets. They were weary as only a day's traveling in a Cape cart under the hot sun can make men weary — dead beat, begrimed, and hungry. Moreover,

they were in a hurry to reach their destination; if they had not been they would have waited for the weekly mail-coach instead of chartering a special cart.

The significance of the driver's grunt was not lost on one at least of them — a dark man burnt almost black, with hard blue eyes and a grim lip, who looked as though, with a red handkerchief on his head instead of a slouch hat, he would have made a first-class pirate. Never handsome, a broken nose and a deep scar, which began over one unflinching eye and finished somewhere in the roots of his short thick hair, had not softened his appearance. Yet no woman would have glanced twice at the other man (a well-set-up, good-looking fellow of thirty) while Dark Carden was about. If Carden returned the glances of women with interest, he also knew something of men and horses, and because of this he now saw very well that the leader was done for and the driver resigned to a night on the veldt. Disentangling himself from the shooting-kit, he threw himself out of the cart, and the dogs leaped after him, barking joyously.

"This is a nice lookout, Swartz!"

"Yes, Baas," assented Swartz, not unamiably. "The leader's leg is gone for sure, and the others are done up. We can't make Webb's to-night."

"How far is it?"

"About thirty miles yet."

Carden looked at the man in the cart.

"Feel inclined to tramp it, Talfourd?"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Talfourd. "Do you?"

"Not much!" said Carden, smiling. "We'll camp. After all, we've got the buck." He gave a glance to the back of the cart, where a beautiful little riet-buck, still warm, but with the glaze of death over its eyes, was suspended. Then his keen eye traveled swiftly over the surrounding country. The dust was subsiding, and it could be seen that they were in a wild place of lonely *kopjes* and immense patches of gray-green bush. Far off, taller, greener trees, growing thick and close as moss, outlined the banks of a great river. Across the midst of the scene, round *kops*, and through bush, curved the dusty white road that led to Tuli, and thence upward and onward through Mashonaland and Matabeleland to the north.

Swartz had begun to outspan the horses, knee-haltering each, so that they would not roam too far.

"They'll be safer than they would have been fifteen or twenty years ago," he announced. "It was somewhere about here, on the banks of the river, that Baas Kavanagh, the great hunter, was killed by a lion."

"By George!" said Carden softly, under his breath, and his blue eyes took on a misty look that softened them curiously. He was thinking of Francis Kavanagh, the big, lawless, lovable Irishman who hailed from his own part of Ireland, County Carlow, and had all the magic of the West in his voice and eyes. Kavanagh had been the hero of Carden's boyhood dreams, the man who first inspired him with a love and longing for Africa. His thoughts went back in a straight line to the day when, as a college boy, he had last shaken the hand of the explorer, famous even at thirty for his travels and exploits. He had told Kavanagh of his intention to come to Africa as soon as his college days were over, and the hunter had warmly urged him to come as soon as possible to join a projected expedition into a part of Africa that had not then been penetrated. Carden had indeed left Ireland within two years of that time, but by then Kavanagh had died, accidentally and mysteriously, as men do die on the veldt, with nothing but native rumor to tell of the manner of his death; and Carden, with no friend to join, and too poor to fit out wagons for the hunting adventurous life that lured him, was obliged to make for the comparatively civilized places where money was to be made.

Destiny led him to the diamond fields, where, fascinated by the life of danger and excitement, he had been caught in the big money-making whirlpool, and had stayed. Then, when the current set for the Transvaal, where the game was even keener and the life wilder, with gold for stakes instead of diamonds, he had gone with it. But always he meant to leave it some day, and go where his dreams called him, to the wild, strange spots and lonely places of Africa. Sometimes he seemed to hear them calling in the night with a voice that was like a woman's voice. Twice he had made and lost enormous fortunes; and now, only moderately rich, but on the eve of a great financial coup that if properly brought off would make him a millionaire, he had suddenly thrown down the game and set out for the wilds. He had listened to the voice of his dream at last. In haste, yet with the steady purpose of one who carries out a long-formed plan, he had fitted out his wagons, sent them on to Tuli, and was now on his way to join them there.

And the end of his second day's traveling had brought him thus unexpectedly to the place where Francis Kavanagh had died! Ah, well! God rest him for a fine Irishman, a true friend, and a brave man. The mist cleared from Carden's eyes, and his usual unfeeling, not to say stony expression returned. He cast another alert look over the country, and instantly espied at some distance a broken-down cattle kraal, and near by it the stooping figure of a

"HIS HAND WENT DOWN AND FOUND HERS, AND, FINDING IT, TOOK IT. SO THEY SAT LISTENING, HAND IN HAND, WHILE TALFOURD SANG HIS LAST SONG."

Kaffir gathering *mis*. In a straight line from there, pitched on the side of a *kopje*, and by reason of its coloring hardly distinguishable from the bush about it, was a gray stone house; a light spot in front of it might have been the flicker of a woman's dress. There was also the gleam of a fire.

"That's a farm, Swartz. Whose place can it be?"

Swartz gazed in the direction indicated, and his stolid countenance took on a certain degree of interest.

"Och, what! That must be old Johannes de Beer's place. Yes! A Transvaal Boer, Baas; used to be a transport rider until he got too old. I heared he had bought a place about here and settled down. But I dunno if he'll be much good to us. He hasn't got a farm; just lives on his savings and shoots for the pot."

"Well, we may as well see what he can do for us. If he'll put us up for the night and let us have some bread to eat with our buck, that will be something. Come on, Talfourd."

"Gad! I'm glad to stretch my legs again," said the latter, getting stiffly out of the cart.

Preceded by the bounding dogs, they made their way to the house. As they drew near they recognized the typical Boer farm — a low, sprawling building with high *stoep* and veranda. The light spot Carden had noticed was, as he had supposed, the dress of a woman sitting on a wooden bench by the door. About thirty yards from the house was a fire with a large three-legged pot over it, and another woman, a Kaffir with a shrewd, withered face, squatted beside it, stirring with a long metal spoon. A blue vapor rose from the pot and the scent of roasting coffee beans was on the air. A baboon chained to a pole barked hoarsely at them, and the old Kaffir regarded them with unfriendly eyes; but the woman in the veranda rose and came down the steps toward them, and they saw that she was a young girl, slim and straight, in a pink print dress, with her face far back in a print sunbonnet. All that could be distinguished in the failing light was that, like most Boer girls, she had a fine complexion. Carden took off his hat and shook hands with her in the Boer fashion, addressing her in good Dutch.

"*Dag, Jefrouw!* Is this Johannes de Beer's place?"

"*Jah, Mynheer*," she answered. Her voice was surprisingly soft and melodious, and it seemed to Carden that he had heard one like it before.

"Our cart has broken down, and we want to know if Mr. de Beer can put us up for the night. Perhaps we could speak to him?"

"He has gone to Pretoria," said the girl. "There are only Kaatje, Yacop, and me here."

"We can not do anything for you," said the old woman, who had approached and stood by with the spoon in her hand. "This is not a hotel, and the old Baas would be angry if we took you in." She scowled at them, but when she saw Swartz, who had come up behind them, her features slightly relaxed and she gave him a curt nod.

"This is pretty tough," said Carden, putting his hat on the back of his head in an absent-minded way and laughing a little. "We'd better go back to our buck. Make a fire in the open, Swartz, and we'll camp by it and get some sleep, anyhow."

But the girl suddenly began to speak in English with an odd but rather charming accent.

"Oh, no," she said excitedly; "Kaatje is mad. You mustn't go away. Of course we will do all we can for you. Come inside. Don't mind Kaatje. Would you like some coffee?"

"Wouldn't we?" said Talfourd. "And if we could only have some soap and water ——"

Carden said nothing, but stared keenly into the girl's *cappie*, trying to see her face. She led the way indoors, and they followed her, Talfourd limping with weariness, but fatigue gone from Carden's face. Through the veranda they walked into a large low room remarkably unlike the usual *eat-kammer* of a Boer house. It is true there were guns in the corner, karosses on the furniture, and skins on the floor; but the things were arranged with taste, and there were flowers about — a big jar of wild jasmine on the chimney-piece, with long fronds trailed upward over a fine pair of koodoo horns nailed near the ceiling, and on the table a native bowl of leaves and bright wild geraniums.

"What a capital room!" said Talfourd, full of enthusiasm; but Carden always and ever remained silent.

"If you will sit down I will see about a room for you," said the girl in her soft voice.

They protested that they wished to give no trouble, but she opened a door and disappeared, returning after a matter of five minutes to lead the way to a bedroom which astonished them even more than the *eat-kammer* had done. It contained only one little narrow white bed, but there was a sofa, large and comfortable-looking, covered with a beautiful leopard kaross. Rough, dark tables had white calico cloths edged with narrow lace upon them. A white wooden shelf on the wall held a few books, and again there were flowers everywhere.

"I hope you will be able to manage with the bed and sofa," the girl said before she left them; and Talfourd, dead beat, was about to throw himself upon the white counterpane, when Carden interposed:

"I don't think we ought to use that bed, Tal."

They stood staring at it together, and Talfourd came to the same decision: it was so simple and dainty, so obviously a girl's bed. He, therefore, threw himself on the sofa instead.

"I'll camp on the floor with a rug," said Carden. "It won't be the first time." He poured out water in the white enamel bowl, and got rid of some of the dust under which he was hidden. Afterward he wiped up with his handkerchief the splashes he had made, and left everything as dainty as before.

"Be careful to leave the wash-hand-stand as you find it, Talfourd," he said, with something very like command in his voice. But there was no response from the weary Talfourd, who was sleeping like a child.

Carden smiled, and looked about him for wherewith to do his hair; but when he saw the little wooden brush and white bone comb, he made shift to groom his black head with the flat of his hand, after which he carefully hid the brush and comb, on the principle that what was too good for him was certainly too good for Talfourd. He had discarded his tie in the heat of the day, and several buttons of his thin silk shirt were undone, exposing a tanned, muscular throat; he carefully fastened them up, and, though they came undone again a moment or two later, he did not notice it, so concentrated was he on his thoughts, whistling softly under his breath while he moved about the room. When he had finished he roused Talfourd, told him to get a bustle on him, and, opening the door, went back to the living-room.

Candles had been lighted, and the table laid with a spotless white cloth, cups and saucers, tin plates, bone knives and forks, and a large loaf of the brown-meal bread known as *simmels broot*. A fine, savory smell of riet-buck crisping and singing on red embers came from outside, where Swartz and Kaatje, now reinforced by the old Kaffir who had been picking up *mis*, were officiating over the fire. Carden sat down by the open window, and presently a door from another part of the house opened, and the girl came in, carrying a pot of coffee. She had taken off her *cappie*, and by the flickering candlelight Carden saw the smoky black hair growing above her brows like the glossy spread wings of a raven; the bar of golden freckles that lay across her nose; her dewy, mist-colored eyes, which, like all eyes that have looked long on great spaces, were full of dreams of forests and rivers and seemed to reflect the shadows of far blue mountains. God had been good to her. She was lovely as a flower.

She sat down on the other side of the table, and she and Carden looked at each other. The pupils of the man's eyes expanded, giving a curious intensity to his glance; and something in hers seemed to leap out like a swift, radiant spirit to him and become his. She gave a deep sigh and her lids closed, as though, some living, vital thing gone out of her, she was dead, or asleep. For an instant she stayed so, then rose quietly and went out of the room. Carden, breathing heavily like a man who has been running, and with a rushing sound in his ears, heard her speaking to the servants at the fire, and a moment later Talfourd came in.

The girl sat with them at dinner, serving them daintily to the luscious venison, and cutting big slices of the *simmels broot*, which tasted like wheat with the heat of the sun still in it. Later she poured them out cups of the coffee whose beans had so lately been roasted over Kaatje's fire. She had little strong hands, burnt a pale brown by the sun.

Afterward the two men walked up and down, smoking, in the moonlight that was bright as daylight, only softer and more tender. It transformed the walls of the mean farm-house so that they seemed to be made of alabaster with the shadows of the trees etched in ebony upon them. In the distance the broken-down kraal looked like a gracious ruin. A little wind had risen, and drifting wraiths of cloud gave the impression that the moon was racing across the sky, with one lone silver star following her deathlessly. When they came back to the veranda they found the girl sitting on the wooden bench, and, with her permission, they sat beside her.

"By Jove! What a night!" said Talfourd, and, feeling well after a rest and an excellent meal, began in a very fine tenor voice to sing:

"Have you forgotten, love, so soon, that night, that lovely night in June,
When down the tide, so idly dreaming, we floated where the moon lay gleaming?
My heart was weary and oppressed by some sweet longing unconfessed,
When, like an answer to my sighing, your hand in mine was gently lying."

When he had finished, the girl said in a low, tremulous voice: "Sing again!"

So he sang Tosti's "Adieu," and then Schubert's "Serenade." Such sounds, such words, had perhaps never before been heard in the vicinity of the little farm-house. Yet who can tell! Carden's Irish imagination evolved the idea that many beautiful things must have been spoken and thought before the flower-like girl by his side had been born. He stirred a little on the old bench at the thought, and the girl stirred too, putting her hand down beside her as if to rise. Carden did not see her movement, but by

"'NO ONE ELSE HAS EVER KNOWN, EXCEPT KAATJE—AND NOW YOU'"

some instinct his hand went down too and found hers there, and, finding it, took it. She left it for an instant in his, then tried to draw it away; but he held it closely, as he always held things he once took a grip on, whether they belonged to him or not, and she left it there. So they sat listening, hand in hand, while Talfourd sang his last song to them:

"I want no star in heaven to guide me,
I need no sun, no moon to shine,
While I have you, dear love, beside me . . ."

Again the girl's strong little hand fluttered like a bird under his; but he held it fast, as now he knew he meant to hold it always.

At last Talfourd proposed to go to bed, but first he wanted to know what the plans were for the morning. Swartz was called up and a discussion held. There were no horses to be had at the farm, for it appeared that old man de Beer was using the only two he possessed to take him to Pretoria to be treated for a pain in his stomach.

Swartz' plan was to take the best horse of the four, ride on to Webb's, and bring back a fresh span in the evening; and Carden thought it a good plan, if Miss de Beer would allow them to encroach so far upon her hospitality.

"We'll earn our dinner, if there is any shooting to be got about here," he said.

"Oh, yes; plenty of red-wing partridge, steinbuck, and *duiker*." She was standing opposite him now, having escaped in the general movement.

"Much *matatendela* also," volunteered the old native man Yacop, who had come up to take part in the *indaba*. Carden laughed.

"They'll do for you, Tal; guinea-fowl need a sprinting athlete after them, and you are younger than I am." He looked very boyish and happy as he spoke.

"All the more reason why I should go to bed at once," said Talfourd. "Good night, Miss de Beer, and many, many thanks for pouring oil and wine upon us the way you have done. You have been a good Samaritan indeed!"

"No; it was you who found me by the roadside," she answered, with a grave little smile; but she looked at Carden only.

He lingered behind with her, hoping she would come and sit beside him again; but she did not move from where she stood leaning against the veranda-pole. Swartz and Yacop had gone back to squat by the fire, and the former had produced the inevitable concertina that every Cape boy knows how to manipulate. Carden and the girl stayed listening to his melancholy strains, though it seemed to the man that it was the surging of waves in his ears that he heard, and little drums in all his pulses beating a call to arms.

Dark Carden had been loved many times, and had loved carelessly back; but never had he met the woman he wanted to take and keep for ever in his life until to-night, when something had come winging its way from a girl's eyes into his heart. He knew that love had come to him at last, and for a moment he had desired to lay hot, impulsive hands on it, as he had done on all things he wished to take for his own; but in the next he knew that it was not thus a man should accept the most wonderful gift that had ever come to him. A longing to hear the voice that charmed him, that was as the voice of his dream when it cried to him in the night, made him break the spell of silence that had fallen on them.

"I do not know your name," he said gently.

"Frances," she answered as gently; "Frances de Beer."

"But you are not Dutch," he said, knowing that it would not matter if she declared herself a native of Timbuctoo. The important thing was that she was *she*, and was going to be his.

"No; my mother was an Englishwoman who married a Boer. But my father was an Irishman."

She hesitated a moment, and then went on:

"My mother lived in this house with her Boer husband, who was very cruel to her. The only pleasure in her hard life was to sit here sometimes and watch the road. One day when her husband was away in the Transvaal, an Irishman came along the road. He was a hunter and an adventurer, and my mother said there was a magic in him that no woman could resist — unless *she was of his own country;* for all others he was one of those who *must* be followed when they call, and I think he must have been, for one so sweet and good as my mother to have forgotten all for him. He took her away to his wagons, and they were going away together to the interior; but a lion killed him over there by the river."

"What was his name?" asked Carden, though he already knew. He knew now whose musical voice had echoed up old memories when first he heard her speak.

"Francis Kavanagh. My mother told me when she was dying; but no one else has ever known, except Kaatje — and now you."

"Why do you tell me?" he asked, though he knew the answer to that, too.

Perhaps she did not hear, for she gave no response, only made a little foot-note to her tragic tale.

"She made me swear a solemn promise by her sin and his." A moment later she added:

"But I can never help being glad that I am not the child of a Boer."

"Yet you have stayed on? You still live with the Boer who was so cruel to your mother?" Somehow, it was difficult to reconcile this strange fact with her; but doubtless she could explain. She could.

"I do not. He is long ago dead. I live here with Johannes de Beer, my husband."

It seemed to Carden that the night had changed and turned cold. The stars looked faint and dim, and the moonlight that had been so beautiful erstwhile was suddenly gray, the color of death. He too felt cold, and old. All the fatigue of the day descended upon him in a heavy cloud, and he had a great longing for sleep and forgetfulness.

"Ah, yes — your husband," he said in a vague way, like a man whose thoughts are elsewhere.

"He was always very kind to me," she said sadly. "When I was a child, he used to pass this way often with his wagons, and he was my friend. When my mother died and I had no one in the world, he asked me to marry him and take care of him as a daughter. He is old and sick, but he is a good man, and I mind him well."

Later she said:

"He bought this farm and came to live here because it has always been my home — and I like to watch the road."

He did not ask her why. The "boys" by the fire got up and shuffled away to their blankets. The old woman was long since gone. These two were left alone in the silence and the moonlight that had grown so cold.

"Did you think that some one for you would come along the road some day?" he asked at last, coming very near her; and after a moment she answered, with a little sobbing sigh in her throat:

"But I must always remember the promise I made to my mother."

Her face, bright and pale in the white light, was like the face of a brave boy looking on death. The heat and madness went out of Carden. He took her hand very gently and kissed it; then he walked away into the night.

But out in the lonely veldt madness came upon him again. A promise! Can the dead bind the living with promises? He laughed loud and bitterly in the night, and the birds stirred in the trees at so strange a sound. A "bush-baby" curled in some distant clump of mimosa began to wail, and the dog that had followed his master from the farm whined uneasily. He had walked far and long. The swift rush of the river was close at hand, and the whereabouts of the farm could only be guessed by one little faint yellow light that streaked across the distance. Some one was keeping vigil.

Married to a Boer! Those dewy, dreaming eyes that were of his land, that black hair that winged above her forehead as his mother's had done, that ardent, radiant spirit that had leaped from her eyes and found a home in his heart! And he, Dark Carden, who had always taken what he wanted from life, wrenched it from men's hands and women's lips, he must be denied, must go empty away! Yes, his life would be empty from this day, because he had at last found what would fill it — the one woman who fitted into the wild places his soul loved, a woman with dreams of stretching plains and forests and rivers in her eyes, a woman with whom to seek the blue mountains, to camp with under the stars and forget cities and sins! And he had found her in the child of a man he had loved, and with the blood of Ireland in her veins. *And she was married to a Boer!*

Raging, he bit on the empty pipe in his mouth, and blood came into his eyes, so that he could no longer see clearly, but went stumbling on his way, raging, cursing.

But later a quietness fell upon him, for he seemed to hear her voice saying again:

"He asked me to marry him and take care of him as a daughter; . . . he is a good old man, and I mind him well."

He flung himself like a boy face down on the earth, ashamed of his tears, then ashamed of his thoughts, and at last ashamed of his life. The dog sat uneasily by him, and from time to time gently licked his ear.

Dawn was not far off when he returned to the farm. The stars were darkening, and the indescribable freshness of morning could be felt in the air. Shadows under tree and bush were stirring as if for flight. A wedge-shaped flock of wild duck passed, honking mournfully, toward the east.

The light in the farm-house had gone out; but, as he came quietly to the *stoep*, he heard from a window that stood ajar a sound as of a woman softly and brokenly weeping. After a little while some Kaffir words, spoken fiercely, yet with a kind of crooning love, came out into the shadowy dawn:

"See you, now, what you have got from watching the road! A knife in your heart. Did not old Kaatje warn you? Hush, *arreme kindje!* Weep not!"

But the soft and broken weeping went on.

Talfourd, coming to breakfast with the serene conscience and clear skin of a man who has spent the night according to its ordained pur-

pose, presented the appearance of a typical healthy Englishman; but Carden looked older than a man of thirty-four ought to look in a good climate, however swift has been the pace. It appeared that he had reconstructed the plan of the night before, and he and Talfourd were now to go on ahead to Webb's, while Swartz stayed behind and re-stocked the farm larder.

"CLEAN AND SANE AT LAST, HE TURNED HIS STEPS BACK TOWARD THE SOUTH"

"We can send back boys with fresh horses for him to come on to-night."

"How are we going to get there?" said Talfourd, looking up in surprise, for Carden was a man who stood by his plans.

"Surely we can foot thirty miles without endangering our lives?" answered Carden, with something so very like a sneer and so very unlike his usual impassive serenity that Talfourd was even more surprised.

"Oh, all right, my dear fellow," he said pleasantly. "It's your picnic. I only wanted to know."

The girl sat listening without comment, but she grew very pale. Afterward Talfourd went out to get the guns ready to take with them, and Carden remained sitting at the table.

"You are going?" she said, looking away from him with eyes that were no longer dewy, but dry and brilliant like the sky above the Karoo in days of drought.

"Yes," he answered in a businesslike voice; "I must go." He got up and looked out of the window for a moment, then walked back to the table.

"I must go," he said, looking at her mouth, "because I wish to stay." Then madness fell upon him again, the madness of the hopeless. He came close to her and gripped her hands; his eyes searched hers; his lips were almost on her lips.

"*What was the promise?*"

A wave of color passed over her face, and her eyes darkened with tears; the drought was over.

"I think you know," she cried miserably.

"You must break it," he said firmly. "You are mine. You must come with me."

"No," she said, crying bitterly. "I can not."

He never knew how he found courage to go without kissing her quivering mouth.

Across the arid flats of Bechuanaland he went raging; and in the deep silences of the Somnabula forest he lay down with maledictions in his

heart. All the water sweeping down the violet-black precipices of Victoria Falls and twirling lazily in the subtle olive-green pool below was not heavier than his burden of hatred against God and man. As for Boers, he cursed them in his rising up and at his lying down.

Sport was excellent, he had splendid companions, good "boys," nothing went wrong with the wagons, the oxen did not die, the weather was unfailingly fine; but never a day so long and full as to find him too weary to fling a last sneer at the stars before he rolled himself to sleep in his blankets; and many a morning when he rose to a world new-born, fresh as a rose and glittering with frost crystals that looked as if they had been shaken from some giant Christmas card, his first thought was to curse the day he was born and gibe at every good thing life had bestowed on him.

But in the end — in the end Africa prevailed. The sun, that great healer of veldt sores, burnt out the poison from his wound. Rustling rivers by whose banks he lay down to sleep washed over his dark soul and cleansed the rage from it. Africa, the great, kind "mother and lover of men," took him in her arms. He lay on her breast, a troubled child, and she comforted him and made him well and gave him back his boyhood's heart with some at least of his boyhood's dreams reawakening in it.

Clean and sane at last, and looking ten years younger, he turned his steps back toward the South. He had been away nearly a year from his affairs, and knew, from occasional batches of letters that reached him at prearranged posts, that they needed his presence. One by one, and most reluctantly, the other men had left the good life and gone back to the Rand; for they, too, were men of affairs and could not absent themselves for more than a few months at most. Bingham had taken half a dozen "boys" and walked through Portuguese territory to catch a coast boat for Durban. Carter and Troubridge had made for Salisbury and got the weekly coach for Pretoria. Talfourd was the last to go. And now Dark Carden himself was for the home route. His intention was to sell all he held on the Rand and return to the veldt. Sick of money-making and politics and the little games and intrigues of finance, he meant to have done with it all and go back to the free, clean life of hunting and exploring, back to the breast of his new love, who would teach him to forget all that had ever been.

And he chose to take the Tuli route. He was strong and sure enough of himself to travel along that dusty white road that wound through *kops* and bush, past the haven of his heart's desire; to go close enough to see the little gray farm and the broken-down kraal — even the smoke from Kaatje's fire: but no closer. He was strong and whole: but no use tempting Fate. He knew his limitations, and he did not mean to look again upon the face of the girl with the beautiful eyes of Ireland.

The wagons got there at the end of a long day's trek, and drew up by Carden's orders on the other side of the road, too far for any but his own keen eyes to distinguish the little ramshackle farm on the *kop*-side. Everything was as it had been twelve months before. The dust lay thick on the sage-green bush, and once more a blood-red sun was sinking to rest behind the horizon of massed scarlet and bronze.

No one had mended the broken-down kraal, and on a far-off rise a figure — that might have been Yacop — was picking up dried cow-dung. There was something very like the smell of roasting coffee on the air.

The only difference was that when night came there was no moon. Instead, a vapory purple darkness, be-diamonded with a million stars, fell in soft swathes and folds and enwrapped the land. The Southern Cross, picked out in four great silver points, leaned like the shield of some celestial knight directly over the camp, and beside his fire Carden lay staring up at it while the "boys" prepared his evening meal. When he sat at his low camp-table to eat, he saw that a stranger had joined his "boys" at the cooking-fire, and recognized the crouching figure of old Yacop, his half-filled bag of *mis* beside him. Suddenly the harsh barking of a baboon came on the night wind, and, looking in the direction of the farm-house, Carden saw the red haze of Kaatje's fire. His tongue grew dry in his mouth, and he could eat no more, but threw himself down again by the fire, this time leaning on his elbows, his face turned to the farm. But he did not call Yacop; and later, when the old Kaffir, slouching from the camp, passed close beside him, giving a wistful glance, he spoke no word.

When the whole camp, tired out with the long day's run, was sleeping, he still lay there, his eyes fixed on the little red point of fire until it died away, and instead a long streak of primrose light flashed out from an open window. It lured him like a pale beckoning hand: but he lay still by his fire in the still camp, like a stone man: only his eyes were alive and burning. But when, like a pale hand held out long in hope and at last despairingly withdrawn, the streak disappeared, the light went out of his eyes too, and he laid his face to the earth and groaned. He was tasting defeat, and the taste was bitter as death in his mouth. He knew now that he

had been a fool to come that way; and, because a fool must pay for his folly, he paid in the next hour, lying there on his face, going over every detail of his brief sweet dream of love, remembering her face, her voice, her eyes and the soul of her that had leaped from them to him. And, as always, the thing that stirred him most was the memory of her fluttering hand under his. He remembered how a mist had come over his eyes at the feel of it; his heart had seemed to turn over in his breast. It was as though he had trapped something that he had lain in wait for all his life; and the tyranny and tenderness of his nature had been roused in that moment, with something of a boy's elation when he has caught with his own hands some beautiful wild thing that he has watched long for, but would not harm for the world. He re-lived that moment, and again he felt the flutter of her hand trying to escape from his, flung out before him on the ground; but now he gripped it more cruelly, dragged it to his lips. And, by the grace of God, it was a real hand, and came to his hungering lips like the lips of a lover! It was *her* hand! She was there beside him in the luminous darkness!

He sprang to his feet and dragged her with him to the fire, staring into her face.

"*You!*" he muttered. "You! . . . You . . . It is *you?*"

It was the voice he loved that answered him.

"When Yacop told me it was you, I waited long," she said simply; "and at last I realized that you did not mean to come. But I could not let happiness pass by on my road without trying to get it for me and you. So I have come to you. For I think you want me, Dark Carden, . . . do you not?"

"*Want you!*" he said very softly.

"You must go back," he said presently, stammering, for those were not the words he meant to say, and he gripped her hands the closer as he said them.

"I know," she said, trembling to his voice, her own vibrating to his like a violin to its master's touch. Some swift feminine instinct bade her make haste to tell him how it was she came, free to seek him, that night:

"Poor old Johannes de Beer never came back. The doctors in Pretoria operated on him for the growth that gave him so much pain, and he died in the hospital some weeks later. I was with him; and at the last, because he could not die happy for the thought that I would be left alone, I told him of you, and he was glad. He knew of you. Every one in the Transvaal seems to know of Dark Carden, and I heard many wonderful things about you. How proud I was! How proud I am that you should love me . . . a poor, nameless girl of the veldt!"

But she spoke like a queen, for that is the everlasting pride of the Irish — to be proud in their humility; and in her heart she felt herself a queen, because her heart was clean to bring to her man who was a king.

With the clear simplicity her life had engendered, she said, as he brought her to the farmhouse door, and they stood for a moment before she went in:

"We can be married in the morning at the Jesuit mission that has lately come. It is about three miles from here behind the *kop*."

Then, with the restraint and gentleness that becomes a conqueror in the sure hour of victory, Dark Carden was able to kiss her lips.

STOVER AT YALE

by Owen Johnson

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

"'I SAY, FELLOWS, WE'VE CORNERED THE SLEIGH MARKET'"

CHAPTER XXII

WHAT Stover in his fuddled consciousness had said to little Wookey on that last wild night returned to him with doubled force in the white of the day. He had given his opponents the right to destroy all he had stood for by pointing to his own example. He had been a deserter from the cause; but the sound of the enemy's bugle had recalled him to the battle. He took the first occasion to stop Le Baron, for he wanted him to make no mistake about him.

"Hugh, I was rude as the devil to you the other night," he said directly; "I was drunk — more than you had any idea. What I want you to know is this. You put the question right up to me. You've forced me to take my stand, and I've done it. You're all wrong on the argument, but I don't blame you. Only, after this you'll never have the chance to fling that at me again. You and I'll never agree on things here; we're bound to be enemies. But I want to thank you for opening my eyes, putting it squarely up to me."

He left without waiting for an answer, having said what he wished to say. For several days he kept to himself, taking long walks, disciplining the ship that had sailed so long in mutiny. Then he turned up in Regan's room, and, holding out his hand, said:

"Well, Tom, it's over. How in blazes did you keep from telling me what you thought about me all this time?"

Regan, unruffled and undemonstrative, said through the cloud from his pipe:

"Well, I've seen men go through it before. You never were very bad."

"What?" said Stover, who felt all at once rather annoyed at this tame estimate.

"It's not a bad thing when you've licked the devil four ways to election," said Regan. "You know what you can do, and that's something."

"Ever been through it?" said Stover, still a little piqued.

"Ye-es."

"Really, Tom?" said Dink, amazed.

"Ran about six months," said Regan, crossing his legs and dreaming. "I wasn't nice and polite like you — used to clean up the place. Rather ugly time, but I pulled out."

"You've never told me about yourself," said Stover tentatively.

Regan rose, reaching for the tobacco. "No, I never have," he said. "My story is one of those stories that aren't told. Come on over to Brocky's; he's got a debating scheme you'll be interested in."

"You unemotional cuss," said Stover, looking at him a little defiantly.

"Are you coming with me this summer to see a little real life — get a little real education?" said Regan irrelevantly.

"If you'll take me."

"Good boy!"

He rested his hand on Stover's shoulder a moment, and gave him a little tap, and the touch brought a genuine thrill of happiness to Dink.

"What a leader he'd make!" he thought. "Why is it, and what's the story the old rhinoceros can't tell, I wonder?"

The old crowd was at Brocky's, the crowd which had first stirred his imagination. His return produced quite a sensation. Nothing was said, but the grip in the handshakes was different, and the diffident, hesitant little expressions of relieved good will that came to him touched him more than he would have believed.

Brockhurst began to expound his scheme, speaking nervously, in compressed sentences, as he always did in the beginning of an argument:

"Here's what I'm trying to say. We've all been sitting round and criticizing — I mean, I have — things up here. Now, why not really suggest something — worth while? We all feel the need of getting together and having real discussions, and we all agree that debating here has died out, become merely perfunctory. The debates take place in a class-room, and everything is cold, stiff, mechanical. Now, all that is unnecessary. What we want is something spontaneous, informal, and with the incentive of a contest. This is my scheme. To take a certain number — say twenty — of the men in the class who really have ideas and believe in expressing them, form a club to meet one night a week in some room over a restaurant where we can sit about tables, smoke, have beer and lemonade, a bite to eat if you want — everything natural, informal. Divide the club up equally into two camps, each camp to have a leader for each debate, who opens the discussion and sums it up — the only formal speeches. Every one else speaks as he feels like it, right from his table. Have in an outside judge, and keep a record. At the end of the year, to have the spirit of a contest, the side that loses sets the other up to a banquet."

Stover was interested at once. He saw an instrument at hand for which he had been looking — something to bring the class together.

"Look here; it's bigger than that, Brocky," he said earnestly. "I'm not criticizing; I like the idea, the whole thing, you know. But here's what we can do. Make the club, say, forty, and get into it all the representative elements of the class — make it a real meeting-place. Get the fellows who are going to be managers and captains,— they've all got to speak,— the fellows on papers, the real debaters, and you'll have something that'll bring the class together."

"What would you debate?" said Swazey, while the others considered Stover's suggestion.

"College subjects that every one has an opinion about at first," said Regan. "And then get into red-hot politics. I think Dink's got the practical idea. And, moreover, he's the man to work it."

As they went out together they were met with the sensation of the campus. The sophomore societies had been abolished!

Stover stopped Gimbel, who gave them the full news. "The President gave the sophs a certain time, you remember, to submit a plan of reform. They reported they couldn't agree; so he called the committee together and said: 'Well, gentlemen, I gave you the opportunity to conform to public sentiment. You haven't been able to do it; you are now abolished.'"

"Who'd have thought it?"

"Abolished!"

"I know you're glad, Dink, old man," said Gimbel, shaking his hand with a confidential look. "We all know how you stood."

"It's for the best," said Stover slowly; then he added: "But, Gimbel, the fight's over; the big thing now is for the class to get together — be careful how you fellows take it."

Strangely enough, in the hour of defeat the instinct of caste came back to him; he was again the sophomore society man. He walked over to his rooms with a curious feeling of resentment at the rejoicing on the campus, where the news was being shouted from window to window. Bob Story, leaving the fence, came over and took him by the arm.

"Dink, old fellow, I've been waiting to see you."

"I've just heard the news," said Stover, when they reached his room.

"That's not what I came about," said Story, "though it fits in all the better. Dink, you won't mind our clearing up a little past history?"

"I wish you would, Bob," said Stover earnestly. "I know you never saw things my way."

"No, I didn't. I don't say you were wrong. It was a question of different temperaments. Of course, I think it was all a rotten mistake, and that, if you'd talked the matter out as you've done with me, Le Baron and Reynolds would have seen your side."

"Perhaps so."

"I felt that Reynolds had acted like an ass, and you very naturally had lost your temper — the result being to put the society in the position, as a society, of dictating a man's friendships. I don't believe that was justified."

"Indirectly, Bob, it worked out that way."

"There I believe you're right, Dink," said Story openly. "I've come to see it, and I admit it now. I'm glad the system has gone. It's for the best here. Now, Dink," — he hesitated a moment, — "I know you've been through a rotten time; you've felt every one was against you unjustly. I know all that, and I know you've got hold of yourself again."

"That's true."

"What I want to talk over with you now is this. Don't let what has passed keep you away from any one in the class."

"But, Bob," said Dink, amazed, "how can I help it? The soph crowd must be down on me — particularly now."

"Rats! They all know pretty well the circumstances, and they all respect your nerve; that's honest. We like a good fighter up here. Now, Dink, more than ever we need a real leader here to bring us together again. Don't leave the field to Bain and Hunter; they're all right in their way, but they can't see things in a big way. Go right out where you've always gone, twice the man you used to be, and make us all follow you. Don't make apologies for what you did; go out as if you were proud of it, and the whole bunch will rise up and follow you."

"I get what you mean," said Stover solemnly. "That's horse sense, Bob — you've always got that. I wish you'd said it before."

"I wish I had."

Stover looked at him — wondering, but not daring to ask, if some one else had prompted him to the act.

"It's strange you came just now, Bob," he said. "I've just been talking over a scheme that I think's a big idea. It's Brockhurst's."

He detailed the plan and his own suggestion. Story was enthusiastic. They talked at length, drawing up a list of possible members, with the zeal of pioneers.

"I say, Dink, there's one thing more," said Bob, as he started to go. "I've been thinking a lot lately about things here, and what I want for the next two years. "What do you say to you and me, Joe Hungerford, and Tom Regan all rooming together another year?"

"Tom?" said Stover, surprised a moment. "The very thing, if he'd do it."

"The four of us are all different enough to make just the combination we need. I'm tired of bunking alone. I want to rub up against some one else."

"There's nothing I could have thought of better, Bob. You're right; we four ought to be friends — real friends — and stand together. Here's my hand on it."

"Bully! I've spoken to Joe, and he's going to see Regan. I say, Dink, drop in soon."

"Sure thing."

"I mean, at the house."

"Oh, yes." A little constraint came to him, and then a flush of boyish hope. "I'm coming round."

"Because — the family have been wondering."

When Bob had gone, Stover stood a long while, gazing at the excited groups about the fence, retailing the news.

"By George, I'll do it!" he said at last. "I'll not leave it to Tommy Bain or Jim Hunter. It may be a fight, but I'm going out to lead because I can do it, and because I believe in the right things." Then he thought over all the incidents of Bob's visit, and he fell into a musing state with sudden wild jumps of the imagination. "I wonder — did he come of his own accord. Wonder if she knew!"

With one of his old-time sudden resolves, he went that very night to the Storys'. The struggle he had come through in victory showed in a new abrupt self-confidence. He felt older by a year since his last visit.

Jean Story was at the piano, Jim Hunter on the wide seat beside her, turning over the leaves of her music. He saw it from the hall in the first glance.

The Judge, surprised, came to him, delighted.

"Well, if here isn't Dink in the flesh. How are you? Tarnation, if I'm not glad to shake your hand!"

Hungerford, Bain, Bob Story, and Stone were present, a little difference in their several greetings.

"Well, we're holding a sort of wake here," said the Judge cheerily. "Bain seems the most afflicted."

"It's a hard moment," said Stover calmly, knowing that any expression of opinion from him would be resisted in certain quarters. "I felt quite upset myself to-day when I heard the news, despite the stand I've taken."

Hunter looked up and then down, but said nothing.

"It's for the best," said Hungerford. "Best for the College as a whole."

"That remains to be seen," said Bain. "I passed Gimbel, coming over, and his crowd. It wasn't very pleasant."

"Well, it's over," said Dink in a matter-of-fact tone; "no post-mortems. The great thing now is to recognize what exists. The class to-day is shot to pieces. We want to get together again. Half our time's up, and, wherever the fault, we've done nothing but scrap and get apart."

"I've been telling them a little about your scheme, yours and Brockhurst's," said Story.

Stover launched into an enthusiastic argument in its support. Bain and Hunter followed, instinctive in their opposition, each perceiving all the superiority that would derive to Stover from its success.

"May I ask," said Hunter finally, in a tone of icy criticism, "what is the difference between knocking down the sophomore society and putting up this organization?"

"Very glad to tell you, Jim," said Stover. "The difference is that this is an open organization, drawing from every element of the class, to meet for the sole purpose of doing a little thinking and getting to know other crowds. The sophomore society was an organization drawn from one element of the class, consciously or unconsciously for the purpose of advancing the social ambitions of its members at the expense of others. One is natural and democratic, and the other's founded on selfishness and exclusiveness."

The Judge broke in, switching the conversation to safer channels.

"By the way, Jim," said Stover, in an interlude, "we're counting on you and Tommy Bain to go into this thing and make it a success. Is that right?"

Despite their reluctance at so prompt an espousal, Hunter and Bain were too far-seeing to set themselves in opposition. But the acceptance was given without enthusiasm, and, not relishing this sudden renewal of authority in one whom they naturally held at fault, they soon broke up the party.

Hungerford and Bob went into the billiard-room for a game, and presently the Judge disappeared upstairs to run over some routine work.

Stover took the seat vacated by Hunter, with perhaps a little malicious pleasure, saying:

"Aren't you going on playing?"

The young girl hesitated a moment, turning the leaves aimlessly.

"I don't know," she said. "Do you want me to very much?"

"I'd much rather talk."

She closed the music, turning to him with a little reproachful seriousness.

"You've been away a long while."

"Yes." He admitted the implied accusation with a moment's silence. "A crazy spell of mine. Bob was over this afternoon, and we had a long talk." He said it point-blank, watching her face for some indication he hoped to find there of her complicity. "Did he tell you?"

"He was speaking of it at the dinner-table," she said quietly.

"Did you blame me," he said impulsively, "for what I did about getting out of my society?"

"No."

"Bob did — at least, for a while," he said, looking eagerly into her eyes.

"I did not agree with him there." She rose. "If we are going to talk, let's find more comfortable chairs."

He followed her, a little irritated at the sudden closing of this delightful prospect. They took chairs by the window. Through the vista of open rooms could be seen the glare of the brilliant lights, and the figures of the two young fellows moving at their game.

Suddenly, with a return of the old-time feeling of camaraderie between them, he burst out:

"You know, I've got into such a serious point of view! I don't quite know how it happened. Sometimes it seems to me I'm missing all the fun of college life." He made a gesture toward the billiard-room. "Even fellows like McNab, good-for-nothing, jovial little loafers, according to Yale standards, do seem to be getting something wonderful out of these years. I don't. It's been all work or fighting."

"That's because they are going different ways in life than you are," she said quickly. "Tell me

more about this new organization. It seems a big idea. Whom will you take in?" She added suddenly: "Take charge yourself — do it all yourself. It's just what you should do."

He was too interested in the expounding of the idea to notice the solicitude she showed him. After a while the conversation drifted to other topics. He spoke of the summer.

"Joe wants me to go on a cruise, and Bob wants me to run up to your camp for a visit; but I've about decided to do neither."

now. It will broaden you," she said, with a determined bob of her head, a little proprietorship in her tone which he missed. "Why doesn't Bob ever bring Regan around? He sounds interesting."

"Don't know — he sticks by himself. You can't move him. Bob's told you about the four of us rooming together?"

"Yes."

"I wonder ——"

"What?" she asked, as he stopped.

"'YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ME ABOUT YOURSELF,' SAID STOVER TENTATIVELY. 'NO, I NEVER

She looked up. "Why not?"

"I am going with Regan for the summer — slumming it, I suppose some would call it; Tom calls it getting real education. We're going down to work among men who work, to know something of what they think and want — and what they think of us. It appeals to me tremendously. I want to have an all-around point of view. There are so many opportunities coming now, and I want to grasp them all — learn all I can. What do you think?"

"It is a splendid idea, just the thing for you

"Did you suggest to Bob what he said to me this afternoon?" he said point-blank.

She looked at him, troubled and undecided, and he suddenly guessed the reason.

"Oh, won't you trust me enough to tell me," he said boyishly, "if you did?"

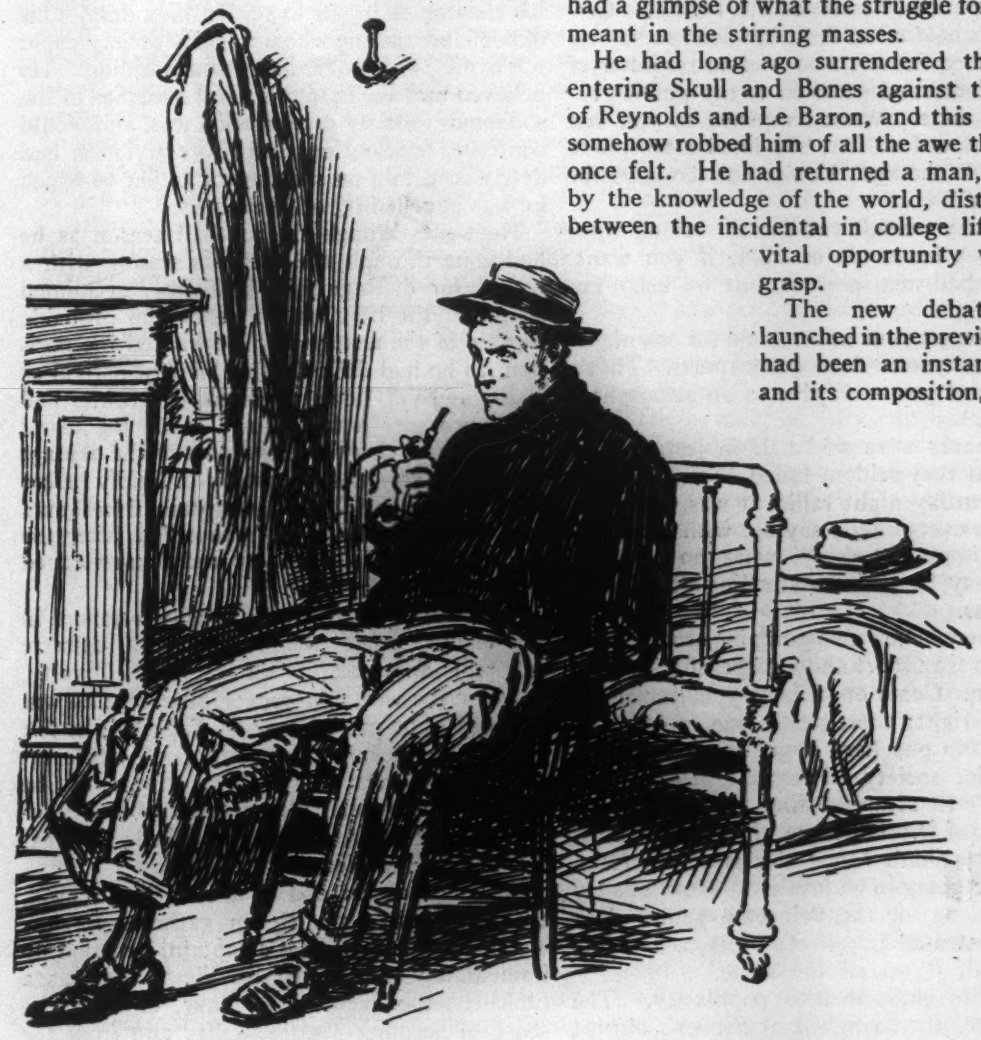
She looked into his eyes a moment longer.

"He was afraid you wouldn't like it," she said simply. "Yes, I made him go."

A dozen things rushed to his lips, and he said nothing. Perhaps she liked his silence better than anything he could have said, for she added:

"You will do the big things now, won't you?" She rose. "I want to see you at your biggest."

When he went home that night, he seemed to walk on air. He had taken no advantage of her friendship, tempted almost beyond his powers as he had been by the kindness in her voice and her direct appeal. He had to tell some one, not of the interest he felt she had shown him, but of his own complete adoration and supreme consecration. So he dragged Hungerford up to his room, who received the information of Stover's state of mind with gratifying surprise, as though it were the most incredible, mystifying, and incomprehensible bit of news.



HAVE,' REGAN SAID. 'MY STORY IS ONE OF THOSE STORIES THAT AREN'T TOLD'"

CHAPTER XXIII

When Stover returned to college as a junior, he showed the results of his summer with Regan. He had gone into construction gangs, and learned to obey and to command; he had had a glimpse of what the struggle for existence meant in the stirring masses.

He had long ago surrendered the idea of entering Skull and Bones against the enmity of Reynolds and Le Baron, and this knowledge somehow robbed him of all the awe that he had once felt. He had returned a man, tempered by the knowledge of the world, distinguishing between the incidental in college life and the vital opportunity within his grasp.

The new debating club, launched in the previous spring, had been an instant success, and its composition, carefully representative, had become the nucleus of a new comradeship in the class. With the one idea of proving his fitness to lead in this new harmonizing development, Stover made his room a true meeting-place of the class, and, loyally aided by Hungerford and Story, sought to restore all the old-time zest and good will to the gatherings about the sophomore fence. His efforts were met by a dormant opposition from Hunter and Bain, who, on one side, never outgrew their wounded resentment, and Gimbel on the other, who, though enthusiastically second-

ing him in the open, felt secretly that he was being supplanted. But, as Story had foreseen, Stover had the magnetism and the energy to carry through what no other leader would have accomplished.

Each Saturday night was given over to a rally of the class *en masse* at the Tontine. Certain groups held off at first, but soon came into the fold when Stover, who was no respecter of persons, would find occasion to say publicly:

"Hello, there. What happened to you last night? Get out of that silk-lined atmosphere of yours! Wake up! You're not too good for us, are you?"

"Well, why weren't you there? It's no orgy; you can get lemonade or milk, if you want. There are bad men present, but we keep 'em from biting."

"I say, forget your poker game for one night. We all know you're dead game sports. That's why we want you — to give us an atmosphere of real life."

The remarks were said half in jest, half in earnest, but they seldom failed of their object. At the Saturday night rallies it was the same. Stover was everywhere, saying, with his good-humored, impudent smile, what no one else dared to say, sometimes startling them with his boldness.

"Here, now, fellows, no grouping around here. We want to see a sport and a gospel shark sitting arm in arm. Come on, Schley, your social position's all right; there's only one crowd here to-night. No one here is going to boost you into a senior society. Percolate, fellows, percolate. We've scrapped like Sam Hill; now we're tired of it. No more biting, scratching, or gouging. Don't forget this is a love feast, and they're going to be lovelier. Now let's try over that song for the Princeton game. Bob Story perpetrated it. Pretty rotten, I think, but let's hit it up all the same."

The rallies jumped into popularity. The class gasped, then laughed at Stover's abrupt reference to the late unpleasantness, and with the laugh all constraint went. The class found itself, as a regiment returns to its pride again. It went to the games in a body; it healed its differences, and packed the long room at the Tontine each Saturday night, shouting out the chorus which Buck Waters, McNab, Stone, and the talent led.

Many, undoubtedly, marveling at the ease with which Stover had inspired the gathering, admired him for what they believed was a clever bid for society honors. But the truth was, he succeeded because he had no underlying motive, because he had achieved in himself absolute independence and fearlessness of any outer criticism, and his strength with the crowd was simply the consciousness of his own liberty.

By the fall of junior year he was the undisputed leader of the class, a force that had brought to it a community of interest and friendly understanding. Unbeknown to him, his classmates began to regard him, despite his old defiance, as one whom a senior society could not overlook. Stover had no such feeling. He believed that the hatred in what remained of the sophomore society organization was, and would continue, unrelenting, and this conviction had determined him on a course of action to which he was impelled by other reasons.

He went through the football season as he had gone through the previous season, with a record for distinguished brilliancy, acclaimed by all as the best end in years, the probable captain of the next year. He wanted the position, as he had desired it on his first arrival at Yale; and yet, he surrendered it. Hunter had developed into a tackle, and made the team. In the class below were two men of the defunct sophomore societies. Stover had vividly before him the record of Dana, his captain of freshman year, and the memory of the ordeal after the game, when he had stood up and acknowledged his lack of leadership.

That this still resentful society element in the eleven would follow him with distaste and reluctance, despite all traditional loyalty, he knew too well. Moreover, sure that he was destined to be passed over on Tap Day, he felt perhaps too keenly the handicap of such a rejection. Then, at the bottom, reluctantly, he knew in his heart that Regan was the born leader of men, and what once he had rebelled against he finally acknowledged.

So when, at the end of a victorious season, the members of the eleven gathered for the election of the next year's captain, he stood up immediately and stated his views. It was a difficult announcement to make, both on the score of seeming sentimentality and from the danger of seeming to refuse what might not be offered him.

But, determined on one course of action,— to be his own master, to do what he wanted to do, and to say what he wanted to say, in absolute fearlessness,— he spoke with a frankness that amazed his comrades, still under the fetish of upper-class supremacy.

"Before we begin," he said, "I've a few words I want to say. I suppose I am a candidate here. I don't say I shouldn't be crazy to have the captaincy. I would — any one would. What I say is that I have thought it over, and I withdraw my name. Even if you hadn't, in Tom Regan here, the best type of leader you could

get, it would be very unfortunate for our chances next year if I were chosen. I'm quite aware that with a certain element of the team, due to the open stand I felt forced to take in the question of the sophomore societies, there is a great deal of resentment against me. I can understand that: it is natural. But there should be no such division in a Yale team. We've got a tough fight next year, and we need a captain about whom are no enmities, who'll command every bit of the loyalty of the team,"—he paused a moment,—"and every bit of help he can get from the College. I move that Tom Regan be unanimously elected captain."

There was quite an outcry at the end of his declaration, especially from Regan, who was utterly surprised. But Stover held firm, and perceived, not without a little secret resentment, that the outcome came with relief, not only to the team, but to the coaches.

When they returned, and Regan was still protesting, Stover said frankly:

"Look here, Tom, we don't split hairs with each other. If I had thought it was right for me to stand for it, I would have. I wanted it—like everything. You remember Dana? I do. It's an awful thing to lead a team into defeat, and say, 'I was responsible.' I don't care to do it. Besides, you were the better man; and I'm of such a low, skulking nature, I hate to admit it. So shut up and buy me a rabbit at Mory's. I'm hungry as a pirate."

He had said nothing of his determination to any one. He had been tempted to talk it over with Jean Story, but he had refrained, feeling instinctively that in her ambition for him, and in her inability to judge the depth of certain antagonism toward him, she would oppose his determination.

The four friends had gone to Lyceum together; Swazey and Pike were in the same building. There was a certain flavor of the simplicity and ruggedness of old Yale in the building that gave to the meetings in their rooms a character of old-time spontaneity.

The debating club, which had started with a zest, soon showed its limitations. Once the edge of novelty had worn off, there were too many diverting interests to throng in and deplete the ranks. When, following Regan's suggestion, they had attempted a new division on the lines of the political parties, the result was decidedly disappointing. There was no natural interest to draw upon, and the political discussions, instead of fanning the club into a storm of partizanship, lapsed into the hands of perfunctory debaters.

Regan himself took his disillusionment much to heart. They discussed the reasons of the failure one stormy afternoon at one of their informal discussions, to which they had returned with longing.

"What the dickens is the matter?" said the big fellow savagely. "Why, where I come from, the people I see, every mother's son of them feeds on politics—talks nothing else. They love it! And here, if you ask a man if he's a Republican or a Democrat, he writes home and asks his father. A condition like this doesn't exist anywhere else on the face of the globe. And this is America. Why?"

There was a busy unresponsive puffing of pipes, and then Pike added:

"That's what hits me, too. Just look at the questions that are coming up: popular election of senators, income tax, direct primaries—it's like building over the government again. And no one here cares or knows what's doing. I say, why?"

"There may be fifty-two reasons for it," said Brockhurst, in his staccato, biting way. "One is, our colleges are all turning into social clearing-houses, and every one is too absorbed in that engrossing task to know what happens outside; second is the fact that our universities are admirably organized instruments for the prevention of learning."

"Good old Brocky," said Swazey, with a chuckle. "Just what I like: stormy outside, warm inside, and Brocky at the bat. Serve 'em up."

Brockhurst turned on Swazey with the license that was always permissible:

"Well, what do you know? You've been here going on three years. You are supposed to be more than half educated. And you're not a fair example, either—because you really are seeking to know something."

"Well, go on," said Swazey, thoroughly aroused.

"What do you know about the Barbison school, and the logical reasons for the revolt of the Impressionists?"

Instantly there was an outcry:

"Not fair."

"Oh, I say."

"That's no test."

"Finishing your third year, gentlemen," said Brockhurst triumphantly, "age over twenty—the art of painting is of course known to the aborigines only in its cruder forms. Well, does any one know at least who Manet was, or what he painted?"

There was an accusing silence.

"Of course you've an idea of the Barbison school—one or two of you. You remember something about a 'Man with a Hoe' or 'The

Angelus' — that's Sunday-supplement education. Now, let me try you. Please raise hands, little boys, when you know the answer to these questions, but don't bluff teacher. I'm not contending you should have a detailed knowledge of the world in your eager, studious minds. I am saying that you haven't the slightest general information. I'll make my questions fair.

"First, music. I won't ask you the tendencies and theories of the modern schools — you won't know that such a thing as a theory in music exists. You know the opera of 'Carmen' — good old Toreador Song! Do you know the name of the composer? One hand — Bob Story. Do you know the history of its reception? Do you know the sources of it? Do you know what Bach's influence was in the development of music? Did you ever hear of Leoncavallo, Verdi, or that there is such a thing as a Russian composer? Absolute silence. You have a hazy knowledge of Wagner, and you know that Chopin wrote a funeral march. That is your foothold in music; there you balance, surrounded by howling waters of ignorance.

"Take up architecture. Do you know who built the Vatican? Do you know the great buildings of the world, or a single thing about Greek, Roman, and Renaissance architecture? Do you know what the modern French movement is based upon? Nothing.

"Take up religion. Do you know anything about Confucius, Shintoism, or Swedenborg, beyond the names? Of course you would not know that under Louis XVI a determined movement was made to reunite the Catholic and Protestant branches, which almost succeeded. That's unfair, because of course it is the forerunner of the great religious movement to-day. Do you know the history of the external symbols of the Christian religion, and what is historically new? Darkness denser and denser!

"Take literature. You have excavated a certain amount of Shakespeare, and grubbed among Elizabethans, and cursed Spenser. Who has read Taine's 'History of English Literature,' or knows, in fact, who Taine is? Only Bob Story. And yet, there is the greatest book on the whole subject; you could abolish the English Department and substitute it. Besides Story, who else has had even a fair reading knowledge of any other literature — Russian, Norwegian, German, French, Italian? Who knows enough about any one of these writers to look wise and nod: Renan, Turgenieff, Daudet, Björnson, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Strindberg? Do you know anything about Goethe as a critic, or the influence of Poe upon French literature? What do you know? I'll tell you. You know 'Les Misérables' and 'The Three Musketeers' in French literature. You know that Goethe wrote 'Faust.' You're beginning to know Ibsen as a name, and one or two may have read Tolstoy, and all know that he's a very old man with a long white beard, who lives among his peasants, has some queer ideas, and has started to die three or four times. The papers have told you that.

"Take another field, of simple curiosity as to what is doing in a world in which by opportunity you are supposed to be of the leading class. What do you know about the strength and spread of socialism in Germany, France, and England? In the first place, no one of you here probably has any idea of what socialism is; you've been told it's anarchy, and as that only means dynamite to you, you are against socialism and will never take the trouble to investigate it. What do you know about the new political experiments in New Zealand? Nothing. What do you know about the labor pension system in Germany, or the separation of the church and state in France? All subjects dealing with the vital development of the race of bipeds on this earth of which you happen to be members.

"Now I'm going to give you a few names from all the professions, and let's see who can tag them. What were Spinoza, Holman Hunt, Dostoyevsky, Ambroise Thomas, Savonarola (if you've read the novel you'll know that), Bastien-Lepage, Zorn, Bizet, Bossuet? Unfair? Not at all! These things are just as necessary to know, to a man of education and culture, as it is to a man of good manners to realize that peas are not introduced into the mouth by being balanced on a knife."

"Help!" cried Hungerford, as Brockhurst went rushing on. "Great Scott, what do we know?"

"You know absolutely nothing," said Brockhurst savagely. "Here you are; look at yourselves. Four years when you ought to learn something, some informing knowledge of all that has developed during the four thousand years the human race has fought its way toward the light, four years to be filled with the marvel and splendor of it all, and you don't know a thing.

"You don't know the big men in music; you don't know the pioneers and the leaders even in any art; you don't know the great literatures of the world, and what they represent; you don't know how other races are working out their social destinies; you've never even stopped to examine yourselves, to analyze your own society, to see the difference between a civilization founded on the unit of the individual, and a civilization, like the Latin, on the in-

destructible advance of the family. You have no general knowledge, no intellectual interests; you haven't even opinions; and at the end of four years of *education* you will march up and be handed a degree — Bachelor of Arts. Magnificent! And we Americans have a sense of humor. Do you wonder why I repeat that our colleges are splendidly organized institutions for the prevention of learning? No, sir; we are business colleges, and the business of our machines is to stamp out so many business men a year, running at full speed and in competition with the latest devices in Cambridge and Princeton!"

"Brocky, you are terrific," said Swazey, in admiration. There was too much truth in the attack, violent as it was, not to have called forth serious attention.

"I feel a good deal the way you do," said Bob Story, and Stover nodded. "Only, it seems to me, Brocky, a good deal of what you're arguing for must come from outside — in just such informal talks as this."

"That's true," said Brockhurst. "If the stimulus in the college life itself were toward education, all our meetings would be educational. It's true abroad; it isn't here. You know my views. You think I'm extreme. I'm getting an education because I didn't accept any such flapdoodle as, 'What am I going to do for Yale?' but instead asked, 'What has Yale got to offer me?' I'm getting it, too."

Stover suddenly remembered the conversation they had had together the year before, and, looking now at Brockhurst, revealed in a new strength, he began to understand what had then so repelled him.

"The great fault," continued Brockhurst, "lies, however, with the colleges. The whole theory is wrong, archaic and ridiculous — the theory of education by schedule. All education can do is to instil the love of knowledge. You get that, you catch the fire of it — you educate yourself. All education does to-day is to develop the memory at the expense of the imagination. It says, 'Here are so many pounds of Greek, Latin, mathematics, history, literature. Our problem is in four years to pass them through the heads of these hundreds of young barbarians, so that they will come out with a lip knowledge.'"

"But come, Brocky; we do learn something," Hungerford protested.

"No, you don't, Joe," said Brockhurst. "You've translated the Iliad — you've never known it. You've recited in Horace — you have no love for him. You've excavated the plays of Shakespeare, a couple of acts at a time — you don't know what 'Hamlet' means, or 'Lear'; the beauty of it all has escaped you. You've *recited* in logic and philosophy, but you don't understand what you're repeating. You're only *repeating* all the time. Your memory is trained to hold a little knowledge a little while; that's all. You don't enjoy it — you're rather apologetic — or others are."

"'HELLO THERE, BROCKY: COME UP'"

"Well, what other system is there?" said Regan.

"There is the preceptorial system of England," said Brockhurst, "where a small group of men are in personal contact with the instructor. In French universities education is a serious thing, because failure to pass an examination for a profession means two extra years of army service. Men don't risk over there, or divide up their time heeling the *News* or making a team. In Germany a man is given a certain number of years to get a degree, and, I believe, has to do a certain amount of original work.

"But, of course, the main trouble here is — and there is no blinking the fact — that the colleges have surrendered unconsciously a great deal of their power to the growing influence of the social organization. In a period when we have no society in America, families are sending their sons to colleges to place themselves socially. Some of them carry it to an extreme, even directly coaching their sons to make certain clubs at Princeton or Harvard, or a senior society here. It probably is very hard to control, but it's going to turn our colleges more and more, as I say, into social clearing-houses. At present, here at Yale, we keep down the question of wealth pretty well. Fellows like Joe Hungerford, here, come in and live on our basis. That's the best feature about Yale to-day; how it will be in the future I don't know, for it depends on the wisdom of the parents."

"'Social clearing-house' is well coined," said Hungerford. "I think it's truer, though, of Harvard."

"That's perhaps because you see the mote in your neighbor's eye," said Brocky, rising. "Well, discussion isn't going to change it. Who's always talking about school for character — Pike or Brown? We might as well stand for that, but it would not be very wise to announce it to the American nation, would it? We might be dubbed a reformatory. Fathers, send your sons to college — reform their characters, straighten out the crooks. At the end give 'em a degree of — of — well, say G. B."

"What's that, Brocky?" said Swazey, grinning with the rest.

"Good Boy," said Brockhurst, who departed, as he liked, on the echoes of the laugh which he had inspired.

"Whew!" said Hungerford, with a comical rubbing of his head. "What struck me?"

"And I expect to make Phi Beta Kappa," said Swazey, with an apologetic laugh.

"What a dreadfully disconcerting person," said Bob Story.

"By George, it takes the conceit out of you," said Stover truthfully. "Shall we all start in and learn something? What's the answer?"

At this moment a familiar slogan was heard below, increasing in riotous pagan violence with the approach of boisterous feet:

> "Oh, father and mother pay all the bills,
> And we have all the fun.
> Hooray!
> That's the way we do in college life,
> In college life."

The room burst into a roar of laughter.

"There's one answer," said Regan, rising.

The door slammed open, and McNab and Buck Waters reeled in, arm in arm.

"I say, fellows, we've cornered the sleigh market," said Dopey uproariously. "We're all going to beat it to the Cheshire Inn; a bottle of champagne to the first to arrive. Are you on?"

Half an hour later, Stover at the reins was whirling madly along the crusty roads, at imminent danger of collision with three other rollicking parties, who packed the sleighs and cheered on the galloping horses, singing joyfully the battle hymn of the pagans:

> "Oh, father and mother pay all the bills,
> And we have all the fun.
> Hooray!
> That's the way we do in college life."

CHAPTER XXIV

Once Stover had reconciled himself to the loss of a senior society election, he found ample compensation in the absolute liberty of action that came to him. It was not that he condemned this parent system; he believed in it as an honest attempt to reward the best in the college life, a sort of academic legion of honor, formed, not on social cleavage, but given as a reward of merit. In his own case, he believed his own personal offending in the matter of Le Baron and Reynolds had been so extreme that nothing could counteract it.

So he gave himself up to the free and untrammeled delights of living his own life. His fierce stand for absolute democracy made of his rooms the ante-room of the class, through which all crowds seemed to pass, glad to be known as the friends of Regan, Hungerford, and Story, all rated sure men, and Stover, about whom they began to wonder more and more, as a unique and rebellious personality which, contrary to precedent, had come to bear down all opposition. Gimbel and Hicks, elected managers for the coming year, came often, willing to conciliate the element they had fought, in the hope of a favorable outcome on Tap Day. Men who worked their way dropped in often on Regan — Ricketts, with his drawling Yankee astuteness, always laughing up his sleeve, twenty-odd lonely characters, glad to sink into a quiet corner and listen to the furious discussions that raged about Brockhurst, Story, and Regan.

It was seldom that Stover talked. He learned more by listening, by careful weighing of others' opinions, than in the attempt to classify his own thoughts through the medium of debate.

Regan brought him to the romance of commonplace things, to a genuine interest in and study of political conditions; Brockhurst irri-

tated and dissatisfied him, and so stimulated him to reading and self-analysis; Story, with his seriousness and fairness, recalled him always to a judicial point of view and an understanding of others; Hungerford, with his big, effusive nature, always eager for realities, was akin to his own nature, and they grew into a confidential intimacy.

Despite the abolition of the sophomore societies, other groups still maintained their exclusiveness and kept alive the old antagonism as the approach of Tap Day intensified the struggle for election and the natural campaigning of friend for friend.

As Brockhurst had prophesied, the chairmanship of the *Lit* board went to Wiggin, a conscientious, thorough little plodder who had never failed to hand in to each number his numerically correct quota of essays, two stories, a hammered-out poem, and two painful portfolios.

On the night of the election, Stover heard from his room in Lyceum the familiar:

"O you Dink Stover — stick out your head."

"Hello there, Brocky; come up," he said anxiously. "Who got it?"

"Wiggin, of course. Come on down; I want a ramble."

It was the first time that Brockhurst had shown a longing for companionship. Stover returned into the room, announcing:

"Poor old chap! Wiggin got it. Isn't it the devil?"

"Wiggin — oh heavens!" said Regan.

"Why, he's not fit to tie Brocky's shoestrings," said Hungerford, who fired a volley of soul-relieving oaths.

"I'm going down to bum around a bit with him," said Stover, slipping on his coat; "cheer the old boy up."

"Well, he knew it."

"Lots of difference that makes."

Below, Brocky, muffled to the ears, brim down, was whistling in unmusical enthusiasm:

> 'Tis a jolly life we lead;
> Care and sorrow we defy ——

"Hello, that you, Dink?" he said, breaking off. "Come on for a tramp."

At that age, being inexperienced, the undergraduate in questions of sympathy wisely returns to the instincts of the canine. Stover, without speaking, fell into his stride, and they swung off toward West Rock.

"Wiggin is the type of man," said Brockhurst, meditatively puffing his pipe, "that is the glorification of the commonplace. He is a sort of sublime earthworm plodding along, and claiming acquaintance with the rose because he travels around the roots. He is really by instinct a bricklayer, and the danger is that he may continue either in literature or some profession where the cry is for imagination."

"You could have beaten him out," said Stover as a solace.

"And become an earthworm?" said Brockhurst. "The luck of it is, he made up his mind to heel the *Lit.* With his ideas he would have made leader of the glee club, president of the Phi Beta Kappa, chairman of the *News*, or what not."

"Still, give him credit," said Stover, smiling to himself, for he felt that he now saw for the first time the human side of Brockhurst.

"I did; it was quite an amusing time."

"What happened?"

"Why, the little grubber came up to me and said, 'Brocky, old man, you ought to have had it.'"

"Why, that was rather decent," said Stover.

"Rubbish! All formalism," said Brockhurst impatiently. "Showed the caliber of his mind — the obvious, nothing but the obvious. He thought it the thing to say, that's all."

"Well, what did you answer?" said Stover, wondering.

"I said, 'Well, why didn't you vote for me, then?'"

Stover burst out laughing, and Brockhurst, who had lost a coveted honor, was a little mollified by the tribute.

"Of course he stammered and looked annoyed — naturally; situation his imagination couldn't meet. So I said:

"'Come, Wiggin, no stuff and nonsense. You didn't think I ought to have it, and I know darn well, now that you've won out, you'll get a Skull and Bones to wear, pose in the middle of photographs for the *Banner*, and be thoroughly satisfied at our board meeting to sit back and listen while I do the talking.'"

Stover broke into a laugh.

"Brocky, you scandalized him."

"Not at all. He thought I was joking. The last thing that occurs to the grubber is that wit is only a polite way of calling a man an ass."

"Brocky, you're at your best; don't stop."

Brockhurst smiled. It was turning a defeat into a victory.

"The strange thing is, Dink, the best thing for me is to have missed out."

"Why, in heaven's name?"

"If I had made the chairmanship, I should probably be tapped for Bones — one of the successful. I might have become satisfied. Do you know that that is the great danger of this whole senior business?"

"What?"

"The fellow who wears his honor like a halo. He's made Bones or Keys. He's a success in life. Nothing more awaits him. I was it."

"Still, you would have liked it."

"Sure; I'm inconsistent," said Brocky, with a laugh. "It's only when I don't get what I want that my beautiful reason shows me I shouldn't have had it."

"Well, there's no danger of either of us disappearing under the halos," said Stover shortly.

"I'm not so sure about you," said Brockhurst.

The casual doubt aroused strange emotions in Stover.

"I thought you didn't believe in them," he said slowly.

"I don't. I don't believe in organizations, institutions, traditions; that's my point of view," said Brockhurst. "But then, I'm in the world to be in revolt."

"You once spoke of the society system, the whole thing as it exists in America," said Stover, "as a sort of idol-worship. I never quite understood your meaning."

"Why, I think it's quite obvious," said Brockhurst, surprised. "What was idol-worship? A large body of privileged charlatans, calling themselves priests, impressed the masses with all the flummery of mysterious ceremonies, convenient voices issuing from caves or stone idols. What was an idol? An ordinary chunk of marble, let us say, issuing from the sculptor's chisel. When did it become sacred and awe-inspiring? When it had been placed in an inner shrine of shrines, removed from the public, veiled in shadows, obscured by incense, guarded by solicitous guards. The stone is still a stone, but the populace is convinced."

"How does this apply?" said Stover impatiently.

"Cases are parallel. A group of us come together for the purpose of debate and discussion. No one notices it beyond a casual thought. Suddenly we surround ourselves with mystery, appear on the campus with a sensational pin stuck in our cravats, a bat's head or a gallows; and when, marvelously enough, some one asks us what the dickens we are wearing, we turn away, instantly it becomes known that something so deadly secret has begun that we have sworn to shed our heart's blood before we allow the holy, sacred name of Bat's Head or Gallows Bird to pass our lips!"

"It's a little foolish, but what's the harm?"

"The harm is that this mumbo-jumbo, fee-fi-fo-fum, high-cockalorum business is taken seriously. It's the effect on the young imagination that comes here that is harmful. Dink, I tell you, and I mean it solemnly, that when a boy comes here to Yale, or any other American college, and gets the flummery in his system, believes in it — surrenders to it — so that he trembles in the shadow of a tomblike building, doesn't dare to look at a pin that stares him in the face, is afraid to pronounce the holy, sacred name — when he's got to that point he has ceased to *think*, and no amount of college life is going to revive him. It's wrong, fundamentally wrong; it's a crime against the whole moving spirit of university history — the history of struggle for the liberation of the human mind."

"But, Brocky, what would you have them do? Run as open clubs?"

"Not at all," said Brockhurst. "I would strip them of all nonsense; in fact, that is their weakness, not their strength, and it is all unnecessary. This is what I'd do: drop the secrecy,— this extraordinary muffled breathless guarding of an empty can,— retain the privilege any club has of excluding outsiders, stop this childishness of getting up and leaving the room if some old lady happens to ask are you a Bones man or a Keys man. Instead, when a Bones man goes to see a freshman whom he wants to befriend, have him say openly as he passes the chapter house:

"'That's my society — Skull and Bones. It stands as a reward of merit here. Hope you'll do something to deserve it.'

"Which is the better of the two ideas, the saner, the manlier, and the more natural? What would they lose by eliminating the objectionable, unnecessary features? — all of which, you may be sure, were started as horse-play, and have, curiously enough, come to be taken in deadly earnestness."

"I think you exaggerate a little," said Stover, unwilling to accept this arraignment.

"No, I don't," said Brockhurst stubbornly. "The thing is a fetish; it gets you — it's meant to get you. It gets me, and if you're honest you'll admit it gets you. Now own up."

"Yes, I suppose it does."

"Now, Dink, you're fighting for one thing up here — the freedom of your mind and your will."

"Why, yes," Stover said, surprised at Brockhurst's knowledge of his inner conflicts. "Yes, that's exactly what I'm fighting out."

"Well, my boy, you'll never get what you're after until you see this thing as it is — the unreasonable harm done, the poppycock that has been thrown around a good central idea, if you admit such things are necessary, which, of course, I don't."

"You see," said Stover stubbornly, "you're against all organization."

"I certainly am — inherited organizations,"

said Brockhurst immediately, "organizations that are imposed on you. The only organization necessary is the natural, spontaneous coming together of congenial elements."

They had returned to the campus, and Brockhurst, by intent leading the way, stopped before the lugubrious bulk of Skull and Bones.

"There you are," he said, with a laugh. "Look at it. It's built of the same stone as other buildings; it has in it what secret? Go up, young Egyptian, to its mystery, in awe and reverence, young idol-worshiper of thirty centuries ago."

"Hang it, Brocky, it does get me," said Stover, with a short laugh.

"Curious," said Brockhurst, turning away. "The architecture of these sacred tombs is almost invariably the suggestion of the dungeon — the prison of the human mind."

Stover's conversation with Brockhurst did not at first trouble him much. Curiously enough, the one idea he retained was that Brockhurst had spoken of him as a possibility for Tap Day.

"What nonsense," he said to himself angrily. "Here, I know better!"

But the next afternoon, the thought returning to him with pleasure, all at once, following a boyish whim, he passed into his old entry at Lawrence, and, going down a little guiltily into the region of the bath-tubs, came to the wall on which were inscribed the lists of his class.

On the Bones list, third from the top, the name Stover had been replaced and heavily underlined.

It gave him quite a thrill; something seemed to leap up inside of him, and he went out hastily. Then all at once he became angry. It was like opening up again a fight that had been fought and lost.

"What an ass I am!" he said furiously. "The deuce of a chance I have to go Bones — with Reynolds and Le Baron. Can the leopard change his spots? About as much chance as a ki-yi has to go through a sausage machine and come out with a bark."

But, as he went toward Jean Story's home, thinking of her and what she would want, the force of what Brockhurst had said began to weaken.

"Brocky is unpractical," he said artfully. "We must deal with things as they are, make the best of them. He exaggerates the effects on the imagination. At any rate, no one can accuse me of not taking a stand."

He saw the old Colonial house, white and distinguished under the elms, and he said to himself, hoping against hope:

"If I were tapped, it would mean a good deal to her. I'll be darned if I'll let Brocky work me up. I've done enough here."

He said it defiantly, for the courage of a man has two factors — his courage and the courage of the woman he loves.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

THE OLD-FASHIONED PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, AND THE NEW

THE facts of Governor Harmon's administration in Ohio, published in this month's McCLURE'S, portray a presidential candidate of an old-fashioned type — a type which is rapidly passing away. The governorship of Ohio represents to Governor Harmon, as does the governorship of New Jersey to Woodrow Wilson, merely a stepping-stone to the Presidency. The circumstances attending the nomination of these two Governors had much in common. The discredited Democratic machine in Ohio nominated Harmon, just as the discredited Democratic machine in New Jersey nominated Wilson. In both instances the machines were actuated by the same motives. In each case the politicians selected, as best suited to their purpose, a person of academic type, long removed from the hurly-burly of active political life — one of those respectable figureheads who have been so frequently and so successfully used in the past as shields for political crimes. The corporations likewise had a hand in selecting both of these candidates. In Ohio the "propertied classes" regarded Harmon as safe and sane. Wall Street, divided only by a river from New Jersey, selected Woodrow Wilson as a man after its own heart. Both the backers of Wilson and those of Harmon likewise knew that in nominating a Governor they were also selecting a possible President.

THE CULTIVATOR OF "VOTES"

From the beginning of his governorship, therefore, Harmon has had his eye constantly upon the White House. The same statement is unquestionably true of Wilson; the two men, however, have faced the situation from radically different standpoints. Wilson's methods have been entirely modern; he has taken a definite stand upon practically every important question of the day. Whatever we may think of the man's ideas and character, we at least know what his ideas and his character are. Like Roosevelt, he wears his political heart upon his sleeve. "Here I am; this is what I think and stand for; take me or leave me!" He regards it as the duty of a presidential candidate to champion definite causes and lead public sentiment. There are several old-timers in the field, however, notably Harmon and Champ Clark, who represent the old-fashioned McKinley type — the type that divides the party organization into several factions and attempts to conciliate them all. These men regard the electorate as split up into what are known as "votes." In the old days there was the "Irish vote," the "German vote," the "old-soldier vote," the "negro vote," the "labor vote," the "free-silver vote," the "business man's vote." The fine art of political balancing consisted in winning all, or as many as possible, of these several followings, and of aggressively alienating none. The candidate's serious business was to bring into fine alignment with these elements, or "votes," his convictions on such difficult questions as religion, immigration, pensions, currency, and the tariff. In the eyes of the professional manipulator of delegates, a candidate was "politically impossible" who was known to possess any definite ideas. These "leaders" searched the speeches of the aspirant for evidences that he had betrayed himself into expressing anything that remotely resembled convictions. If he were unfortunate enough to have written books, they scanned every page for indiscreet utterances. They demanded a candidate who must either have been so skilful

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J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM is a British physician who took an enforced trip as a ship's doctor to most of the places in the Eastern Seas that we have heard about. He is not a professional traveler; he does not stifle the reader with international questions. He simply tells about his trip in a fluent, naïve, conversational manner; but he puts a surprising amount of color and atmosphere into "The Surgeon's Log" (Dutton). Being British, he didn't wish to be fascinated by the East, but he was and frankly acknowledges it. It is a refreshing narrative after so much laborious buncombe by some other travelers.

Columbus sailed in three ships to discover America—why not Birmingham in three books to conquer it? "Lalage's Lovers," "Spanish Gold," and "The Search Party" (Doran) have landed upon these critical shores. G. A. Birmingham writes in the interest of cheerfulness, and he doesn't care a button whether one thinks his stories are absolutely absurd or not. These stories are in and about Ireland, and introduce the most engaging people. Who could resist Lalage, beginning her career as a child publisher with "The Anti-Cat," directed toward the reform of her governess? And so with the other books, all joyously pledged to the rout of dull care.

"Winter is over and the making of gardens is at hand," says Lena M. McCauley in her book, "The Joy of Gardens" (Rand, McNally). Very true. We are converting our coal-shovels into garden-spades and turning from dances to daffodils. At this season, if any book can be of real help in changing a little seed into a pansy, it has its place. In this book such value as it possesses for the practical gardener is in the appendix. The book as a whole is addressed to the esthetic and artistic lover of flowers rather than to the man with the spade. There are many beautiful pictures of gardens of the immeasurably wealthy.

"The Man Who Understood Women" (Kennerley) is the title covering a volume of short stories by Leonard Merrick. Despite Professor Tyrrell's suggestion, it is uncertain whether Mr. Merrick does not understand men as well as he does women. However that may be, this Englishman senses the romantic value of the Parisian more surely than he does that of his countrymen, and this in itself suggests that his taste is good. The stories confirm it—the savor of Maupassant is pleasantly pungent. Many people do not like the debonair and susceptible denizen of the Quartier Latin, and to them half of these stories will be a bore, despite brilliant gleams of humor and, again, of tragedy; but they are all clever stories crisply told.

A tale by Eden Phillpotts presupposes bleak hills, mutinous spirits, and the primal passions. All these elements are present, as usual, in "The Beacon" (Lane). It would be difficult to find any writer more grimly at ease than he upon his desolate Dartmoor tors. With his primitive material he deals sternly but with undeniable power. This story of murderous jealousy between two men of Dartmoor over a transplanted London barmaid with a passion for mountain-tops, is not for every man. It is not in the French-pastry category. But if your mood is

for fiction of the unkempt and unchastened Phillpotts sort, "The Beacon" is strong meat.

General Funston's "Memories of Two Wars" (Scribners) proves that there is nothing radically wrong with Kansas. If a native of that State can go to war as jovially as he, there is hope for it. The two wars do not justify so thick a book as this one; but General Frederick Funston does. The title should be "The Happy Adventures of a Kansan Knight." He played for a time in Cuba with Garcia and others whose names are immortalized on cigar-bands, and then rollicked through tantalizing situations in the Philippines — all the while, as he frankly says, "having the time of his life." He emerged as a general, however, which shows that he did something worth writing about.

With apparent relish certain pianists and other fellow artists have been heatedly embraced by the hysterical multitude. Such is the diet upon which genius thrives. Mme. Okraska, who has the title rôle in "Tante" (Century), was a world-famous musician and had admittedly grown stout upon that fare. She was an uncommonly smooth and velvety woman until the rebellious husband of her ward refused to make obeisance. Then the hidden claws were unsheathed and a protracted season of misery was inaugurated. That the claws were finally clipped is, of course, inevitable; but Mme. Okraska was such a clever cat that it is almost a matter of regret. Anne Douglas Sedgwick has produced a most engrossing and unusual study of the artistic temperament.

The contemporary writer that has not created "the cleverest detective since Sherlock Holmes" will soon be as rare as the dodo. Additions to the noble company of mystery-solvers are a weekly occurrence. Three recent recruits are creatures of almost superhuman shrewdness evolved by those industrious Frankensteins, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Samuel Hopkins Adams, and E. Phillips Oppenheim. To each his meed of interest for those of us whose systems demand a certain amount of nervous suspense. Mr. Chesterton in "The Innocence of Father Brown" (Lane) delineates a most lovable priest whose adventures are realistic and convincing. In "Average Jones" (Bobbs-Merrill) Mr. Adams adapts an advertising man to his purpose — quite mechanical but smooth running. "Peter Ruff" (Little, Brown) is, as one might expect, clothed by Mr. Oppenheim with all the pomp and circumstance of one who holds the destinies of Europe in the balance.

Another novel by Tolstoy has come to light — "Hadji Murad" (Dodd, Mead). It may be the last, but it is a publisher's habit to scrape the literary remains of a popular author until there is nothing left but a shell. Maybe it pays. "Hadji Murad," a story of military adventure in the Caucasus, was written when Tolstoy was seventy-four years old. It is an added proof that Tolstoy was a wonderful old man. Those of the immense army of his admirers in this country who remember "The Cossacks," written forty years earlier, will find the same qualities in this tale; the lucid simplicity, the sure observation, the knowledge of men. The description of Hadji Murad's death is as realistically dramatic as anything Tolstoy ever did.

Three pages of "Riders of the Purple Sage" (Harper's) and the gentle reader is in beyond his depth, swimming madly for the back cover. That is, if he is the gentle reader who hates the oppressor, loves the acrid smell of powder smoke, and admires the soft-spoken but very-quick-on-the-trigger "gun-man" of the wide Western ranges. Night riders and chill mystery, throbbing romance, wild horses, and hot death, are the elements Zane Grey has used in compounding this stirring tale. Melodrama? Certainly; but what of that? We all have our melodramatic moments.

A number of eminent theorists have already undertaken analyses and prophecies concerning the "new democracy," and doubtless there are many to come. But thus far the exact definition has proved elusive. Possibly there isn't any such thing, despite great clamor over it. It is a serious matter with Dr. Walter E. Weyl, however, and in a recent volume, "The New Democracy" (Macmillan), he sets down his conceptions of our economic and social unrest. It is a portentously solemn book, but nevertheless a brave endeavor to diagnose a difficult case. No matter what its name may be, America is experiencing a great organic change, and such men as Dr. Weyl are valuable in stimulating an intelligent interest in it.